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Organized November 1, 1883.

Incorporated February 13, 1891.

PUBLICATIONS  
OF THE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
OF  
Southern California

VOLUME III

(Annual Publications of 1893-94-95-96.)

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PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.







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(Annual Publications of 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896.)

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OF

Southern California

Los Angeles

1893

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# Officers of the Society.

1893.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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EDWIN BAXTER	J. M. GUINN
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1894.

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J. M. GUINN	- - - - -	Secretary and Curator

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

---

LOS ANGELES, 1893.

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### PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

---

E. W. JONES.

---

[Delivered January 9, 1893.]

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

In what I am about to say I assume no superior wisdom. Mind you, I am required by the by-laws to suggest to you tonight what I think the society should do during the coming year; that is one excuse to offer, and another is my intense desire to see this society take a high and prominent stand as an educating and enlightening influence in this community.

I doubtless shall suggest nothing new to any of you, and shall be as terse and brief as possible.

Without further ado, then, I wish to urge that the work of this society should hereafter be almost altogether in the field of history. Our society has heretofore had other subjects for consideration; especially has it made scientific subjects prominent in its deliberations. But now, that a scientific society of considerable prominence has been formed here, let us relegate those matters mainly to the care of that body, especially such of them as are entirely foreign to the realm of history. As it may properly come within our province to deal with the history of our plants and animals, our rocks and fossils, to some extent—as well as that of our people—so we are necessarily thrown, more or less, into contact with scientific questions; further than this, however, we should, I think, turn over to the Scientific Society all subjects properly pertaining to it. Let that body make history for ours to transcribe and enter on the general roll in its proper order; and let this one, from now on, devote itself especially to gathering together the material for a history of this region and community. The labor and its result will be unique. There is no account, so far



as I know, of its ever having been done, or of its being done today anywhere else, and yet, among chroniclers, the complaint is always that contemporaneous testimony, intelligent and abundant, is so scarce. Let us begin to prepare a record of the origin, rise and progress of all our important enterprises. The material can be had from those who own or conduct them, and from their advertisements, pamphlets, circulars and from personal observation and authentic report.

Not long ago a wonderful event occurred among us, affecting especially the region in and about Los Angeles. It could not have been more wonderful, nor of greater benefit to us, had a shower of precious stones and coined gold—like manna to the Israelites in the desert—to the value of millions descended among our people, and yet it has almost passed out of recollection; no account has been written of it; its particulars and details are fast being lost beyond recovery. An army “like which the populous North poured never from her frozen loins” and to which Xerxes’ Persian hosts were a handful; like the sands of the sea, for multitude, was devastating our terrestrial paradise, and the ingenuity of man found no means to stay its progress. A courier was dispatched around the world to see if beneficent Mother Nature herself could not furnish some remedy, some power to save her suffering children. He returned, and brought to our relief a little company of mail-clad warriors in scarlet and black, and the enemy, ten thousand to one, melted away before them like snow flakes under a summer sun. Who will write the wonderful story of the great war between the *Vedalia Cardinalis* and the *Icerya Purchasi*?

The story of the terrible blight that destroyed many of our vineyards should be written; the story of the growth of our wine, brandy and raisin industries, of our citrus orchards, of our fruit industries generally—all should be written and made as complete as possible. We should also keep a correct record of local current events. Diaries kept with that object in view would hereafter be invaluable from a historical point of view. The brightest glimpses of the time in which our ancestors lived are given by some of the diaries then written. There is scarcely anything that transpires within our experience that is not worth making a note of when possible. Let the man who erects a building and he who buries a friend, or he who plants a tree, write the story of the event, and, with a coin or other token, seal it in glass and place it where, beneath the wall or in the grave, it will make its revelation to the future discoverer.

The complete history of a people cannot be written without delineating their character, and their character cannot be shown

cept by describing the things which are of trivial, as well as of vital, importance and interest to them. It is only within the present that these minor matters can be correctly and accurately described. I therefore especially urge attention to local, civil, social, religious and political contemporaneous history.

Says one writer : " History reposes on contemporary witness of the fact related ;" and again, " History only attains its full stature when it not only records, but describes in considerable fulness, social events and evolution."

Our field of research in ancient history is not as interesting as that of an older population, but still it is one offering considerable reward to the worker, and I would not suggest that it be neglected. With regard to our people, the races, nations and communities from which they were derived will be matters of much future interest. Our Committee on Ethnology, I hope, will see something profitable in that direction to occupy its time, as well in the modern as in the more ancient phases of its subject.

Our Committee on Archæology has an ever widening realm to explore. The vestiges and relics of the earliest life of this region, human and otherwise, are constantly being brought to light in increasing quantities. In geology and meteorology our domain of investigation is always practically unlimited.

" The proper study of mankind is man." It is the best way in which he can study his Maker—the all comprising theme. From man's acts we detect his motives, as well as from the events which generate those motives. We can not be accurate in our knowledge of him, unless we know accurately what happens to and is done by him. By the lessons of history much of his conduct is guided ; the lessons of his own experience and that of others. Without those lessons we can imagine how unfortunate his condition would be ; like that of apes in tropical forests—creatures of instinct only. Had these lessons been more thorough and accurate heretofore, he would be much better off than he is today.

Another matter to which I wish to urge the attention of the society is the collection of materials for a museum and library. This society can do much to save for our own people the material that we all know is so rapidly being taken from us ; there are among us many large and small collections and isolated pieces of Indian relics, fabrics and other remains, of fossils, petrifications and curiosities of many varieties ; many manuscripts, documents, maps, portraits, pictures, weapons, tools, implements, ornaments, decorations and costumes ; many curious botanical, geological, conchological, entomological and archæological collections and specimens, which

as I know, of its ever having been done, or of its being done today anywhere else, and yet, among chroniclers, the complaint is always that contemporaneous testimony, intelligent and abundant, is so scarce. Let us begin to prepare a record of the origin, rise and progress of all our important enterprises. The material can be had from those who own or conduct them, and from their advertisements, pamphlets, circulars and from personal observation and authentic report.

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ought to be held for the benefit of our own country. They are being carried off in large quantities, mostly to arrest a passing notice in a rich man's galleries, or to load the shelves of some great public curiosity shop, far from the home where they would be loved and appreciated. The raiders, who carry them away, get praise for their enterprise and intelligence, and the people who permit them to be taken get the opposite kind of a compliment. It is lately reported that the purchase of a very rich collection in our vicinity has been made for the purpose of enriching the collection of a great State 2,000 miles away. It is to be shown to all the world at Chicago next summer, to the great glory of others and not at all to ours. Another collection, close by, is being bargained for to go away across the continent, and how many more will meet a like fate, unless the foray is stopped, we can imagine. I hope that this society will devote a great share of its energies to securing and retaining these treasures, especially that part of them which has any sort of historical interest. Let this society take up the work of cataloguing, or at least making a list, of all the collections and isolated specimens of historical, literary, artistic, scientific, or curious interest in Southern California, and appoint a strong committee for the task. I know of no one way in which it can aid in the establishment of a museum here to better advantage. There can be no doubt that there is enough material here to stock an institution worthy of an educational center. Object lessons are the best of all means of instruction. With young and old they appeal to the intelligence more vividly and lastingly than any other form of lessons. Each object in a well provided museum furnishes a many sided lesson, and illustrates some phase of existence. And such an institution should be provided for every central community, and made available and accessible to the whole people; nothing approaches a good museum for furnishing object lessons. A part of the public school fund should be devoted to the building up of such an institution; the Public Library should be associated with it. The worth of a school, whose silent teachers exemplify facts in every branch of science and art, that demonstrate the wonders of Nature, that illustrate the progress of our race from its birth, and the character and vicissitudes of the Earth, our Mother, is beyond all estimation.

I suggest that this organization ask the co-operation of the Science Association, the Board of Public Library Directors, the Board of Education, the school teachers of the city and country, and all this section of the State, and all other good citizens in a harmonious effort to establish a Southern California Museum. Grant to each his share of the glory of the result; let all the bodies participating meet and select a board of intelligent and responsible citizens as per-



manent trustees ; let them co-operate with the suitable building. The building for the purpose located and fire-proof. It should be adapted, if possible, for the purposes of a public library also. When the building is completed, that can be at not too late a date, there will be no difficulty in filling it with objects which will attract and instruct multitudes, old and young—our own people as well as others—others as well as our citizens.

At the next tax levy a sum should be provided, both by the City Council and the Board of Supervisors, for the construction of the building ; it is a common cause and will be a common pride of our people.

I have devoted this address to the especial advocacy of effort in two fields of labor, viz:—Southern California History and the establishment of a museum. The regular committee work in other specific lines need not be hindered, and, indeed, should only tend to the same end.

In the first field, historical treasure, inestimable and incomparable, up to this date, so far as I know, can be laid up ; and, by the second, a great educational treasury and power-house can be constructed, where the rich collections of the different societies, and those loaned to them, will be as safe as possible from loss. By the trusteeship suggested, the material will be in the best hands, and beyond the power of mercenary persons to make use of for their own selfish purposes. As it is now, such persons may, at any time, get control of this society, and appropriate or dispose of its property, as has already been done.

This state of affairs can not be too soon remedied ; nothing can impair our usefulness like want of confidence in our ability to protect and preserve the articles entrusted to us. Such a trust is a sacred one, and in many cases it is far more so than that of money, or anything that money can purchase.

There may be other plans better than I have suggested. I earnestly hope, having a deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the society, that some course will be soon taken by which the Historical Society of Southern California will merit and attain the high position among our highest institutions, which it ought to occupy.

## DISCOVERIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

WHEN AND BY WHOM WAS GOLD FIRST DISCOVERED IN CALIFORNIA?

---

J. M. GUINN.

---

[Read November 3, 1890.]

If asked to locate the place where gold was first discovered in California, probably nine out of every ten of the intelligent residents of the State of the more recent arrivals would give Sutter's mill race at Coloma as the location. Even among the Argonauts of '49—those searchers after the golden fleece of Phryxus' ram—who are popularly supposed to know all about

“ The days of old,  
The days of gold,”

probably no larger percentage could give a correct answer. If the anxious searcher for historical truth were to consult the ordinary run of histories of California, he would find in them repeated and repeated, with slight variations, the old, old story of Sutter's mill race and Marshall's wonderful find therein.

Yet, with all due respect to the historians—good, bad and indifferent; with all deference to the opinions of the Argonauts, and with patriotic regard for the wisdom of the conscript fathers of the State who reared a statue to the memory of Marshall, the so-called first discoverer of gold, I here enter a protest against the iteration and reiteration of the story that Coloma was the place where gold was first discovered in California, that Marshall was the first discoverer, and 1848 the year of the first discovery.

Outside of Bancroft's voluminous history and the published reminiscences of pioneers who lived in the country previous to 1848, it is very rare indeed to find, in any compilation dignified by the name of history, any mention of the fact that gold had been found and extensively mined in California previous to 1848.

Even Bancroft, voluble enough on most subjects connected with California history, and sometimes tediously prolix in his details of the petty quarrels and bloodless revolutions of California rulers, disposes of the first gold discovery very briefly. He calls it a “local item that merits brief mention.”

The fullest and most reliable account of the first discovery of gold in California is that written by the first president of our society,



Colonel J. J. Warner, a pioneer of 1831, and publisher of the "Historical Sketch of Los Angeles County" (a work published in 1845). I quote from this sketch :

"While statements respecting the existence of gold in California and its procurement therefrom have been published as historical facts, carrying back the date of the knowledge of the auriferous character of this State as far as the time of the visit of Sir Francis Drake to this coast, there is no evidence to be found in the written or oral history of the missions, the acts and correspondence of the civil or military officers, or in the unwritten and traditional history of Upper California that the existence of gold, either with ores or in its virgin state, was ever suspected by any inhabitant of California previous to 1841, and, furthermore, there is conclusive testimony that the first known grain of native gold dust was found upon or near the San Francisco ranch, about forty-five miles north-westerly from Los Angeles city, in the month of June, 1841. This discovery consisted of grain-gold fields (known as placer mines), and the auriferous fields discovered in that year embraced the greater part of the country drained by the Santa Clara river from a point some fifteen or twenty miles from its mouth to its source, and easterly beyond them to Mount San Bernardino."

The story of the discovery as told by Warner and by Don Abel Stearns agrees in the main facts, differing, however, materially in the date. Stearns says gold was first discovered by Francisco Lopez, a native of California, in the month of March, 1842, at a place called San Francisquito, about thirty-five miles northwest from this city (Los Angeles). "The circumstances of the discovery by Lopez as related by himself are as follows: Lopez, with a companion, was out in search of some stray horses, and about midday they stopped under some trees and tied their horses out to feed, they resting under the shade, when Lopez, with his sheath-knife, dug up some wild onions, and in the dirt discovered a piece of gold, and, searching further, found some more. He brought these to town, and showed them to his friends, who at once declared there must be a placer of gold. This news being circulated, numbers of the citizens went to the place, and commenced prospecting in the neighborhood, and found it to be a fact that there was a placer of gold."

Col. Warner says: "The news of this discovery soon spread among the inhabitants from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles, and in a few weeks hundreds of people were engaged in washing and winnowing the sands and earth of these gold fields." Warner visited the mines a few weeks after their discovery. He says: "From these mines was obtained the first parcel of California gold dust received at

Mint in Philadelphia, and which was sent with and went in a merchant sailing ship around Cape of Good Hope. The shipment of gold was 18.34 ounces before, and 18.1 ounces after melting, *fineness* .926, value \$344.75—over \$19 to the owner for the very superior quality of gold dust.

It may be regarded as a settled historical fact that the first discovery of gold in Alta California was made on the San Francisco Rancho, in the Santa Feliciana Cañon, in the County of Los Angeles. This cañon is about ten miles northwest of Newhall and forty northwest of Los Angeles.

It is also an established fact that the first discoverer was Francisco Lopez, also known by the name of Cuso, a herdsman living at that time on the Piru Rancho. Lopez had been for many years previously mayordomo of the San Fernando Mission. The time of the discovery is not satisfactorily settled. Col. Warner, usually very reliable, gives June, 1841, as the date, and quotes Don Ygnacio del Valle, on whose rancho the discovery was made, and who was appointed "encargado de justicia" to preserve order in the mining district, as one of his authorities for that date. Don Abel Stearns gives the date March, 1842; Bandini, April, 1842. Coronel, who spent some time in the mines, and employed Indians in mining, asserts positively that it was made in 1842. Bancroft is contradictory in his dates. In the context of his history, he gives March, 1842, evidently following Stearns' statement. In his "Pioneer Register" he states that, "Antonio del Valle died in 1841, the same year that gold was discovered on his ranch." In his Bibliography of Pastoral California he refers to a manuscript by Alvarado, entitled, "Primitivo Descubrimiento," in which is an interesting account of the discovery of gold placers in the San Fernando Valley in 1841."

Wm. Heath Davis, usually one of the most reliable chroniclers of pioneer events, in his book, "Sixty Years in California," gives the date of the discovery 1840, and the discoverers a party of Sonorians traveling to Monterey. He evidently has confounded the discovery of *tepusite* (a variety of pyrites supposed to indicate the presence of gold) made by the Mexican mineralogist, Don Andres Castellero, with the real discovery of gold by Francisco Lopez, a year or two later.

Alfred Robinson, a pioneer of 1828, in his book, "Life in California," published in 1846, two years before Marshall's discovery, mentions a mine at Alisal, near Monterey, from which considerable quantities of silver ore had been taken. "This," he says, "was the first mine discovered in California." "At one time," he adds, "the mania for mining was so great that every old woman had her specimen of what she called ore." "Finally," he says, "rich mines of



placer gold were discovered near the Mission San Fernando." Evidently the gold fever had been epidemic in California long before the days of '49.

Robinson does not fix the date exactly, but from dates of events given in this connection, I infer that he intends to locate the event in 1842. Cornise, in his "Natural Wealth of California," reputed to be a standard work on the resources of the Golden State, informs his readers that the first gold known to have been found in the State was obtained in 1833, in the Valley of Santa Clara, Los Angeles County. Historically and geographically Cornise is years and miles distant from the truth. Powell, in his "Mineral Resources of the Golden State,"—another standard work—evidently has never heard of the discovery of gold in Southern California. He gives the story of Marshall's find, with a few sensational accompaniments not given by others. In the dialogue between Sutter and Marshall, Sutter remarks, "James you are lying," and James with none of the spirit of an old-time Californian neither shoots the top of Sutter's head off, nor offers to bet his pile that Sutter cannot prove him a liar, but coolly pulls his sack of gold dust instead of his revolver, and Sutter goes into ecstasies instead of eternity. We have had the shot gun episode, and the soap kettle addenda, but Powell's fabrication caps the climax for absurdity.

But to return from this digression : — From this mass of contradictory dates it is impossible to decide which is the correct date of the discovery. The strongest evidence seems to decide in favor of March, 1842, as the correct date.

In this connection, allow me to give an illustration of how false statements creep into historical narrative, are copied by one author after another, and often pass current for years as veritable history. In the last report (1888) of Hon. Wm. Irelan, State Mineralogist of California, a work of nearly a thousand pages published by authority of the State, and stamped with the great seal of the State of California, in describing the "San Feliciana Placer Diggings," he makes this remarkable statement :

"During the period from 1810 to 1840, Jose Bermudes and Francisco Lopez superintended the Mission Indians in working this gravel deposit. In 1842, finding that those deposits, though worked in a crude manner, paid exceedingly well, the Mexican government was petitioned to consider the territory between Piru Creek and the Soledad Cañon, and extending west to the Mojave Desert, mineral land, and that no grant be extended taking in this territory. This petition was granted by the government."

In Lewis Co.'s History of Los Angeles County, a publication



endorsed by a committee of this society (of which committee the writer was a member), this misstatement is copied as true history, but copied without credit to the source from which it was taken. In my inaugural address, delivered before this society last January—believing that the State, like the Church, ought to be infallible—I stated that gold was discovered and successfully mined in cañons of the Sierra Madre nearly forty years before Marshall found nuggets in the “Mill-race a Coloma.” And this misstatement has been published in our Annual, by the authority and with the approval of the Historical Society of Southern California. I hereby acknowledge my error, and retract the statement. The remarkable historical discovery of the State Mineralogist has found its way into the newspapers, and is traveling the rounds of the Pacific Coast, seeking whom it may deceive. There is not, so far as I can find, a particle of evidence, written or oral, to confirm his statement that the Mission Indians mined gold from 1810 to 1840, under the superintendency of Bermudes, Lopez, or any other man. It is pure fiction, palmed off upon him for fact by some garrulous fabricator.

It is said that Republics are ungrateful. Whether this be true or not, it is true that they are often unjust in the bestowal of their favors. Lopez, the real discoverer of gold in California, lived in obscurity, died in poverty, and sleeps his last sleep in a nameless grave. Marshall, the reputed first discover, obtained celebrity—world wide,—in his later years drew a pension of \$3,000 a year from the State, and after his death the grateful Republic erected a statue of bronze to his memory. Very little merit attaches to the discovery in either case. In both cases it was purely accidental; but whatever does, belongs to Lopez, not to Marshall, and still less to Sutter, who was also pensioned by the State.

Lopez did not attempt to conceal his discovery, nor did he attempt to gobble up all the gold in the mines. Sutter and Marshall are accused of attempting to do both. Failing to conceal their find, it is stated that they started off, post haste, to Monterey to obtain a grant of the land where the discovery was made from Gov. Mason. The Governor had no authority to give grants. It is claimed that after their return to Coloma, they called a council of the Indian chiefs in that vicinity, and obtained from them a lease for twelve years of the lands where gold was known to exist, then they levied tribute on the miners—at first one-half, and later one-third of all the gold obtained from the diggings. The miners did not respond promptly with their tithes; they were not long in discovering that Sutter and Marshall were attempting a piece of sharp practice.

Sutter did not own the land where the famous mill was located. It belonged to the public domain.

Sutter, in all probability, had heard of the gold discoveries in the south, and the incredulity with which he tells us he received Marshall's story, was probably an afterthought to give a dramatic effect to his narrative. He had been in Southern California with Micheltorena in 1845, and was present at the bloodless battle of Cahuenga, where that governor was forced to abdicate. Marshall was a member of Fremont's battalion. He was one of Captain Gillespie's garrison, and claims to have unspiked the cannon with which Gillespie repulsed the assault of the Californians, during the siege of Los Angeles, by Flores, in September, 1846. He spoke the Spanish language, and no doubt heard of the discovery of gold in the mountains near San Fernando. From the published reminiscences of pioneers, I should judge that every intelligent resident of California at that time, had heard of the discovery.

As to the yield of the San Fernando diggings, it is impossible to obtain any definite information. Don Abel Stearns puts it at from six to eight thousand dollars a year up to the time of American occupation, in 1847. Wm. Heath Davis gives the amount at eighty to one hundred thousand dollars for the first two years after the discovery. He states that Mellus at one time shipped five thousand dollars' worth of dust to Boston, on the ship Alert. Bancroft states that "By December, 1843, two thousand ounces of gold (worth about \$38,000) had been taken from the San Fernando mines, the greater portion of which was shipped to the United States." There was a great scarcity of water in the mines. The processes used in extracting the gold from the earth were crude and wasteful. Panning out was one of the principal. To pay even two dollars a day by such a process, the mines must have been quite rich. In 1854, it is stated that Francisco Garcia took out of the Santa Feliciana placers in one season, \$65,000 in gold—one nugget, worth \$1,900, was found in this gold belt.

Los Angeles is not classed among the mineral counties of the State, yet the yield of her placers has amounted to a considerable sum. The San Gabriel placers were very rich. As late as 1876 two companies were working them. One company reported a yield of \$1,365 for a run of twenty-six days, working five men, an average of \$10.50 to the man. In all the mountain creeks tributary to the Santa Clara and San Gabriel Rivers prospects can be found. In 1854 the Santa Anita diggings paid five dollars a day to the man. The great drawback to successful mining in our county is the scarcity of water.

Ben Truman, in his "Semi-Tropical California," a book written in 1874, says :

"During the past eighteen years Messrs. Ducommun and Jones, merchants of Los Angeles, have purchased, in one way and another, over two million dollars' worth of gold dust taken from placer claims of the San Gabriel River, while it is fair to presume that among other merchants, and to parties in San Francisco, has been distributed at least a like amount. The statistics of the San Francisco mint show that in one year nearly forty thousand dollars' worth of dust was sent from Los Angeles County for coining purposes."

There are a few specimens of gold taken from the Santa Feliciana placers, in 1842, still preserved (in jewelry and ornaments) by some of the native Californians of Los Angeles. The State should procure a specimen to put with the famous Marshall nugget in the museum of the State Mining Bureau.



## HISTORICAL NOTES OF OLD LAND MARKS ON THE WESTERN SLOPE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

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CANTONMENT LORING.

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WM. F. EDGAR, M. D.

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[Read June 3, 1891.]

In August, 1849, the writer arrived, as medical officer, with a battalion of the U. S. Mounted Rifles, at a point on Lewis' fork of the Columbia or Snake river, near the Hudson Bay trading post of "Fort Hall," in latitude  $40^{\circ} 1' 30''$  N., longitude  $112^{\circ} 29' 54''$  W., and altitude 4,800 feet.

The object of this battalion of troops was to establish a military station in this locality, for the purpose of giving protection and aid to the emigrants on the Oregon trail. A site was selected on the left bank of the river, about five miles east of the trading post, and named "Cantonment Loring," in honor of the Lieutenant Colonel commanding the regiment of mounted riflemen. Men were immediately put to cutting and collecting the only kind of timber to be found in that part of the country—small, crooked cottonwood logs, with which, and a plenty of mud, a number of little houses or huts were constructed in the form of a hollow square, with roofs of mud. Snow fell in November, while the troops were still occupying tents, but by the first of December, when the snow had accumulated to the depth of eight or ten inches, they moved into the huts, which were comparatively comfortable, with the deep, dry snow that covered and surrounded them. Some of these huts had small windows of two to four panes of 8x10 glass, but very often light through them was intercepted by the banking against them of the snow, which had to be drawn away to admit the light. In these huts, mostly, the troops passed the winter of 1849-50, which was considered a particularly hard one by the trappers, mountaineers and Indians of the vicinity. A record of the temperature at the time shows an average mean temperature for December, January and February of this year was  $23.62^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, and during this time the thermometer occasionally fell to  $28^{\circ}$  or  $30^{\circ}$  below zero. Snow covered the ground from December to March to the depth of from two to three feet, but it was dry and light and not very uncomfortable to those who could afford to wear two pairs of moccasins, with thick woolen socks.

The snow about the post was so deep continuously that it was impossible for the cavalry horses to get at the dried bunch-grass beneath, and a handful of corn occasionally, together with the tender branches of cottonwood shrubs that were cut down for them to browse upon, was the limit of their forage; consequently many of them perished from starvation, as did over a thousand head of cattle, it was said, from the same cause, in "Cache Valley," where they were sent to winter, upon the recommendation of some of the experienced mountaineers attached to the command. During the winter most of the officers and some of the men of the command put in a part of their time chasing and catching antelope in the deep snow on the plains, as they could not get out of the way of the horses in the snow, and were easily captured or killed with revolvers; but they were thin and lean, the hams only being reserved for food, which were very acceptable, as the commissary supply had already been reduced to a small quantity of pork and beans. There were a great many big white mountain wolves about the post, drawn hither, doubtless, by the abundance of food to be found upon the carcasses of the dead animals, upon which they fattened, and many of them were caught around these carcasses with beaver traps, which were hidden under the snow, and the fighting between these trapped wolves and the dogs of the post was a daily diversion. As this was before the coal oil period, and our supply of candles at the post having given out, the grease of these wolves, with a rag, in a metallic lamp, was substituted. Catching antelope in the snow and wolves in the traps, together with a band of minstrels, improvised among the soldiers, constituted the chief recreation at the post. One mail from the east reached the command while here, and that was brought in by a mountaineer on snow shoes. Two efforts were made by the commanding officer to send a mail east with official and other papers. The first failed in consequence of the carrier not being able to cross the Rocky Mountains, the snow being of such great depth; the second attempt was made by a Canadian trapper, on snow shoes, who succeeded in crossing the mountains and reaching "Ash Hollow," where he was captured by the Sioux, who decapitated him and destroyed our mail — his head afterwards being found two miles from his body.

This station was abandoned in April, 1850, by order of the War Department, and the command marched to Vancouver, on the lower Columbia. In those days the younger officers of the command, while sitting around the fires in their huts during the long, cold nights, would, by way of diversion, in imagination project themselves into futurity some twenty-five or thirty years, and imagine themselves as

old men — meeting and talking over old times — one astonishing the other by telling of the wonderful changes that had come to pass in that very country in the way of farms, towns and *railroads*, and in great glee look upon the matter as a similar party now would with reference to building a railroad to the moon ; but “facts are stranger than fiction,” for these very things came to pass in much less time than had been jestingly imagined.

In October, 1849, Capt. Howard Stansbury, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, and party, arrived at our camp to get certain supplies which he would need in carrying out certain instructions of the War Department in making a topographical survey of Utah or Salt Lake Valley. When Capt. Stansbury and party left our camp early in the month of October, the commanding officer of the troops took an escort of some thirty soldiers and accompanied Stansbury to Bear river, in Utah, where a camp was made for a time. The writer accompanied this escort, and after being in the Bear river camp a few days, with nothing to do, got a leave to visit the settlements of the “Latter Day Saints,” and not being able to get company, set out alone.

In 1881, thirty-two years afterwards, I visited the East by the Central Pacific Railroad, with my wife. The railroad crosses the trail of that early day. I had promised the editor of the “Los Angeles Commercial” that I would write his paper a few letters in regard to the trip I intended making. I did so, and as the first letter referred mostly to the incidents of that escort trip of October, 1849, and as it contains a few points of historical interest of that period, I have transcribed it from the original manuscript.

[Copy of letter.]

“Daily Commercial,” Los Angeles, 1881.

“LETTER FROM A FORTY-NINER.”

Dear “Commercial:”—Perhaps a little gossip scribbling from a forty-niner in a Pullman car, reviewing a portion of his mule trail of the long ago, may interest some of your readers who still retain an indistinct recollection of the trail. A sail up the coast to “Frisco” from the dust of Southern California, in August, is not an unpleasant beginning for a journey across the continent.

The ride over the Sierras is grand and exciting, and aside from the gloomy and sombre aspect of the snow sheds, one sees little of interest in Nevada, and soon tires of the lazy Humboldt and its long, alkaline valley, but after crossing into Utah, and descending into Salt Lake Valley, and catching a glimpse of the lake, stock in the trip begins to rise, for here “imagination bodies forth the forms of things”



well-known to the subscriber—from an experience which he has not forgotten, and which now loomed up afresh, and—

“The thoughts of former years glided over his soul  
Like swift-shooting meteors over Arden’s gloomy vales.”

Rounding the northern end of the lake, the train now crosses a well-developed road leading northward. This I recognized as the growth of a trail over which I passed on a little yellow mule in October, 1849. Being on duty with a detachment of the U. S. Mounted Riflemen, as an escort to a U. S. topographical engineer, encamped on Bear River, some forty miles north of the nearest settlements in the valley, I got a leave of absence to visit the settlements, and at break of day, on a cloudy October morning, I sallied forth alone on that mule, and soon struck the trail above referred to. On this trail I traveled all day long without seeing a soul—unless wolves are souls—and night, a terrible, dark, rainy night overtook me, near where the railroad *now* crosses the old-time trail. It soon became so dark that I could not see the trail any longer, and the mule, being both hungry and tired, did not want to see it. So I unsaddled, and putting the saddle-blanket about my shoulders, sat down on the saddle, intending to make a night of it. The rain poured down on me, and the wolves howled about me, and I concluded that the situation was not desirable. In the course of an hour the rain slackened, and the clouds cleared up slightly, and standing up and peering into the darkness, I fancied that I saw a light some distance off and a little out of my supposed direction, but I concluded to go for it. I saddled up, and took the direction. After miring down in a swamp, and breaking my way through brush, I found myself in the immediate vicinity of an Indian encampment (Utes I afterwards learned), but thinking that I might not be received by them as a “man and brother,” I beat a hasty retreat, and after going a hundred yards or so from their camp, I heard a shot, but whether it was intended for me or not, I did not know, nor did I think it worth while to return to inquire. After wandering around in a swamp and brush nearly an hour, I again saw what I thought another light, and struck straight for it, as it seemed in the right direction. Soon I was in a low bottom land, with brush high above my head, and through which I struck a narrow opening which proved to be the trail again. On I urged, and soon heard the roaring of a stream—I knew that I had one to cross. The roaring came nearer and nearer, and into the river went the mule—head and neck, but not the ears. The stream was swollen from the prevailing heavy rain, and in a moment we were afloat—swimming the “Box-Elder,” and the mule was doing his “level best”—

not on my account, but on his own. Fortunately the stream was not very wide, and I staid with the mule till he made the opposite bank, where we emerged all right, minus a pair of saddle-bags, containing my only change of clothing. The trail having disappeared again, I anchored the mule, and went on foot to feel for it in the dark, but just as I began to feel a little encouraged, two big wolves jumped from under my nose with such growls and gnashing of teeth as induced me immediately to "rally on the reserve," which I mounted, and making a circle of a hundred yards or so, struck the trail again, and on reaching the higher land, I saw my light again, which, when finally reached, turned out to be—no Indian light or *ignis fatuus* either—but, to my joy, the camp-fire of a small government train loaded with anti-scorbutics for the troops at Cantonment Loring, who were suffering from scurvy. The train men greatly encouraged me by saying that it was only five or six miles, over a fair road, to Brown's settlement, for which I now made with the only persuasion that influences a mule (spurs), but he now did very well, for I think he scented forage ahead; and, at about 2:30 in the morning, I drew up in front of Mr. Brown's who, like myself, had been having a night of it, for he was up making "saur kraut." He came out, received me kindly and took me in—the mule too—and, seeing that I was rather moist, made a big fire, gave me a fair, adult dose of "valley tan," and showed me to a warm bed, into which I turned, with a heart full of gratitude towards Mr. Brown, the Mrs. Browns, the little Browns (too numerous to mention), and in fact all the Browns that had ever lived up to that time.

Now, in passing on the railroad that point of my early exploits, I can but reflect upon the difference between *then* and *now*. Then I was a light-mustached, long-haired youth, with no responsibility in the world but that "yaller mule," but now a grizzly-bearded controller of an entire section of a Pullman car, with all the responsibility that the marital relation enjoins.

It is said that "we know not what a day may bring forth," but *I do now know* what thirty-two years have brought forth—among other great things, a railroad that took me from the Pacific Slope to the Missouri River in less days than it took months for the mule to take me the same distance.

"49ER."

OMAHA, August, 1881.

## HISTORICAL NOTES OF OLD LAND MARKS IN CALIFORNIA.

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OLD FORT MILLER.

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WM. F. EDGAR, M. D.

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[Read Nov. 3, 1890.]

Camp, afterwards Fort, Miller was established the 26th of May, 1851, on the left bank of the San Joaquin River, in latitude  $37^{\circ}$  N., longitude  $119^{\circ} 40'$  W., altitude 402 feet; and was occupied by two companies (B and K) of the Second U. S. Infantry—the former company being that of Captain, afterwards General, Nathaniel Lyon. The camp was named in honor of a field officer of the Second Infantry, Major Albert S. Miller, who died in September of '52, and after that the post was built, and called Fort Miller. The fort was made just within the foot hills of the great Sierras, where they form a small valley on the river, in which was situated the large Rancheria of the San Joaquin Indians, the principal remnant of the great Pitcatche tribe. These hills were sparsely covered with an inferior and brittle species of white oak, interspersed with a rather stunted growth of pine, of which a stockade was built during the summer, and inside of this stockade two rows of small, canvas-covered houses—one row for the soldiers and the other for the officers of the command—together with some canvas houses, one for a hospital and the others for laundresses' quarters, and so forth.

These hills disappear about three miles down the river, upon the vast plains that stretch north and south several hundred miles, and which have an average width of about fifty miles, and, save where marked by water-courses, are destitute of timber; and are, therefore, unprotected in summer from the burning rays of the sun, but happily the nights are generally cool.

The soil of the hills, as well as of the valley, is generally of an argillaceous character, and the country adjacent to the post is remarkable only for its occasional gold-bearing quartz veins.

This gold was the direct cause of the establishment of the post, for in the previous year (1850) prospectors had already entered the country and soon came into collision with the natives, by whom some of them were killed, for in addition to some whose bodies were never found, the troops, on their arrival at the locality where their camp was made, discovered close by, on the bank of the river, a pair of



legs protruding from the sand which belonged to a body killed by the Indians and hastily covered in the sand there by some of the fleeing companions.

After the establishment of the post, miners and traders accumulated very fast, and the little canvas-built village of Millerton, on the river a mile below the post, soon sprung up and flourished. A large amount of gold was taken out of the river and adjacent gulches. The river bed, where it could be reached, yielded the best results in fine gold—to those not afraid of cold water—for just above the little town the river had a solid rock bottom, with numerous cross-fissures or crevices, which caught the fine gold mixed with black sand, and these proved very profitable pockets whenever they could be reached. The Indians soon found this out, and when moved by the spirit of trade, two of them would form a co-partnership and one would hunt up an old, empty sardine box from the street and with this they would go to the riffle above town; and while the one with the box in his hand would *dive*, his partner would seize him by the feet and hold him down until an understood kick signaled him to let go, when the diver would come up with his box full of sand, which when properly panned out would yield two or three dollars in fine gold, and sometimes more. About this time a considerable mining fever was prevalent in the vicinity of the post, but it gradually subsided after it was ascertained that a large ditch, which was cut to turn the water from the river bed, was several feet higher at its outlet than it was at its inlet.

I joined this command as its medical officer a few months after it had established the camp, and on my way out to it I was joined at Stockton by a lieutenant who also was going to join his company out there, and while waiting for some government opportunity for transportation, the lieutenant found an acquaintance who kindly offered us his horse and buggy for the trip, which we gratefully accepted, and started out bright and early the next morning for our destination, some 150 miles distant. We got along very well, but slowly, until after we crossed the Merced river, when our road became a mere trail, with an occasional wagon track—the remains of the evidence that our command had preceded us. This partially broken road we managed to keep until not far north of the Chowchille River, when we began to think that night would overtake us before we could make the river, where we expected to find some accommodations for staying over night. Finally, about dark we espied a new log cabin that had just been built up, but not finished, and was covered with a piece of cotton cloth. We soon found the landlord, a solitary frontiersman, who informed us that he was about

to open a hotel and that we could "put up" with him for the night, and pointed to a place which he said was good for picketing our horse, but that if his partner, who had gone antelope hunting, was not successful, consequently we ourselves would have to put up with rather slim fare, but that we could make our beds among the chips and shavings in the cabin, which being so much more comfortable than the outside, we would be compensated for any shortness in the supper. The partner returned soon after dark, but without anything to add to the larder, whereupon the landlord boiled for the second time a piece of a haunch of antelope, which, with the broth in lieu of tea or coffee, sufficed for supper. After this we retired for the night, with our overcoats, among the chips and shavings. In the morning we had for breakfast the same fare, from the same haunch of antelope. We left this hotel early in the morning, and reached the San Joaquin River about sunset, and forded it in our buggy just below what was afterwards known as "Converse's Ferry," to the astonishment of those better acquainted with the river than we were, but we crossed safely, though our buggy was filled with water.

A month after this and about two miles further down the river I saw a band of elk—supposed to be about fifty—also fording the river. I doubt if now a wild elk could be found in the State.

Fort Miller was established chiefly for the purpose of controlling the Indians between the Merced and Kern rivers, which it did very effectually, as the rancheria of the largest tribe among them was in reach of the guns of the fort. Fort Miller, however, was so enclosed by the hills and adjacent high mountains that the direct and reflected rays of the sun made it the hottest midday station on the coast—barely excepting Yuma, whose average temperature for the summer of 1853 is recorded as being  $92.92^{\circ}$  and that of Miller for the same period as  $85.86^{\circ}$ , and the maximum temperature for each in July, 1855, was, for Yuma  $116^{\circ}$ , and for Miller  $110^{\circ}$ , Fahrenheit.

In June, 1852, the command at Miller was ordered on an expedition to the Yosemite Valley, and knowing that observations on temperature at the post would be suspended for a while, and the river rising from the melting snow in the adjacent mountains, I had some curiosity to ascertain the difference in temperature between the air and the snow-melted water of the river. I took the thermometer from where it had been exposed a few minutes in the open air to the sun, and where it marked  $123^{\circ}$ , and dipped its bulb into the river water, and it fell to  $45^{\circ}$ —a difference of  $78^{\circ}$ . The year 1852 was one of those exceptionally wet years referred to in a paper in this society's publication of last year by Prof. J. M. Guinn, in which he refers to the precipitation of this locality in 1851-52 (giving me as

authority) of 46 inches; but on hunting up and consulting the old record I found that the precipitation for 1852 was 49.36 inches; and by adding to this the precipitation of December, 1851, it foots up 59.76 inches for the exceptional season of 1851-52. Whereas the next *five* years, from 1853 to 1857, inclusive, only foots up for the *five years* 59.12 inches, and this was in the foothills; but out on the plains it was considered so dry a country that many abandoned it.

In 1853 a very comfortable adobe hospital and some new sets of quarters were built, which greatly relieved the discomforts of the post. About this time certain parties conceived the idea of laying out a town down the river — a short distance above where the Southern Pacific railroad now crosses it — to be called Joaquina. They cut a sort of landing on the bank, and induced a steamboat to come up during high water and land at the place; but I believe that it was the first as well as the last steamboat that landed there, and Joaquina remains as it was — a town of the imagination. Captain, afterwards General Ord, I believe was the last regular officer to command Fort Miller, and he left there in 1858 with his command for service in Oregon, and I accompanied him.

The post was finally abandoned October 1, 1864, and afterwards sold, since which time I believe it has been used as the center of a stock ranch.

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#### IN THE SACRAMENTO AND SAN JOAQUIN VALLEYS.

[Read December 1, 1890.]

OLD FORTS READING AND TEJON. — Old Fort Reading is located in the upper part of the Sacramento Valley, in latitude  $40^{\circ} 30' 22''$  north, longitude  $122^{\circ} 5'$  west, and with an altitude of 674 feet. It holds about the same relation to the Sacramento Valley that Fort Tejon does to the San Joaquin Valley, being situated where the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains separate to form the Sacramento Valley, whereas the latter is situated just where they come together again after forming the San Joaquin Valley. Fort Reading is about a mile east of the Sacramento River, and in the valley of and near the junction of a branch called "Cow Creek."

It was named after Maj. Pierson B. Reading, a pioneer of 1843, who lived in that neighborhood, and died in 1868. The writer was ordered to this post as its medical officer, at which he reported for duty in February, 1854, and found it occupied by two companies of the Fourth U. S. Infantry and in command of Brevt.-Col. Wright, of that regiment. The troops and employes were and had been suffering from intermittent fever since the establishment of the post



in May, 1852. In fact, a comparison of the statistics of diseases of the post with the abstract of diseases of all the other posts in Northern California, show that one-half of all the cases of intermittent or malarial fever reported occurred at this one post, although the troops were quartered in comfortable adobe buildings. The mean annual temperature at the post for three years—1852-53-54—is recorded as 62.09, maximum 110, minimum 15, range 95, Fahrenheit, with an annual rainfall for the same period of 29.02 inches. Being very susceptible to and suffering like others at the post from the malaria of the place, I was relieved from duty and ordered to join Company A of the U. S. Dragoons, for service at the Tejon Indian reservation, near which a site for a post had already been selected. Fort Reading was abandoned in January, 1867.

#### FORT TEJON.

Old Fort Tejon was established August 10, 1854, in latitude  $34^{\circ} 55'$  north, longitude  $118^{\circ} 53'$  west. The altitude is not given, but it is probably not less than 2000 or 2500 feet above the sea level, as it is up in the mountains at what has been called "the head of the San Joaquin Valley." Here the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains meet and form a pass out of the valley known as the "Cañada de las Uvas" (cañon of currents). Up this cañada some three or four miles in the mountains, where a glen containing a few acres opens into it from the west, and about fifteen miles south and a little east of the Indian reservation of the valley and nearly the same distance south of the noted "Tehachipe pass." Tejon is the Spanish for badger, and if the valley had been called Badger Valley instead of Tejon Valley, we thus would have had unmixed English, and perhaps Fort Badger instead of Fort Tejon, which would have greatly facilitated eastern correspondence, as at first many letters were received at the post directed "Fort Tejohn," "Fort Tehon," etc. The location of the post was among large, umbrageous oak trees that bore large crops of acorns, and therefore had been a great rendezvous for grizzly bears which infested the surrounding mountains. When the acorns were ripe, and for the first few days after the command was encamped there, it was visited nightly by a very large grizzly, which generally stampeded all the horses and mules in camp, until he found out that the carbines of the soldiers were dangerous.

My tent was pitched under one of those large oaks, which was hewn flat on one side, and on this hewn surface was engraven the words: "I, John Beck, was killed here by a bear, October 17, 1837." I inquired of the Indians living at the mouth of the cañada, who

were the only inhabitants there at that time, in regard to the matter, and got the information that, many years previously some trappers were passing through the cañada, when, seeing so many bears, one of the party went off by himself in pursuit of a large grizzly and shot it under that tree, and supposing that he had killed it, went up to it, when it caught and killed him, and his companions buried him under the tree, upon which they cut his epitaph. This locality, although a great resort for bears, had also been a great slaughter ground for them, as was evidenced by the great number of bear skulls that were to be seen lying around, for within a hundred yards or so from my tent I collected and threw into a pile a dozen or more in one day after arriving on the ground.

Fort Tejon, though pleasant in summer, being in the mountains, was subject to great snow storms in winter, and then it became very cold, of which I have a very vivid though painful recollection, although thirty-nine years ago. Being called out of bed one such night in December, 1854, while suffering from the prostrating effects of chronic malarial fever (a souvenir of Reading), to see an old sergeant who had been seriously injured, across the mountains some five miles distant, I went forth in the height of a snow storm, accompanied by a teamster, who, in consequence of the depth of the snow, lost the trail, resulting, consequently, in great hardship and unusual exertion, which, together with being pitched over the head of a falling horse, resulted in a paralytic stroke on returning to the post the following morning. As soon as I was able to travel after this accident I was ordered East — having been on the Coast about six years, and to which I again returned early in 1857, when the recollections of my friends and acquaintances were fresh in regard to the great earthquake of the previous January, especially at Tejon.

The quarters of the officers and soldiers and houses generally at Tejon were made of adobe, among which the damage was greater from the earthquake mentioned than at any other point where it was felt. Chimneys were thrown down and the walls of the houses were so greatly damaged that the inmates took refuge in tents on and about the parade ground. The effects of the quake seemed to have been worse here and through the mountains eastward than anywhere else, as the earth was opened by a rent some eight or ten feet wide, and in places more, and which was more or less traceable, as I was informed by an old pioneer of San Bernardino county who was in the habit of driving cattle over this route to the North — from near the southwest corner of that county, through the mountains by Elizabeth Lake, to Tejon, where its effects were the most severe.

This rent closed up immediately, but the loosened earth thrown up would not fit back in it, and therefore left more or less of a ridge

which marked the line of eruption. This convulsion was very severely felt in the Tulare Valley and as far west as the San Joaquin River, and caused some rather amusing (as well as serious) incidents of which the following is worthy of being mentioned, as told to the writer a few months afterwards :

A miner who had spread his blankets, and with his rifle by his side had passed the night near one of the large oak trees in the vicinity of the post, was lying there awake, when the quake frightened him up, just in time to see the earth open and close forever over his blankets and beloved rifle. In Tulare Valley, near the Lake, an old forty-niner who had been sheriff of the county at one time and who was well known to the writer as being a man of veracity, who was called "Poin" for short, said that he and a friend had gone out among the big trees of the valley hunting wild pigeons on the morning of the earthquake, and his friend seeing some pigeons in a big tree, fired at them, killing some, while the remainder of the flock flew away, and just then the effect of the quake was seen in the swaying to and fro of the big tree, when the friend remarked: "Well, did you ever see so small a flock of pigeons shake so large a tree?" and stooping to pick up a bird that had fallen dead from the tree, tipped over on his nose; but rising up, very much frightened, said, "Poin, what's the matter with the world?" who, with blanched cheek and protruding eyes, replied, "Damfino—let's go;" whereupon both men started and ran three-quarters of a mile to a house where there was a woman and children who were crying and very much frightened at what they had just experienced; but the oldest child, a girl of some twelve or thirteen years, who had been away to school where she had learned something of the phenomenon that had alarmed them, was trying to explain to the mother that it was an earthquake. "And this," he said, "was the first time that the thought of an earthquake had entered the heads of us two bearded men."

The following meteorological data is taken from the records of the post for three years, 1856-57-58: Mean annual temperature for three years, 58.73° (Fahrenheit); maximum annual average temperature for three years, 94° (Fahrenheit); minimum annual temperature for three years, 25° (Fahrenheit); range of thermometer, average, for three years, 69° (Fahrenheit). Mean number of (annual) rainy days for same time, 43; mean number of (annual) snowy days for same time, 9, which snow, when melted and added to the rain water, made the annual precipitation 22.62 inches.

Tejon was the only post in Southern California where snow fell.

The post, as a military station, was abandoned September 11, 1864.



## IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

[Read March 2, 1891.]

The military stations of San Louis Rey, Rancho del Chino, Rancho de Jurupa, Camp Cady and Drum Barracks.

In writing up historical notes of the old, abandoned military posts and stations of Southern California, it seems proper that the above mentioned abandoned stations, though probably of less importance than some of those mentioned heretofore, should not be overlooked.

SAN LOUIS REY.—The old mission of that name, in San Diego County, some forty miles northwest of the city of San Diego, was occupied by a troop of the First U. S. Dragoons from 1848 to 1849, when, in May of the latter year, it was abandoned.

RANCHO DEL CHINO—was occupied in 1851 as a military station by a company of the Second U. S. Infantry until September, 1852, when the troops were transferred to the Rancho de Jurupa, some twenty miles to the eastward, on the Santa Ana River, and near the present site of the town of Riverside, in latitude  $34^{\circ}$  N., longitude  $117^{\circ} 27'$  W., and altitude 1,000 feet. The mean temperature for the two stations for 1853 is given at  $65.54^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, and the amount of rain for the same year as 8.20 inches. The station was abandoned in April, 1854.

CAMP CADY—is said to have been regularly established as a military station in 1868, but small bodies of infantry had occupied a position near the latter establishment for several years previously. The regular establishment was on the north bank of the Mojave River, and on the road leading from Wilmington, California, on the coast, (distant 151 miles), to northern Arizona. It was named in honor of Col. Cady of the Eighth U. S. Infantry. It was occupied by infantry, and was established to protect the sparsely settled district of Southern California, and the line of travel to Utah and Arizona, against the roving bands of Indians that infested that part of the country at that time. The country in which the station was situated is considered a part of the Mojave desert, and is dry and mostly sterile. The mean annual temperature for the year of 1868 is given as  $68.18^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, the maximum as  $116^{\circ}$ , minimum  $22^{\circ}$ , with the remark that "there has been but very little rain in this locality." The post was abandoned as a military station in 1871.

DRUM BARRACKS—are situated in Los Angeles County, California, one mile from, and thirty-five feet above tide water, at Wilmington, in latitude  $33^{\circ} 42'$  N., and longitude  $118^{\circ} 17' 8''$  W., being about twenty miles south of Los Angeles city. The Barracks have the ocean on the south side, but on the other sides are surrounded by

a plain which reaches inland to the foot hills and spurs of the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada mountains. The Barracks were established in September, 1862, as a result of the late war, and named in honor of Adjutant General Drum. At first they were occupied by California volunteers, but later as a sort of rendezvous for recruits for the troops in Arizona, and a depot for supplies for the same, when the permanent garrison consisted of only one company of regular troops.

The hospital was the largest and most substantial building at the Barracks, and was considered and used as a sort of general hospital for the sick of the transient troops. The writer was stationed there as the chief medical officer of the hospital, from April, 1866, to May, 1869. The mean annual temperature for that time at the Barracks I find recorded as 62° Fahrenheit ; maximum 102°, and minimum 32°.

The Barracks, as a military establishment, were abandoned in 1871, and the buildings subsequently sold at auction, some of which were removed, some burned down, and some, with the hospital building, still remain.

## THE LOS ANGELES RIVER — ITS HISTORY AND OWNERSHIP.

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C. P. DORLAND.

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[Read 1890.]

The subject under consideration is the title and ownership of the water in the Los Angeles River.

The City of Los Angeles has exercised and enjoyed exclusive control of all the water and all of the bed of the river within its limits so long that the memory of no living man runs to the contrary; hence the right and title to the water by prescription is fully established.

The written evidence of the title to the river is found in various State papers, in orders of Spanish Governors, in the records of the pueblo of Los Angeles, and in the decisions of the courts; and among the more important are the following :

In Volume II, page 393, of Provincial State Papers, dated December 27, 1779, is a communication from the Commandante General of the Californias to Don Fernando de Rivera y Moncada, which recites the determination of the Government to occupy the channel of Santa Barbara and found the pueblo to be called "Nuestra Senora, la Reyna de Los Angeles," on the Rio Porciuncula, and directs said Don Fernando to carry out said determination, as follows :

To settle said pueblo with families and soldiers told off from the garrison, in order to increase the population of the province, and also for the especial purpose of stock-raising.

In the following September the Commandante empowered Governor Don Felipe de Neve to establish the fort at Santa Barbara, and two pueblos, the object being to obtain land and water for cultivation and to assist in paying the general expenses of the government.

In the same records, Volume I, page 17, is a communication from the Commandante General to the Governor of the Californias, in which reference is made to the places existing in the provinces between San Francisco and San Diego with facilities for irrigation and for agriculture. That one of the places was on the Rio Porciuncula, forty-two leagues from San Diego and two leagues from the mission of San Gabriel ; and then refers to the object of the establishment of the pueblos, and recites his selection of nine soldiers, practiced in agriculture, and five farmers, with their families, for each pueblo ; also the setting apart to each settler, besides the lot (*solar*)



on which he was to erect his house, certain irrigable lands for the planting of a fanega of corn, together with horses, cattle of all kinds, tools, seed, etc.

In Volume I of *Missions and Colonizations*, page 416, of the date of August 26, 1781, are the orders and regulations of Governor Don Felipe de Neve for the establishment of the pueblo of Los Angeles, on the Rio Porciuncula. That there should be reserved to the crown one-quarter of the arable and dry lands for the benefit of new settlers, and assigning certain tracts to the pueblo; also providing that within the four leagues assigned as the limits of the pueblo, all pasturage, woods, water, water privileges, hunting, fishing, stone-quarries, etc., shall be for the common use and benefit of the Spaniards and Indians residing therein. This provision concerning the common use of woods, pasture lands and water privileges was confirmed by a general law October 24, 1781.

In pursuance to the above orders the pueblo of Los Angeles was officially established July 26, 1786, and was forty two leagues from San Diego and two leagues from San Gabriel.

The site was four leagues square and on elevated ground, enjoying the north and south winds and avoiding the risks of inundation. It was located on both sides of the river, and a main ditch was dug, running through the town. The lands were laid out in tracts, with streets and a plaza. The tracts were two hundred varas in length and the same in width, this being the space required for the planting of a fanega of corn.

In Volume I, page 710, dated August 14, 1786, is set out an order from Don Pedro Fages, the successor of de Neve, to Don José Argüello of Santa Barbara, to proceed to Los Angeles and give formal possession to the settlers in accordance with the terms of the royal decrees giving and setting apart to each settler his lot of land heretofore assigned to him; that he should clearly define and designate what are public domains, to wit: water, pasturage, woods, etc.; the settlers to accept their lands under this understanding and to sign instruments to that effect.

In the report made by Don José Argüello, dated September 5, 1736, he says he confirmed to each settler his respective lot of land and measured the unassigned lands for the common use of pasture, with the common right in all the water, wood, pasturage, fishing, etc., explaining the same to the settlers; to all of which they assented, making the sign of the cross, as none of them could write.

In Volume XIX, page 956, *Provincial State Papers*, is the account of the injury done to the pueblo of Los Angeles by the erection of a dam on the Cahüenga Rancho by the priests of the mission

of San Fernando, whereby the water of the river was diverted from its channel. A committee was appointed to investigate, and later reported that the said dam cuts off the source of our water for irrigation, thereby causing damage and suffering.

The authorities at San Fernando denied this and claimed that the dam had been used by a former occupant fourteen years, but the mission authorities finally yielded all right to the water and asked permission to use a sufficient quantity for irrigating a small tract necessary for the mission, with the precise understanding that at whatever time the least damage should be caused to the settlers of the pueblo of Los Angeles on account of the diminution of water the mission should cease to use the same. This agreement was dated March 26, 1801, and was forwarded by Don José Argüello to the Governor.

A complaint was made to the city authorities April 4, 1836, that the person in charge of the San Fernando mission was making a dam in the river of the city, to the injury of the inhabitants thereof; whereupon an investigating committee was appointed, which a week later reported that one of the springs which forms the source of the river was dammed up, but that the same was doing no damage to the city, and that the person in charge of the mission had promised that if in any event the said dam should cause any damage to the city he would at his own cost be responsible for the injury, and should there be a scarcity of water he would destroy the dam and let the water go. (See City Archives, Vol. II, page 131, *et seq.*)

For the various acts of the legislature of this State concerning the rights of the city to the old pueblo grants, see act approved April 4, 1850, Statutes of 1854, page 205; Statutes of 1857, page 329.

February 17, 1841, the city granted to Maria Ygnacio Verdugo de Feliz the right to use water from the river upon lands now constituting the Los Feliz rancho. (See Book X, page 538, of Deeds.)

October 3, 1845, Don Vicente de la Osa granted a right of way for a zanja, to use water from the river, to Don Maria Ygnacio Verdugo, across the pasture land of Feliz or the enclosure of San José. (Recorded in Book X, page 530 of Deeds.)

José Antonio Feliz, deceased, by A. F. Coronel, executor, deeded to C. V. Howard, for \$10,000, the Rancho Los Feliz, reciting that the boundary line on one side was the middle of the stream of the Los Angeles River. This deed is dated October 5, 1863, and is recorded in Book XI, page 108, of Deeds.

Under date of December 2, 1868, C. V. Howard sold to the Los Angeles Canal and Reservoir Company the use of a certain zanja, through which the water was running across the Los Feliz Rancho,

reserving the right to take water from said ditch at all times. (See Book XI, page 333, of Deeds.)

Afterwards the Canal & Reservoir Company gave a lease to the City of Los Angeles to said zanja. (See Book III, page 115, of Leases.)

At this point begins the history of the city water works, and afterward franchises and contracts were made with various private parties that have resulted in the city water supply being where it is at this day.

The city afterward made a lease with one Sansevain to supply the city with water. He soon afterwards transferred his interest to a corporation known as the Los Angeles City Water Co., and the city made a lease with said company in 1868, to continue thirty years. By the terms of said lease, the said water company was to pay an annual rental of \$1,500 to the city for the use of ten inches of water from the river, but within the first year's existence of the lease, a rebate of \$1,100 per annum was made to the company, provided it would plant trees, and keep in grass, and build a monument in the plaza, now in Chinatown, which has been done, except the building of the monument.

There was also a lease made with the Citizens' Water Company for supplying certain parts of the hill portions of the city.

In 1873, the City of Los Angeles brought suit against Leon McL. Baldwin to quiet its title to two irrigation heads of water that said Baldwin and others were appropriating and claiming to own, taken from the river, and being used upon the Los Feliz rancho. In that action the court says that the city is not the owner of the *corpus* of the water of the river so far as appears from the evidence. (See 53, Cal. 469.) By reason of this decision, and a failure to prosecute a former action brought against the same parties, the city paid C. J. Griffith \$50,000, in 1884, to buy back the said two irrigation heads of water. (See Book 18, page 232 City Records.)

This case was allowed to go against the city by default, and the merits of the question were not considered by the court, and while the question of title was not considered, yet it cost the city \$50,000 to pay for a quantity of water of which it was absolute owner, and which it never sold nor was deprived of the title to.

In the case of Anastacio Feliz vs. City of Los Angeles, (in 58 Cal. 73), the action was brought against the city for cutting off the water of the Los Angeles river from plaintiff's ditch. The court found that, ever since the foundation of the pueblo in 1786, the pueblo, or its successor, the city, had, at all times, exercised the control of, and claimed the exclusive right to use all the water of the said river, and



said right had been duly recognized and allowed by the owners of the land at the source and bordering on said river.

At the hearing in the lower court, McNealy judge, a perpetual injunction was granted, enjoining and restraining the city from interfering with the plaintiff, Feliz, in the appropriation and use of sufficient water from the river for the purpose of irrigation and domestic use upon the Feliz rancho. The Supreme Court set aside the injunction, and reversed the judgment of the lower court.

In rendering this opinion, the Supreme Court observes, however, that the city was entitled to such a quantity only as it needed for its supply; and that, if there was a surplus in the river, over and above the needs of the land situated within the city limits, that the surplus might be appropriated by riparian owners above the city, and that the city could not sell the water to parties outside the city to the detriment of upper riparian owners.

Thus it is established, not only by grant from the Spanish government, by continued use, but by acknowledged right by parties in interest, and also by our Supreme Court, that the city is the unqualified owner of all the water flowing in the Los Angeles River, necessary for all purposes of irrigation and domestic use within the city.

The river is said to contain, on an average, 7,000 miner's inches of water, and that at its source the water is as clear and pure as that of any other mountain stream.

The Crystal Springs Land and Water Company is a corporation that was organized November 5th, 1886, the stockholders being the same as those of the Los Angeles City Water Co., and owning stock in about the same proportion.

The whole plant of the old water company, including its franchise, pipes, flumes, reservoirs, etc., was sold to the new company for the sum of one dollar and other consideration not mentioned. There seems to be a suspicion that this new company is formed for the purpose of attempting to secure title and ownership in the water of the river, as it is developing water, building dams and laying pipe on a piece of ground in the river bottom and taking water by percolation from the river.

This suspicion is so strong that the city council has ordered suit commenced to enjoin the Crystal Springs Land and Water Company from diverting or appropriating any of the water of the Los Angeles River. This case is now pending in the Superior Court of this county, and is entitled "The City of Los Angeles vs. The Crystal Springs Land and Water Company," and is case number 16437 on the court docket.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS ON THE RIO COLORADO IN 1781.

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VERY REVEREND J. ADAM, V. G.

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[Read April 3, 1898.]

The new commander, D. Teodoro Croix, from Sonora, sent orders to the governor of California, Felipe de Neve, to send Captain Fernando Rivera to the *Arispe* to recruit seventy-five soldiers in order to establish a fort and three missions along the Santa Barbara channel. Each mission was to be protected by soldiers, and the rest were to occupy the fort. In addition to the soldiers the captain was instructed to try to induce some families to come and establish a town to be called "Pueblo de Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles," near the river called Porziuncula.

At the same time the new commander requested the Fathers of the College of Queretaro to establish two missions on the Colorado River to try to convert the Indians, and also to secure the route newly discovered via that river to the missions of California.

The missions of Colorado were established on a different plan from those of California. No forts were erected, only eight soldiers were allowed for each mission, and eight settlers, married and with families. A sergeant was the commanding officer in one mission and an ensign in the other. The missionaries were to attend only to the spiritual affairs, and the gentiles, when baptized, were to continue to live on their ranchos and to provide for themselves. This new procedure was not successful. The Indians killed the officer, sergeant, soldiers and settlers, with the exception of a few that were made captives. The four missionaries were also killed and their buildings destroyed. This occurred in 1781.

As soon as the governor received the order from his commander he sent Capt. Rivera, who embarked at Loretto, and began his recruiting in Sinaloa, sending companies of recruits, soldiers and settlers by sea to Loretto, with instructions for them to go up by land to San Diego. Those whom he recruited in Sonoro he brought with him to the Colorado River, with more than a thousand head of mules and horses.

When the captain arrived at the Colorado River he found two missions already established. His horses and mules being very poor and sick he determined to remain along the banks of the river until

they would fatten, as he had two hundred and eighty miles more to travel from there to San Gabriel mission. He remained near the river with a sergeant and his soldiers of Monterey, and sent the recruits ahead, led by an officer and nine soldiers from the barracks of Sonora.

The Mission of San Gabriel was at that time full of activity, as it was the central point for the recruits that arrived from Lower California and those that were coming up by way of the river Colorado. Seeing so many troops, Governor Neve sent back the ensign officer and nine veterans to Sonora by way of the Colorado; but before they arrived near the river they were told that the Yuma Indians had killed the missionaries and soldiers and destroyed the mission buildings. The officer, being a man of great courage, paid no attention to this alarming news. Proceeding on his march he saw that the buildings had been reduced to ashes, and found the bodies of the dead unburied. He saw himself at once surrounded by those savages; but he fought bravely and lost two of his soldiers, and another was wounded. With his remaining troops he retired to San Gabriel, fighting his way the whole distance, as the Indians were molesting and pursuing him.

He had to wait at San Gabriel until the Governor ordered him to go back to Sonora with his remaining seven veterans, and give an account to Chief Commander Croix of what had happened.\*

Fearing a general uprising Neve remained at San Gabriel with his troops. Meanwhile he gave orders to establish a town of Spaniards near the River Porziuncula. He gathered together all settlers and gave them land near the river about four leagues from the mission, and escorted by a corporal and three soldiers the pueblo of our Lady of Los Angeles was founded on the 4th of September, 1781.

After six months had passed without any uprising the Governor determined to pass on to the founding of the Mission of San Buena Ventura, accompanied by Father Junipero Serra, who had come down all the way on foot from San Carlos, near Monterey. He rested one night in our newly founded town of Los Angeles.

The convoy of this expedition was very brilliant. Many troops and families accompanied the Governor, and Fathers Serra and Cambon. At the close of the first day's journey a mail courier came to the Governor with a letter stating that Captain Pedro Fagés had arrived at San Gabriel with important papers. The Governor at once, with ten soldiers, went back to the mission where Captain Fagés was waiting. He brought to him important documents con-

\*The Governor sent this officer, Lieut. Simon, and his party to Sonora by way of Loretto.



taining reports of what had happened on the Rio Colorado. Father Palou, in his life of Father Junipero Serra, acknowledges to have read these papers, through the kindness of Captain Fagés, and through him he gives us important items concerning the Yuma Indians and what moved them to destroy the missions.

He says that the Yuma Indians that were living along the banks of River Colorado at first showed themselves well inclined towards the missionaries and soldiers, apparently being glad that white people had settled near them. Two missions were then founded, one named Purísima Concepcion, and the other three leagues distant, called San Pedro y San Pablo, both on the California side of the river. The fathers had no means to allure the Indians with little trinkets, and as they could not remain long amongst them, their conversion was slow and limited. However, they used to go and exchange articles with the soldiers, they giving corn and other seeds and the soldiers returning cloth. Some few were baptized, but they seldom came to the mission, and the fathers still more rarely could go after them on their ranches.

The Yuma Indians seeing that the cattle of the white people were eating the pasture needed for their own animals and that the few patches of fertile ground where they raised watermelons, beans, and pumpkins were taken by the white people, they began to look upon them as invaders, and vengeance was brooding within their savage breasts.

The settlers could not see any danger, but the missionaries being men of experience knew how little the savages could be relied upon, and began preparing their people for the worst.

On Sunday, mass being over, at the same time the Indians attacked both missions, set fire to them, killed the four priests and all the soldiers except a few that made good their escape. One of the soldiers reached Sonora and gave the alarm. The Commander-General then sent troops there, led by Captain Fagés, to see if the statement of the soldier was true, and in that case he had orders to rescue the captives, and find out the ringleaders of the assault and take them prisoners and punish the others.

Captain Fagés having arrived at the River Colorado, found it deserted; saw the missions reduced to ashes, and the corpses of the missionaries, Diaz and Moreno, unburied. For some time he could not find the remains of the other two, Fathers Garces and Barreneche. The soldiers in search of the dead noticed a spot verdant and covered with beautiful flowers, while the whole country around was dry and barren. The captain ordered them to dig there, and they found the

corpses of the missionaries intact, and were told that an old squaw who had great respect for the fathers had buried their bodies.

The captain had these four bodies put in coffins and brought them to Queretaro, where the Franciscans have a college.

Strange things were told by some of the Indians. They said that after the missions were destroyed a procession was seen every night of people dressed in white, and with tapers in their hands, with a cross-bearer and acolytes going around the mission chanting. After going around several times they would disappear. These visions were seen both by the white prisoners and the Indians, and, while the Christians were consoled by it, the poor savages got frightened and abandoned the place, going eight leagues further down the river.

Captain Fagés searched for them and found them concealed in the woods, but could not induce them to come out. However, he ransomed the captives, and with them returned to Sonora to report.

The Commander-General sent another expedition with orders to have the leaders of the Yumas arrested and punished. To this effect Captain Fagés had to come to California to see the Governor, who had orders from his superior to send as many troops as he could spare to punish the culprits.

They postponed their march til September. A few Indians were killed by this expedition, but they were unable to pacify that tribe.

Where the Mission of the Purisima stood is known at present as Fort Yuma, where American troops were stationed for some years. These had many skirmishes with the Indians. Troops were sent there to protect immigrants, many of whom had been robbed and killed by the Indians.

At present there is at Fort Yuma an Indian school conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, where boys and girls are trained to different trades, besides learning how to read and write. The children in general become very much attached to the school, but it is difficult to overcome the prejudice of some of their parents. They would rather have them free to run wild as their ancestors did. The ex-chief, Miguel, has caused many troubles to these poor sisters, and prevented many children from going to school. Not long ago one of the sisters was in imminent danger of being killed by some of these savages, if some of the faithful Indians had not given the alarm in time.

Miguel and some of his associates are now lying in the county jail awaiting trial for disturbing the peace and exciting others to rebellion.

The conversion of the Yumas to Christianity will be a tedious work. We have no other hope than that of the rising generation educated in the Indian schools, where principles of morality and taste for work are cultivated.

In my visit to Yuma, where I spent some few days, I had occasion to visit the ruins of the Mission of San Pedro y San Pablo, about four leagues distant from Fort Yuma. We roamed around these hills, and could find only traces of the foundation. Strange to say, after over one hundred years, you can yet notice signs of the building having been burned down to the ground.

The climate of Yuma is very beneficial to those with weak lungs. That many have recovered their health there cannot be denied. With the new plan of irrigation, it seems that a colony or two of Italians are going to settle there. A day may come that the desert may bloom and flourish, and then, when thickly settled, may be verified yet the saying of Tertulian that the blood of martyrs is the seed of new Christians. Maybe that from heaven above those four missionaries will gaze at the many converts in the land watered with their blood, and among these the grandchildren of those who destroyed their missions and stained their hands with their blood and that of the soldiers and other innocent victims.

[These missions were founded in the autumn of 1780, La Purisima Concepcion near the present site of Fort Yuma, San Pedro y San Pablo about twelve miles below. The massacre occurred July 17, 1781. The four missionaries and forty-six soldiers and settlers were killed. The women and children were made captives. They were subsequently ransomed by Fages.—J. M. G., Ed.]



## LIFE TODAY IN THE PALA MISSION STATION.

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FRANK J. POLLEY.

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[Read April 3, 1893.]

The early history of Pala is already written. As this paper is not historical, it is sufficient merely to note that the church was founded as a branch establishment of the San Luis Rey Mission. Father Antonio Peyri was the moving spirit through whose efforts the settlement was effected. He was then one of the resident priests at San Luis Rey, and had this last-named mission in a very prosperous condition. He took much interest in his new work, and within a year or two it had prospered until from one to two thousand had gathered there. His spirit is said to hover over the ruins.

Father Peyri seems to have been a zealous priest, for the orchard and buildings bear testimony to days of former good management. In times of trouble this settlement, owing to its secluded position, escaped for a time the more immediate reverses that others experienced. It is said that much property was removed there at one time from San Luis Rey.

A more sheltered nook than this valley at Pala the tourist cannot find. By following up the San Luis River the church is reached, but the easiest way is to start from Temecula, and take a pass over the mountains that eventually leads into the valley. It is not an easy ride, but the journey need not occupy the whole of a day, and the scenery is very fine. No line of railroad passes near Pala, and hence, though really one of the most interesting missions to visit, it is the least seen and known of all.

Mr. Viele, the present owner of most of the old mission property, is the only white man residing near by. His store and dwelling is a long, low adobe opposite the church. Near by is his blacksmith shop, and in the open space between the church ruins and the river are the remains of the brush booths used by the people at the yearly festival, and these, with the remnants of the mission buildings, corral walls and the quaint Indian church with its beautiful bell tower, constitute the Pala of today.

The river is a small stream a few yards distant from the settlement. The valley adjacent to the church is too narrow to admit of much cultivation, but further along the river the fields broaden out

and are fairly well settled by a mixed population, who, if not prosperous, seem contented in the old Californian way.

There is a small wooden school house near the river, and back in the timber are a number of cabins inhabited by the Indians, but these buildings are so sheltered as to be seldom seen, and therefore do not count in the general view.

The natural charm of this lovely retreat lies in the grandeur of the surrounding mountains that apparently rise in huge overlapping rings, each encircling the diminutive valley.

My lodging house was with Mr. Viele. The walls of my room were decorated with stuffed skins of animals and snakes that hung directly over the stretcher of rawhide I used for a bed. Travelers were evidently a novelty, and groups of Indians and half-breeds surveyed me with much interest.

The visitors are the government doctor or Indian agent. Then come the basket hunters, and occasionally one who loves an old mission for its historic past. The agent and the doctor visit the place perfunctorily, the agent listens to any who may have the courage to make complaint, and, after dinner the government doctor, before taking his departure, inquires fiercely if anyone is sick, but, as most of the sick have been hidden in the mountains before his coming, but few answer, and, the law being fulfilled, he departs for more congenial quarters and better table board.

A diminutive old Chinaman has been here fifteen years, and seldom speaks except to curse and swear with remarkable fluency. The world will never fully know his story, but long ago he came from the direction of San Diego and stopped at the ranch. He slept over night in the hay, and has never since left the place. It was years before stray bits of his history became known. He was fleeing from highbinders, when, after days of almost unconscious wanderings, he found this place. He still dreads this secret organization, and never falters in his belief that some day they will find and kill him. He frequently makes the tour around the mission walls, peers into nooks and outhouses, pokes the hay in the barn with his stick and mutters fiercely to himself. Together we watched the pigeons hover over the adobe hovels, and at dusk, with only the gleam of his lantern, we wandered from ruin to ruin, or paused to rest on the divided walls of the enclosures. Upon one evening, when returning, a number of white apparitions rushed toward me with rapid motion from the old ruins. The onslaught was so sudden in the awful silence of the night that it threw me into a panic, and I fled to the house more dead than alive. It was a flock of white geese that the Chinaman had disturbed, and it was long before I heard the last of the adventure.

Mr. Viele stumbled upon Pala many years ago, and has reigned supreme ever since. He erected his little forge and commenced the business of blacksmithing, ranching and keeping a general store for the adjacent country. His wife is well informed upon matters of early California ranch life, and they and their children speak the Indian dialect fluently.

Trading with the Indians is a slow but simple process. An uncouth Indian figure in strange garb will silently enter the store, and, with hat in hand, stand motionless in the center of the room until Mrs. Viele chooses to recognize him. Then follow rapid sentences in the guttural tone, she executes her judgment in supplying his wants and hands out the parcel, but the figure stands silently and motionless as before. Time passes, and soon the Indian is leaning against the center post. A little later the position is swiftly changed, and next when one thinks of him the figure has vanished and rejoined the group who are smoking their cigarettes by the fence. Money is seldom paid until after their crops are sold. With the squaw the transaction is different in this respect. Like her European sister, every piece of cloth has to be unrolled before purchasing; otherwise it is much the same as with the men. Both men and women are very coarse, education and morality are on a very low plane, the marital vow seems to be but little regarded, and it is no uncommon thing to see, within the shadow of the mission walls, five or six couples living in common in one room. The race is fast dying out from disease, for which the white people are largely responsible. Unable to cope with these new ills, suspicious of the government doctor, and treated like common property by the lower white element in the mountain regions, the Indians are jealous and distrustful of all; even the sick, instead of being brought to the settlement for treatment, are secreted in the hills. One old squaw of uncertain age came each day in a clumsy shuffle to the gate, and there sank her fat body into an almost indistinguishable heap of rags and flesh. The gift of a cigarette would temporarily arouse her to animation; otherwise she would sit there for hours, apparently oblivious to all that was passing, and certainly ignored by all in the house except myself. The education of the Indian here is a serious problem. They do not attend the county school, nor are they encouraged to come, as their morals are demoralizing to the rest of the class. The chief, or captain, is elected by the tribe, and, though only about 30 years of age, the present one has had his position a long time. His duties are light, and he is careful in executing his authority. He is a reasonably bright fellow, speaks English fairly well and often succeeds in securing justice for his tribe in the way of government supplies. The balance of his time he cul-



tivates a little patch of garden, and seems to enjoy life after the Indian fashion.

Procuring the church keys was not so simple a matter, as the building is now closed and services are held at very rare intervals. This is the result of a litigation. The law has invaded this sheltered haven. Years ago, when times were different and the mission was making some pretense to be a living church, in the course of their duties a party of government surveyors came here. As a result of their surveys one of them told Mr. Viele in confidence that the entire mission buildings, olive orchards and lands were all on government property. Mr. Viele at once took steps to claim all, and did so. The secret leaked out, and others came in and attempted to settle on parts of the property under various claims of title, and soon the Catholic church and the claimants were engaged in a long lawsuit, which proved the death struggle of the church's interests. Mr. Viele emerged victorious, sole owner of the church, the orchard, the bells, and even the graveyard. Afterward, by deed of gift, he gave the church authorities the tumble-down ruin of the church, the dark adobe robing room, the bells and the graveyard, but, because Mr. Viele still withheld the valuable lands from the church, no services are held there, and the quarrel has gone on year by year. Mr. Viele clings to what he terms his legal rights, and the church is locked up and the Indian left largely to his own devices. Once in possession of the keys, we found them immense pieces of iron, and it took some time to unlock the door. The services of one of the Indian pupils materially assisted us in our investigations. The church is a veritable curiosity, narrow, long, low and dark, with adobe walls and heavy beams roughly set in the sides to furnish support for the roof. Canes and tules constitute this part of the structure. The earthen walls are covered with rude paintings of Indian design and of strange coloring that have preserved their tone very well indeed. Great square bricks badly worn pave the floor, and, set in deep niches along the walls at intervals, are various utensils of battered copper and brass that would arouse the cupidity of a collector of bric-a-brac. The door is strongly barred and has iron plates set with large rivets. The strange light that comes through the narrow windows and broken roof sheds an unnatural glow on the paintings upon the walls and puts into strange relief the ruined altar far distant in the church. Three wooden images yet remain upon the altar, but they are sadly broken and their vestments are gone. One is a statue of St. Louis, and is held in great veneration by the Indians. They say it was secretly brought from the San Luis Rey Mission and placed here for safe keeping. When the annual reunion of the Indians takes place this image is

decorated in cheap trappings and occupies the post of honor in the procession. The robing room is a small, dark apartment behind the altar, where not a ray of light could enter. We dragged a trunkful of altar trappings and saints' vestments out into the light. The dust lay thickly upon the garments in these old chests, and it is to be hoped that no one with a shade less of morality than we had will ever explore their treasures, or the church may be robbed and the images suffer much loss of their decorative attire. Undoubtedly everything of value has long since been removed, but what remains is very quaint and odd, being largely of Indian workmanship. Everything about this simple structure spoke of slow and patient work by the native workmen, and it needed but little imaginative power to conjure up the scene when men were hauling trees from the mountains, making the shallow, square bricks, preparing the adobe, and later painting these walls as earnestly perhaps as did some of the greater artists in the gorgeous chapels of cultivated Rome. The hinges creaked loudly and the great key grated harshly in the rusty lock as we spent some time in securing the fastenings at our departure. The beauty of the valley and the bright sunlight were in great contrast to the cool shadows of the dimly-lighted church. Once outside, we again made the circuit of the outlying walls, where birds sing and grasses grow from the ruined walls of the adobes. Through gaps in them we passed from one enclosure to another, this one roofless, that one nearly so, and a third so patched up as to hold a few Indians who make it their home, and in tiny gardens cultivate a few flowers or vegetables and prepare their food in basins sunken in the firm earth. A few baskets are yet left in this community, but of poor quality, the more valuable ones having been long since gathered by collectors, or sold and gambled by the Indians themselves. Many curious relics still exist, however, for those who are willing to pay several times the value of each article. Contrary to the general belief the dull, brutish squaw knows the value of money as a purchaser of tobacco and cheap prints, and will cling to her baskets until the last penny is offered.

When my friend the Chinaman made his search for highbinders among the buildings, I generally left him as we passed the old bell tower, and sat down to enjoy the glorious view in front of me. Pictures of Californian missions are common enough, but these of Pala are rare. Not one in a thousand knows anything of this place, and hence the small demand for artists to make the pilgrimage. But after several trips to all the missions, I believe this to have the most beautiful location. The charm of charms to me, apart from the natural scenery, were these bells, before the present daub of plaster

was recently put on the tower, and not a day passed without some time spent with them. The belfry stands some distance from the old mission building, and rises from the flat plain so as to be a beautiful landmark from every point in the valley. The architecture is graceful and harmonious to the surroundings, as only the old mission fathers knew how to design, and which those competent to judge claim to be almost unique in its beauty. Not a bell at this old mission but has its history and legend. They have rung for war and peace, and have seen the glory and decadence of the mission life; but now rusted, and some of them broken, they hang silently in their ruined towers to peal forth only on special occasions when the old life is revived during the yearly festival, for then games and dances occupy the hours of day and night. The walls of this belfry are weakening; each rain and earthquake lessens their stability, and some day the heavy bells will sink down with the crumbling walls and find their resting place among the graves that now surround the spot. A small picket fence keeps stray stock from desecrating the graves of the sleeping dead; but nature is not to be thus balked, and weeds and flowers have crept in and formed a growth over graves and stones.

These are the famed spots for midday dreams and moonlight meditations. The scream of the peacock, the howl of the coyote and the clattering hoofs of some Indian pony on the road are all the sounds that break the solemn stillness. After such an evening I have seen the gleam of John's lantern and rejoined him for a ghostly walk in the ruins before retiring to sleep the sleep of the just, while I dreamed of the little brush booths in front of the church again being occupied by the Indians and vaqueros, and heard the sound of the guitar and the tread of dancing feet, and witnessed the games of skill and daring, the fancy riding, the lariat throwing and the many old time sports until my slumbers ended with the dawn.

On festive occasions I have seen riding in Ventura county, Spanish dances at Capistrano, sheep shearing frolics in San Diego, and Spanish games near the Puente hills; and, while all was quiet during my stay at Pala, yet I count it as one of my most pleasant recollections of rambling travel, and the kind invitations of Mrs. Viele to soon return found a ready acceptance as I stood upon the river bank and waved farewell.



## SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF LOS ANGELES, SEPTEMBER, 1846.

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J. M. GUINN.

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[Read October 2, 1893.]

There are few events in the acquisitions of California by the Americans, of which, considering its importance, so little is known as the expulsion of Captain Gillespie and his garrison from Los Angeles by the Mexican forces under Gen. José Maria Flores and Serbulo Varela, and the subsequent occupation of the city by Flores and his army September 30, 1846. The bear flag had been raised in Sonoma, Sloat had taken possession of Monterey, and Montgomery of Yerba Buena, or San Francisco. All Northern and Central California had passed under American rule, and not a battle had been fought nor a shot fired. Castro, the commanding general of the Californians, had fled southward and was endeavoring to arouse his countrymen in Southern California to resist the advance of the Americans. Commodore Stockton, who had succeeded Com. Sloat in command of the U. S. naval forces on the Pacific Coast, and Fremont, who might be considered in command of the land forces, determined to complete the conquest of Alta California. Fremont, with his exploring party recruited to a battalion of one hundred and twenty men, sailed for San Diego. Stockton, with three hundred and sixty marines and six pieces of light artillery, landed at San Pedro. The plan of operations was for Fremont to obtain horses at San Diego, and with his men mounted and acting as cavalry, join forces with Stockton and attack Castro, who was reported encamped on the mesa just outside of Los Angeles. Castro's forces were variously estimated at from five hundred to fifteen hundred men, with ten pieces of artillery. It was also rumored that Castro was fortifying his camp and would give battle to the invaders. Fremont, failing to find horses at San Diego, marched his battalion on foot to join Stockton. Stockton, who in the meantime had been drilling his marines at San Pedro in military movements on land, moved his troops against Castro. He and Fremont joined forces just south of the city and entered it without opposition. Castro's forces on the approach of Stockton had dispersed, the larger portion of them fleeing by way of the Arroyo Seco to the Rancho San Pasqual, where Pasadena is now located. The General, with several of his officers,

fled to Mexico by way of the San Gorgonia Pass. Governor Pio Pico retired to the Yorba Rancho on the upper Santa Ana, afterwards making his way to Mexico. Stockton, in his "Military and Naval Operations in California," reports finding at Castro's abandoned "Campo en La Mesa," "ten pieces of artillery, four of them spiked." Fremont, in his memoirs, says that Castro had ten pieces of artillery, part of which he buried. Don Antonio F. Coronel, who was in charge of Castro's artillery, says the Californians had eight guns — four iron and four bronze pieces. The bronze guns were buried in the sands of the Arroyo Seco, the iron pieces were probably spiked and abandoned. Castro's "Campo en La Mesa" was located on what is now Boyle Heights, near the present site of the Sisters' Orphan Asylum.

With the fall of Los Angeles the conquest of California was completed. All of the vast territory of Alta California, greater in extent than that of the thirteen colonies at the time of the American Revolution, had been subjected to the United States without bloodshed — without even the firing of a gun. And stranger still, the conquest had been made without official knowledge by Stockton and Fremont that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico. Los Angeles was captured on the 13th of August. A few days later Midshipman McRea arrived at San Pedro in a Mexican brig via Vera Cruz and Acapulco, disguised as a British officer, bringing official dispatches from the Secretary of the Navy, George Bancroft, that war had been declared between the two countries. War had been declared on the 11th of May, and it had taken three months to get the news to California. The first seizure and occupation of California was a filibustering scheme on a gigantic scale. Just what would have been the consequence, or how the question of the seizure would have been adjusted between the two nations had war not been declared, must be left to conjecture.

With California in his possession and the official information that war existed between the United States and Mexico, Stockton set about organizing a government for the conquered province. Fremont was to be appointed military governor. Detachments of his battalion were to be detailed to garrison different towns, while Stockton, with what recruits he could gather in California and his marines, was to make a naval expedition against the west coast of Mexico, land his forces at Mazatlan or Acapulco, and march overland to "shake hands with Gen. Taylor at the gates of Mexico." Commodore Stockton, regarding the conquest of California as complete, appointed Captain Gillespie military commandant of the southern department, with headquarters at Los Angeles and a garrison of fifty men. He

left Los Angeles for the north September 2d. Fremont, with thirty-five men of his battalion, took up his line of march for Monterey a few days later. Gillespie's instructions were to maintain military rule in accordance with the Commodore's proclamation. The city was to be placed under martial law, but he was authorized to grant exemptions from the more burdensome restrictions to quiet and well disposed citizens, at his discretion, and a conciliatory policy in accordance with instructions of the Secretary of the Navy was to be adopted, and the people were to be encouraged to "neutrality, self government and friendship."

All historians who have written upon this subject lay the blame for the subsequent uprising of the Californians and their rebellion against the rule of the military commandant, Gillespie—to his petty tyrannies—"to his attempt, by a coercive system, to effect a moral and social change in the habits, diversions and pastimes of the people, and to reduce them to his standard of prosperity. "Gillespie, no doubt, was lacking in tact, and his schooling in the navy under the tyrannical regime of the quarter-deck of fifty years ago, still further unfitted him for governing a people unused to government.

Los Angeles was noted as the hot-bed of sedition and revolution. It had a turbulent and restless element among its inhabitants that was never happier than when fomenting strife and conspiring to overthrow those in power. Of this class, Colton, writing in 1846, says: "They drift about like Arabs. If the tide of fortune turns against them they disband and scatter to the four winds. They never become martyrs to any cause. They are too numerous to be brought to punishment by any of their governors, and thus escape justice." There was a conservative class in the territory, made up principally of the large landed proprietors, both native and foreign born, but these exerted small influence in controlling the turbulent. While Los Angeles had a monopoly of this turbulent and revolutionary element, other settlements in the territory furnished their full quota of that class of political knight errants whose chief pastime was revolution and whose capital consisted of a gayly caparisoned steed, a riata, a lance, a dagger and possibly a pair of horse pistols. In the ten years immediately preceding the conquest, California had had ten different governors and almost as many revolutions. Only the year before, at the bloodless battle of Cahuenga, Micheltorena, the lawfully appointed governor, had been compelled to abdicate by the insurrectionists under Pico and Castro, and had been deported to Mexico.

That Stockton should have left Gillespie so small a garrison to keep the city and surrounding country in subjection, shows that he was either ignorant of the character of the people with whom he had



to deal, or that he placed too great reliance in the completeness of their subjection. With Castro's men in the city, or dispersed among the neighboring ranchos, many of them still retaining their arms, and all of them ready to rally at a moment's notice to the call of their leaders; with no reinforcements nearer than five hundred miles to come to the aid of Gillespie in case of an uprising, it was foolhardiness in Stockton to entrust the holding of the most important place in California to a mere handful of men, half disciplined and poorly equipped, without fortifications for defense or supplies to hold out in case of siege.

Scarcely had Stockton and Fremont with their men left the city before trouble began. The turbulent element of the city fomented strife and seized every occasion to annoy and harass the military commandant and his men. While his "petty tyrannies," so called, which were probably nothing more than the enforcement of martial law, were the immediate provocation, the real trouble was more deep seated. The Californians, without provocation on their part and without really knowing the cause why, found their country invaded, their property taken from them and their government in the hands of an alien race, foreign to them in customs and religion. They would have been a tame and spiritless people indeed had they neglected the opportunity that Stockton's blundering gave them to regain their liberties. They did not waste much time. Within two weeks after Stockton had sailed from San Pedro hostilities began, and the city was in a state of siege. Gillespie thus describes the first attack (Bancroft's History, Vol. V): "On the 22nd [of September], at three o'clock in the morning, a party of sixty-five Californians and Sonoreños made an attack upon my small command quartered in the government house. We were not wholly surprised, and with twenty-one rifles we beat them back, without loss to ourselves, killing and wounding three of their number. When daylight came Lieutenant Hensley, with a few men, took several prisoners and drove the Californians from the town. This party was merely the nucleus of a revolution commenced and known to Col. Fremont before he left Los Angeles. In twenty-four hours six hundred well mounted horsemen, and armed with escopetas, lances and one fine brass piece of light artillery, surrounded Los Angeles and summoned me to surrender. There were three old honey-combed iron guns (spiked) in the corral of my quarters, which we at once cleared and mounted upon the axles of carts."

Serbulo Varela, a young man of some ability but of a turbulent and reckless character, had been the leader at first, but, as the uprising assumed the character of a revolution, Castro's old officers came

to the front. Capt. José Maria Florés was chosen as Commandante-General, José Antonio Corrillo was made Mayor-General and Andrés Pico Commandante de Escuadron. The main camp of the insurgents was at a place called Paredon Blanco (White Bluff), located on the mesa east of the river, near the present residence of Mrs. Hollenbeck.

On the 24th of September, from the camp on the White Bluff, was issued the famous Pronunciamento de Varela y otros Californios contra Los Americanos (The Proclamation of Varela and other Californians against the Americans). It was signed by Serbulo Varela, Leonardo Cota and over three hundred others. Although this proclamation is generally credited to Florés, there is no evidence to show that he had anything to do with framing it. He promulgated it over his signature October 1st. It was intended to fire the Californian heart and arouse his latent patriotism. It has been the custom of American writers of California history to sneer at this production as florid and bombastic. In fiery invective and fierce denunciation it is the equal, if not the superior, of Patrick Henry's famous "Give me liberty or give death!" Its recital of wrongs are brief but to the point: "And shall we be capable of permitting ourselves to be subjugated and to accept in silence the heavy chains of slavery? Shall we lose the soil inherited from our fathers which cost them so much blood? Shall we leave our families victims of the most barbarous servitude? Shall we wait to see our wives outraged, our innocent children beaten by the American whips, our property sacked, our temples profaned, to drag out a life full of shame and disgrace? No! a thousand times no! Compatriots, death rather than that! Who of you does not feel his heart beat and his blood boil on contemplating our situation? Who will be the Mexican that will not be indignant and rise in arms to destroy our oppressors? We believe there will be not one so vile and cowardly!" The Americans had been summoned to surrender and the city was surrounded and besieged by the Californians. Gillespie's supplies were cut off and his situation was growing desperate. He had mounted his cannon on Fort Hill, but whether he still retained possession of the government house (located on the site now occupied by the St. Charles Hotel) is uncertain. There was but little firing between the combatants, an occasional sortie and a volley of rifle balls by the Americans when the Californians approached too near. The Californians were well mounted but poorly armed, their weapons being principally short-range muskets, pistols, lances, and riatas, while the Americans were armed with long-range rifles, of which the Californians had a whole-

some dread. The fear of these arms and his cannon doubtless saved Gillespie and his men from capture.

On the 24th Gillespie dispatched a messenger to Monterey and San Francisco to apprise Stockton of his perilous situation. His dispatch bearer—John Brown, better known by his California nick-name, Juan Flaco or Lean John—made one of the most wonderful rides recorded in history. To paraphrase Whittier's "Skipper Ireson's Ride"—

"Of all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme,  
The fleetest ride that ever was sped"

was Juan Flaco's ride from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Brown's own story is in substance as follows :

"With a package of cigarettes, the paper of each bearing the inscription 'Believe the bearer' and stamped with Gillespie's seal, he started at 8 p. m. September 24, hotly pursued by fifteen Mexicans. His horse, incited by a bullet through his body, cleared a ravine thirteen feet wide, and fell after running two miles. Then he started on foot, carrying his spurs for twenty-seven miles to Las Virgines. Here he was joined by Tom Lewis, and they reached Santa Barbara at 11 p. m. of the 25th. At the same hour of the 26th, having been furnished horses successively by Lieut. Talbot, Thomas Robbins and Lewis Burton on showing the magic cigarettes, they camped between San Miguel and San Luis Obispo, where Lewis gave out, but Brown started again next morning, and late at night reached Monterey. Not finding Stockton at Monterey, he started at sunrise for San Francisco on a race horse belonging to Job Dye. Larkin aided him at San Jose, where he was detained four hours, and he reached Yerba Buena at 8 p. m. of the 28th—630 miles in four days!"\* Colton, who was Alcalde at Monterey, notes Brown's arrival at that place on the evening of the 29th. Colton says in his "Three Years" that he (Brown) rode the whole distance of 460 miles in fifty-two hours, during which time he had not slept. "His intelligence was for Commodore Stockton, and in the nature of the case was not committed to paper, except a few words rolled in a cigar fastened in his hair. But the Commodore had sailed for San Francisco, and it was necessary he should go 140 miles further. He was quite exhausted and was allowed to sleep three hours. Before day he was up and away on his journey." According to Colton and Stockton he arrived at San Francisco on the 30th. Counting the time lost by the death of his horse, he probably made the ride in five days. Colton makes the distance 600 miles. Following the sinuosities of the coast and

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\*Foot note Vol, V, Bancroft's History of California.



zigzagging to avoid hostile parties of Californians, doubtless he did ride that distance.

Longfellow has immortalized the "Ride of Paul Revere," Robert Browning tells in stirring verse of the riders who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, and Buchanan Read thrills us with the heroic measures of "Sheridan's Ride." No poet has sung of Juan Flaco's wonderful ride, fleetier, longer and more perilous than any of these. Flaco rode 600 miles through the enemy's country to bring aid to a besieged garrison, while Revere and Jorris and Sheridan were in the country of friends, or protected by an army from enemies.

Gillespie's situation was growing more and more desperate each day. The fight at the Chino Rancho had resulted in the capture of Wilson's riflemen, who were on their march to aid Gillespie. In the charge upon the adobe where Wilson and his men had taken refuge Carlos Ballestaros had been killed and several Californians wounded. This, and Gillespie's obstinate resistance, had embittered the Californians against him and his men. The Chino prisoners had been saved from massacre after their surrender by the firmness and bravery of Varela. If Gillespie continued to hold the town his obstinacy might bring down the vengeance of the Californians, not only upon him and his men, but upon many of the American residents of the south who had favored their countrymen.

Finally Florés issued his ultimatum to the Americans—surrender within twenty-four hours or take the consequences of an onslaught by the Californians, which might result in the massacre of the entire garrison. In the meantime he kept his cavalry deployed on the hills, completely investing the American forces. Before the expiration of the time allowed, upon the persuasion and advice of Wilson, who had been permitted by Florés to intercede with Gillespie, articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed by Gillespie and the leaders of the Californians. On the 30th of September the Americans marched out of the city with all the honors of war, drums beating, colors flying and two pieces of artillery mounted on carts drawn by oxen. They arrived at San Pedro without molestation, and four or five days later embarked on the merchant ship *Vandalia*, which, however, did not at once leave the port. Gillespie in his march was accompanied by a few of the American residents and probably a dozen of the Chino prisoners, who had been exchanged for the same number of Californians whom he had held under arrest, most likely as hostages.

Gillespie took two cannon with him when he evacuated the city, and left two spiked and broken on Fort Hill. There seems to have been a proviso in the articles of capitulation requiring him to deliver over the guns to Florés on reaching the embarcadero. If there was

such a stipulation Gillespie violated it. He spiked the guns, broke off the trunnions and rolled them into the bay. These four guns were probably the same that Stockton reported having found in Castro's abandoned camp. Marshall, of gold discovery fame, claims to have unspiked the guns with a hammer and cold chisel, and upon improvised carriages they were mounted on Fort Hill.

The revolt inaugurated by Varela at Los Angeles spread throughout the territory. The American garrisons were driven out of San Diego and Santa Barbara. Monterey and San José were placed under martial law, and a number of sanguinary engagements followed before Stockton, Kearney and Fremont regained what Gillespie (through Stockton's blundering) lost in the surrender of Los Angeles.

## REMINISCENCES OF LOS ANGELES IN THE FIFTIES AND EARLY SIXTIES.

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H. D. BARROWS.

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[NOTE—The following series of papers (five in number) were read at the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the organization of the Historical Society of Southern California, November 2, 1893. It was the intention of the committee in charge to carry down the history of Southern California through six decades by a series of ten-minute papers written by members of the society cognizant of the events they described. The first paper—the decade between 1830 and 1840—was assigned to Col. J. J. Warner, first president of the society, a pioneer who came to Los Angeles December, 1831; the second, the decade between 1840 and 1850, was assigned to Don Antonio F. Coronel, the first vice-president of the society at its organization. He came to Los Angeles in 1834. Unfortunately both these gentlemen were unable, on account of sickness, to furnish the papers. —J. M. G., Ed.]

It is not an easy matter to adequately picture to the denizen of Los Angeles of 1893 life as it existed in this pueblo thirty and forty years ago.

In the first place, it will be helpful to remember that this city was then but a partially Americanized Spanish, or Mexican, settlement of less than five thousand souls, far removed from the centers of population of either Mexico, to which it formerly belonged, or of the United States, whose laws and customs and language had, at that time, but recently been introduced; and that it was not easily accessible, both by reason of its great distance from the Atlantic States and because of the meagerness of its means of communication with the rest of the world. We had no railroads in those days, nor telegraphs, prior to 1860; steamers arrived twice a month at our only port, San Pedro, bringing us mails and news from the outside world to partially relieve our isolation. The great Butterfield overland stage route between San Francisco and St. Louis via Los Angeles was established in 1858. That was one of the longest stage routes in the world, and one of the best, as I had occasion to know, for I rode over it from here to St. Louis on my wedding trip in 1860-'61, a distance of about nineteen hundred miles, traveling night and day for eighteen days and twenty hours, passing through the then hostile Apache Indian country of Arizona and New Mexico, and of the Comanches of Northern Texas. The "Overland Corrals" in this city were on the site of this Roeder Block, wherein we celebrate tonight this tenth anniversary of our Historical Society.

The telegraph line from San Francisco to this city was completed October 8, 1860. I had the honor of sending the first dispatch to the



San Francisco press. Here it is, as printed in the Bulletin on the date in which it is sent :

"LOS ANGELES, Oct. 9, 10:45 a. m., 1860.—Here is the maiden salutation of Los Angeles to San Francisco by lightning ! This dispatch—the first to the press from this point—the correspondent of the Bulletin takes pleasure in communicating in behalf of his fellow-citizens. The first intelligible communication by the electric wire was received here last night at about 8 o'clock, and a few hours later, at a grand and brilliant ball given in honor of the occasion, dispatches were read from San Francisco announcing the complete working of the entire line. Speeches were made in the crowded ball-room by E. J. C. Kewen and F. McCraellish. News of Col. Baker's election in Oregon to the United States Senate electrified the Republicans, but the Breckinridgers doubted it at first. It was suggested that they go hang the 'De Santy.' He assured them that it was 'all right'—they could bet their lives on that.

"Just before leaving yesterday Senator Latham planted the first telegraphic pole from this point east, assisted by a concourse of citizens. He made a short but felicitous address. \* \* \* The steamer Senator leaves San Pedro tonight with about three thousand boxes of grapes."

Among the salient events of the late '50s (I came here in the latter part of '54) were the extermination of the organized band of robbers which infested this county in the winter of 1856-'7, and which massacred Sheriff James R. Barton and three men of his posse near San Juan Capistrano ; the great earthquake of January 9, 1857 ; the rendezvous here and passage through Los Angeles of the Crabbe filibuster party of over one hundred men, the greater portion of whom were exterminated as invaders at Cavorca, Sonora ; the arrival of the camels in January, 1858 ; the "Mormon rebellion," which stirred up our people greatly, the same year ; the recall of the Mormon settlers at San Bernardino to Great Salt Lake City by the Mormon elders, etc.

In 1857 the colony system, which has contributed so much to the settlement and to the social and material prosperity of California, was inaugurated by a company of fifty shareholders, mostly Germans of San Francisco, who purchased eleven or twelve hundred acres of land of Pacifico Onteveras, near the Santa Ana River, which they named Anahome, or Anaheim. It was placed in charge of an engineer and general manager, Mr. George Hansen, for many years and still a resident of this city, who divided it into fifty twenty-acre vineyard

homes, which the owners afterward mostly occupied—some of them, or their children, to this day.

In 1859 the Mojave Indians were very troublesome, and Gen. Clarke, commander of the Pacific Military Division, made Los Angeles his headquarters pending the Mojave war, which was conducted in the field by Col. Hoffman, who soon subjected the hostile savages.

During each winter for years, or till the continental railroad was built, an extensive trade was carried on between this city and Salt Lake City and other settlements in Utah. The people of that Territory had no outlet in winter except in this direction, deep snows rendering both the Sierra Nevadas and the Rocky Mountains impassable. The distance of Los Angeles from Salt Lake City was about seven hundred miles, and the road was level and always free from snows. Even the supplies which the "saints" obtained in San Francisco during the winter season were shipped by steamer to San Pedro, and were hauled from thence by teams to their various points of destination in Central and Southern Utah. An immense number of Mormon teams used to come here every winter for years after goods, and I think this continued till 1869, or till the Central and Union Pacific Railroads were completed, thereby opening communication with the outside world both easterly and westerly to the Great Salt Lake basin at all seasons of the year.

I am tempted to recall here some of the names of the more or less prominent citizens who lived in Los Angeles, or in Los Angeles county, in the latter half of the fifties and the first half of the sixties, although to those of you who knew them not they signify but little, perhaps no more than so many blanks; but to us who survive and who mingled freely with them and knew them somewhat intimately each name recalls a distinct personality and a flood of reminiscences of a former generation to which—and I know you will pardon our weakness—we cannot but turn with fond recollections. Among the residents of this city who were also ranch owners were Abel Stearns, owner of many ranchos; John Temple of Los Cerritos, Ygnacio del Valle of Camulos, B. D. Wilson of San Pasqual, William Wolfskill, grantee of a rancho in the upper country; ex-Gov. Pio Pico of El Ranchito, Gen. Andrés Pico of Mission San Fernando, Capt. Alexander Bell of La Providencia, L. V. Prudhomme of Cucamongo, Henry Dalton of Azusa, etc. Of the rancheros who lived on their ranchos with their families there were Julio Verdugo, owner of San Rafael; Vicente de la Osa of El Encino, Antonio M. Lugo and his sons of La Laguna and San Bernardino; the three brothers, Manuel, Nasario and Pedro Dominguez of the Rancho San Pedro; the Abilas (several families) of Tajauta, La Cienega and La Centinela; Thomas

A. Sanchez of Sausal Redondo, William Workman and John Rowland of La Puente, Francisco Temple of La Merced, the Yorbas of the Rancho Santa Ana, Lemuel Carpenter of the Santa Gertrudes or Los Nietos, Jose Sepulveda of the San Joaquin, Juan Maria and Dolores Sepulveda of the San Vicente, Col. Isaac Williams of El Chino, Francisco Ocampo of Los Coyotes, Manuel Garfias of San Pascual, etc. A history of each of these rancheros, nearly all of whom I knew, and of their ranchos, many of which were as large as some European principalities, and of their families and of the various lines of their posterity, would fill a big book, and, if artistically, i. e., ideally, and sympathetically written, as Mrs. Jackson would have written it, should be exceedingly interesting, to those at least who have made their homes here, where those men of a past epoch once bore sway. I think such a history will some day be written. To quote Bancroft's observation concerning the early Governors of California, those who think these men were colorless nonentities, that is, that they were lacking in the strongly-marked qualities of genuine manhood, certainly have but little knowledge of their real character. Of other classes more or less prominent of those days there were Judges Benjamin Hayes and William G. Dryden, both picturesque characters; United States Judge I. S. K. Ogier, Lawyers Johnathan R. Scott, Ezra Drown, J. L. Brent, E. J. C. Kewen, K. H. Dimmick, Columbus Sims, J. R. Gitchell, C. E. Thom, J. H. Lander, V. E. Howard, at a late period Superior Judge; Murray Morrison, B. C. Whiting, etc.; Mayors Stephen C. Foster, J. G. Nichols, Dr. Thomas Foster, Henry Mellus, D. Marchessault, etc.; Drs. Richard S. Den, John S. Griffin, R. T. Hayes, T. J. White, W. B. Osbourn, A. B. Hayward; Druggists Downey and McFarland, H. R. Myles, J. C. Welsh, V. Gelcich; priests in the '50s, Revs. Blas Raho (Roman Catholic), James Woods and William E. Boardman (Presbyterian), and in the '60s, Alex. Parker (Congregational), E. Birdsall (Episcopalian), Adam Bland (Methodist), R. C. Fryer (Baptist), etc. The Roman Catholic bishop of this diocese was Thaddeus Amat, and the Episcopal bishop (resident in San Francisco) was William Ingraham Kip. The local merchants of that period from, say 1855 to '65, as I remember them, were F. Mellus, Johnson, Wheeler & Allanson, N. A. Potter, C. Ducommun, John Jones, Corbitt & Barker, Lazard & Kremer, M. Keller, Foy Bros., Workman Bros., Hellman Bros. (I. M. and Sam), the Lanfranco Bros. (Juan T. and Mateo), J. Schumacker, L. Leck, Santiago Bollo, O. W. Childs, Hale, Hicks, Newmark, Norton & Greenbaum, Prager & Morris, Mallard, Wadhams and others. Perry & Brady, and afterward Perry & Woodworth, and William Abbott were cabinet makers. John Goller was a notable blacksmith and



wagon-maker. In those days of teaming, before the coming of railroads, Goller's wagons were known all over Southern California and Arizona, and I think some of them went to Utah and Southern Nevada. Roeder and Lichtenberger and Louis Breer ("Iron-clad Louie," as he was known) were employees of Goller, but later they went into business for themselves. Among the well-known land surveyors of those early times were George Hansen, Major H. Hancock, F. Lecouvreur, William Moore, A. F. Waldemar, L. Seebold, E. Hadley and W. P. Reynolds. Cols. Washington and Washburn were employed in government surveys in this vicinity for a considerable period. H. Penelon was the pioneer photographer and fresco painter. Dr. Obed Macey established the first bath house, on the lot where his son, Oscar Macey, now resides. Ygnacio Coronel, father of Hon. A. F. Coronel, maintained and taught a private school in the early '50s, as I knew, and perhaps before that time. William Wolfskill employed private tutors for his own and some of his neighbors' children for many years. I think his first teacher was Rev. J. W. Douglas, founder of the San Francisco religious journal *The Pacific*. He was succeeded in turn by Miss Goodnow, now the wife of Hon. H. J. Wells of Cambridge, Mass.; by the writer of this paper (from the last of 1854 till the last of '58), by A. F. Waldemar and others. The sisters of charity have maintained an orphans' school from some time in the '50s to the present. The venerable Sister Scholastica, now far advanced in years, was long the superior of this school. Good Sister Ann, so well known to all the old settlers and still tenderly remembered by those who survive, was at the head of the Sisters' Hospital for many years. The "Germanians" supported a private school in a small frame building on the same lot whereon the Turnverein is now erecting its fine brick block.

The Star newspaper was started here, I think, in 1851, by Lewis & McElroy, and was published many years by J. S. Waite, J. P. Brodie, William A. Wallace, H. Hamilton, etc. Besides the Star, the Southern Californian was published in 1854-'6 by Butts & Wheeler. Among the printers employed on the latter paper, which was printed in the corrugated-iron houses on the site of the Central block on Spring street, were Oscar Macey and "Billy" (W. H.) Workman (since Mayor of the city), both of whom, and Col. Wheeler, the editor, are still residents of this city. Later, Col. J. J. Warner, now 86 years of age, edited and published the Semi-Weekly Vineyard, and F. P. Ramirez printed *El Clamor Publico* in Spanish, English and French. Other early newspapers were the Southern News, by Conway & Waite, and the Republican, by J. B. Dubois.

The pioneer growers of oranges and other citrus fruits in Southern California were the fathers of Mission San Gabriel, Louis Vignes and William Wolfskill.

Matthew Keller, J. L. Sainsevain, Kohler & Frohling, Edward Naud and Vaché Bros. were early wine merchants.

All goods shipped to and from our then only port, San Pedro, had to be "lightered," and this business was carried on in the '50s by A. W. Timms, P. Banning and Tomlinson & Co., the latter firm consisting of J. J. Tomlinson and J. M. Griffith. These parties used to do an immense amount of freighting between San Pedro and Los Angeles and many points in the interior, including Forts Tejon, Mojave and Yuma.

John D. Woodworth was postmaster here under Buchanan. He was succeeded by Dr. T. J. White. William G. Still served under Lincoln, and after him came Capt. George J. Clarke.

J. W. Shore was County Clerk several terms, and he was succeeded by Charles R. Johnson and Thomas D. Mott.

J. R. Barton, James Thompson, Tomas A. Sanchez and William C. Getman were successively Sheriffs of the county. H. N. Alexander was long County Treasurer, as was also M. Krémer.

Julian Chavez, Elijah Moulton and Mariano Ruiz lived on the east side of the river below the present Downey avenue viaduct, and Louis Wilhardt, who had a tannery, and Joseph Mullaly lived on the west side. Further down, on the east bank, were Theodore Bors, who had a flour mill on the site of the Stern distillery, and José Buelna and Francisco ("Chico") Lopez, and Andrew A. Boyle, after whom Boyle Heights were named, with his vineyard and orchard in the bottoms under the bluff, and still further down lived John Behn and Felipe Lugo. José Rubio lived on Alameda street below the Coronels, and John Frohling (of Kohler & Frohling), Julius Weyse and Ramon Valenzuela lived on what is now Eighth street, and John Moran on Ninth, between Alameda and Main. Each of these latter, and others who lived outside the center of the pueblo and on lands which could be irrigated, owned and cultivated vineyards and orchards. The Reyes and Machado families lived on Main street, and John Graff had a grant of one or more blocks of land from the city. He lived in the adobe house, still standing, corner Jefferson and Figueroa streets.

There are many things in this city to remind old settlers of the brothers John and F. P. F. Temple, Juan T. and Matéo Lanfranco, and Prudent and Victor Beaudry, and of Remi Nadeau, whose long teams and trailing "prairie schooners" used to bring "base bullion" from the Owens River mines to San Pedro for shipment by the millions of pounds, and of J. W. Potts, who, with P. Beaudry, did so

much to develop and make accessible our long unoccupied hill lands near the center of the city.

In the early times, when troops were stationed at the various forts of Southern California because of the Indians, who were then much more numerous than they are now, the relations between Los Angeles and those forts seemed to be much more intimate than they are at present. Col. Beall was in command at Fort Tejon, and some of the officers under him were Capt. Davidson, afterward a distinguished cavalry commander in the Union army during the civil war; Lieut. A. B. Chapman, now a resident of this county, and others. I remember one Fourth of July (I think it was in '57) the officers and the splendid military and string band of the garrison stationed at Fort Tejon came down here and joined with our citizens and local military companies (a French company on foot, a native California company of lancers mounted, and an American company, the Southern Rifles, etc.) in celebrating our national holiday. A procession was formed, with Ralph Emerson (a cousin of Ralph Waldo Emerson) as marshal, which marched to the vineyard of Dr. Hoover, where the Declaration of Independence was read, both in English and Spanish, and an oration by Judge Myron Norton and a speech by Phineas Banning were delivered. In the evening there was a grand ball, and the band, before its return to Fort Tejon, gave a public concert.

Major Heinzelman commanded at Fort Yuma. Most of the officers and men stationed at these forts went east in the summer of 1861, embarking at San Pedro on the regular Panama-bound steamers, which called for them at our port. Captain, afterward General, W. S. Hancock was stationed as assistant quartermaster, with his family, in this city for a considerable period.

Although the people of this city were far removed from the exciting scenes of the great civil war, they could not help being intensely interested in its progress from beginning to end. Gen. Carlton commanded a force stationed for a time at Camp Latham near Ballona, which afterward moved into Arizona. Another force occupied Drumm Barracks near Wilmington, under command of Col. J. F. Curtis, where permanent quarters and an immense warehouse near the wharf were built. From this point supplies for all the forts and commands in Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico were forwarded.

A few of the persons I have named above still survive, but the majority of them have passed on and seem now but shadows, though once they were as full of life and activity as we now are who have taken their places. As I recall these and many other names of the



olden time my memory conjures up a distinct, clear-cut and often extremely interesting personality in each case, and I could tell you something of every one of them, which would, perhaps, enable you to at least dimly distinguish their portraits as we who knew them saw them, did time and the exigencies of this occasion permit. Let it be the business of our society to rescue as many names as possible of the old poblanos from oblivion.

## LOS ANGELES IN THE LATER SIXTIES AND EARLY SEVENTIES.

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J. M. GUINN.

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I arrived at Los Angeles from San Francisco in the last year of the '60s, although my arrival in the State dated five years earlier.

In 1869 there were two routes of travel by public conveyance by which the immigrant could reach Los Angeles—by stage down the coast via San Jose, Monterey, Santa Barbara to Los Angeles, the stage route terminating at San Diego; the other by steamer to anchorage at San Pedro, reaching the landing at Wilmington, seven miles away, on one of Banning's uncomfortable tugs, and from there to Los Angeles on stage. The San Pedro and Los Angeles Railroad, the first railroad built in Southern California, was not then completed.

The fare by steamer from San Francisco to anchorage in San Pedro Bay was \$20; tug to the landing and stage to Los Angeles \$2.50 more. Stage fare from San Jose to Los Angeles, \$25. A trip by stage in those days had occasionally a sensational accompaniment that was far from agreeable. The Los Angeles Weekly Star of October 23, 1869, gives an account of a daring stage robbery that took place about 6 o'clock on the evening of October 20, within the city limits, in the cañon near the Hebrew Cemetery, almost in sight of the Court House. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure boxes were raided and six passengers stood in a line and, at the point of the pistol, divested of their wealth by four masked men. The entire booty obtained by the road agents was about \$2500.

The vessels plying between San Francisco, San Pedro and San Diego at that time were old side-wheelers that had done duty on the Pacific Coast since the days of the Argonauts. The old Pacific, on which I embarked, was one of a trio of ill-fated crafts that all came to a tragic end. The Brother Johnathan went down off the coast of Northern California, and only eleven of the 350 passengers reached land alive. The old Pacific sunk in a collision in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and only one survived to tell the story of the disaster. The Sierra Nevada bumped herself to pieces on the rocks near Port Harford. All the passengers were saved, but a valuable cargo was consigned to Neptune.

In 1868 and '69 Southern California was in a transition state. The era of cattle and sheep raising as distinctive industries was on

the decline. Grain and fruit-raising were beginning to be recognized as the coming industries of that region. Los Angeles was experiencing its first real estate boom. Every steamer was crowded with immigrants seeking cheap lands for homes. The Stearns ranchos in the southeast part of the county, comprising over two hundred thousand acres, had been subdivided into small tracts and thrown on to the market at prices varying from \$2.50 to \$10 per acre. Just before we cast loose from the wharf at San Francisco an active young man came aboard the steamer with an armful of boom literature, the first I had seen. It was maps, plots and circulars descriptive of the lands of the Los Angeles and San Bernardino Land Company (the Stearns ranchos). These he distributed where he thought they would do the most good. A map and description of the city of Savana fell to my lot. The city was described as located on a gently sloping mesa overlooking the valley of the Santa Ana. Sites had been reserved by its founders for churches and schools, and a central location was held in reserve for a city hall. A few weeks after my arrival I visited the city. I found it on the western slope of the Coyote Hills, about six miles north of Anaheim. Long rows of white stakes marked the line of its streets. A solitary coyote on a round-top knoll, possibly the site of the prospective city hall, gazed despondently down the street upon the debris of a deserted sheep camp. The other inhabitants of the city of Savana had not arrived, nor have they to this day put in an appearance.

The principal business center of Los Angeles City in the closing years of the '60s was Los Angeles street between Arcadia and Commercial. Aliso street was one of the principal business streets of the city. All the travel from the San Gabriel, Los Nietos and Santa Ana valleys entered the city by that thoroughfare. There were no business houses then below the junction of Spring and Main. Spring street, now the great business avenue of the city, was then an obscure residence street. The aristocratic residence streets of the city were San Pedro and the west side of South Main. The wealthier residents on Main owned through the block, and fronted their stables on Spring. On Boyle Heights there were but two houses, and not more than that in East Los Angeles. The sites of these populous and wealthy suburbs were sheep pastures and cattle ranges. In 1863 over two thousand acres of the site of East Los Angeles were sold by the City Council at 50 cents an acre, and it was not considered a bargain at that. The Council forced a portion of it on the unwilling purchaser. To the best of my recollection, there was in 1869 but one house on the range of hills south of Temple and west of Hill street.

The denizens of our city a quarter of a century ago pointed



with pride to the old Court House, and told how a few years before Juan Temple had built it for a theater at a cost of \$40,000. The city offices and the city and county jails were in a long, low adobe at the corner of Spring and Franklin streets, now the site of the Phillips block. Franklin street then bore the disreputable name of "Jail street."

The leading hotels were the Bella Union, now the St. Charles, and the Lafayette, where the St. Elmo now stands. The Lafayette was a low-storied building of mixed architecture and material—adobe, brick and wood. It stood back from the street fifteen or twenty feet, with a wide porch or piazza in front. From the top of the porch railings on warm summer afternoons lines of boot soles confronted the passers-by.

Three weekly newspapers and one daily furnished mental pabulum for the entire county, which then included the area now in Orange. Subscription price, \$5 a year for a four-page, seven-column weekly. They were the Weekly Star, Henry Hamilton editor and proprietor; the Daily and Weekly News, King & Waite publishers, and the Los Angeles Republican, John B. Dubois editor and publisher. The latter paper, a few months later, starved to death for want of patronage and was buried in the journalistic graveyard of unfelt wants.

Los Angeles was the only city in the county, and Anaheim and Wilmington the only towns of any commercial importance. Pasadena—now a city of palatial homes, paved streets and massive business blocks, the wonder of the tourist and the paradise of the health-seeker, then known as the San Pasqual Rancho—was an indifferent sheep pasture, where sported the festive jackrabbit by day, and the melancholy coyote broke the stillness of the night with his dismal howls. The site of Santa Ana, a city that now boasts of five thousand inhabitants, was then devoted to cattle raising. Pomona, boasting of a population equally large, had no existence. The sites of the shipping ports and seaside resorts—Santa Monica, Long Beach and Redondo—were unpeopled wastes. No light (dressed) brigade of sportive bathers charged the angry surf. Neither keel nor oar vexed the breakers that broke on the desolate shores. Gallatin was the metropolis of the Los Nietos Valley, a town long since deserted and its existence almost forgotten. Wilmington and Anaheim Landing were the shipping ports of Los Angeles, San Bernardino and the mining regions of Arizona. Commerce has long since found ports of easier access; no flat-bottomed lighters now land cargoes on their rotting wharves.

A quarter of a century ago three school houses furnished public school facilities for the school children of Los Angeles City. School

house No. 1, corner of Spring and Second, where the Bryson block and the old City Hall now stand ; school house No. 2, on Bath street, north of the Plaza, demolished when that street was widened and changed to Main, and the San Pedro street, near the corner of Washington and San Pedro. Five teachers constituted the teaching force of the city. Now two hundred and fifty are inadequate to meet the demand. When the first county teachers' institute was held, October 31, 1870, the entire force of the county was thirty-five. Now, in the same area, it requires over seven hundred to train the young idea. The institute was held in the old Bath-street building, the Spring-street school house, corner of Spring and Second, being considered too far out of town. Population and trade drifting southward, have left the old-time centers of both in the suburbs.

There was a peculiarity then in the nomenclature of our circulating medium that has almost ceased to be used. Commercial transactions, when the amount involved was the fractional parts of a dollar, were carried on in "bits." The bit was an imaginary coin of the value of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents. Its use in California, no doubt, grew out of the necessity of having some medium of exchange that was understood both by the American and the native Californian. The Mexican real and the American bit had the same value,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents. The American coin approximating nearest in value to the bit was the dime. You bought an article priced at a bit and gave the dealer a ten-cent piece ; he was short  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents. If you did not have a short bit and gave him a quarter of a dollar, or "dos reales," he gave you back in change 10 cents ; then he was long, and you were short. From this the terms long bit and short bit came into use. It was not considered by the dealer good form to palm off on him two short bits for a quarter, and the acme of meanness was reached when four dimes or short bits were proffered for 50 cents. The dime was the smallest coin in circulation ; an article was worth a dime or nothing. It is needless to say that the dealer was the gainer in the long run by such a system of exchange.

October 24, 1871, occurred that event in our history known as the Chinese massacre. The direct cause of the outbreak was a highbinder war between rival factions or companies over the abduction of a Chinese woman. The warring factions had kept up, during the day, an irregular fusillade with revolvers upon each other from opposite sides of that malodorous thoroughfare "Nigger alley." That evening an American named Thompson was killed in the neighborhood of Chinatown by a stray bullet from the Chinese rioters. Several officers who attempted to stop the shooting were fired at by

the Chinese. A mob gathered and made an attack on the Chinese quarters. The Chinamen, terrified, ceased their hostilities, and, cowering in their hovels, were shot down by the rioters or dragged forth and hung. Eighteen were murdered before the better element of our population rallied in sufficient force to put down the mob. The mobocrats were incited as much by a desire for plunder as revenge. When prosecutions were begun against some of the leaders many of the other participants in the riot fled the city. Between those who were sent to the State's prison and those who left the country for the country's good, the moral atmosphere of the city was greatly purified. For some time after there was a cessation of high-binder wars in Chinatown. The United States government paid a large indemnity to China for the murder of her people.

In 1872 the railroad subsidy war agitated the voters of the county. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company proposed to build fifty miles of railroad in the county, twenty-five north and twenty-five miles east from the city, in consideration of a subsidy of 5 per cent of the entire taxable property of the county. This was met by an offer of the Texas Pacific Company to build a road from San Diego to Los Angeles, making the Angel City tributary to the City of Bay and Climate, and giving the county sixty miles of railroad. The Southern Pacific Company raised its bid by offering to extend a branch road to Anaheim, making seventy-seven miles of railroad. The war was a triangular contest. The voters were divided between the Southern Pacific, the Texas Pacific and no subsidy to any railroad. Pamphleteers and newspaper correspondents painted in roseate hues the era of prosperity that would dawn upon us when the neigh of the iron horse broke the stillness of our unpeopled valleys. "Taxpayer" and "Pro Bono Publico" bewailed the waste of the people's money and bemoaned the increase of taxes. Impassioned orators, from the stump, with the money of the rival corporations jingling in their pockets, pleaded with the obdurate voters, portrayed with moving pathos the generosity that actuated their company and and anathematized the sordid greed of its rival. At the election, November 5, 1872, the Southern Pacific won, and the county was pledged to give that company \$377,000 in 7 per cent. twenty-year bonds, sixty acres of city land and \$225,000 worth of stock of the San Pedro and Los Angeles Railroad, the latter gift virtually carrying with it the control of the San Pedro Harbor—a total donation of \$610,000 in cash or its equivalent, and a monopoly on our travel and transportation that clung to us for years with the ever-tightening grip of the Old Man of the Sea. Such is an illustration of the willingness with which people mortgage the future for some fancied benefit in the present.



The great financial panic of 1873, presaged by that monetary cyclone "Black Friday in Wall street," had no immediate effect upon business in California. The years 1873 and 1874 were among the most prosperous in our history. Through good and evil report California had clung to her gold and silver money. The specific contract act of the Legislature of 1862, making debts payable in gold coin, virtually demonetized the government legal tender and the national bank notes in our State. Whether we were the gainers or losers in the end by our adherence to our metallic medium of exchange is a question that I will not discuss here. It certainly did for a time retard immigration to California from the East. The eastern immigrant landing on our shores with \$1000 in greenbacks found himself compelled, before he could make an investment, to convert his paper into gold. Theoretically, he might be convinced that the six or seven hundred dollars in golden twenties which he received in exchange were equivalent to his thousand in government legal tenders, but practically he felt that somehow he had been worsted in the exchange. Quantity even in dollars is more attractive to the average man than quality. The capitalists of the East preferred to retain their wealth where resumption of specie payment was gradual instead of instantaneous, as in California. The bulk of the immigration to Southern California in the early '70s was from the central and northern parts of our own State.

The subdivision of the large ranchos continued, and the colony system of settlement was quite popular. Of the prosperous settlements that date their foundations in 1873-'4-'5 may be named Artesia, Pomona, Indiana Colony (now Pasadena) and Santa Monica. When the first sale of lots was to take place in the latter city a steamer was chartered in San Francisco, and five hundred lot-buyers from the city by the Golden Gate were landed on the site of the "seaport city of the south," then a houseless and treeless mesa bordering on the Boca de Santa Monica. Speculation ran riot. Lots sold rapidly and at fancy prices. Tom Fitch, the silver-tongued orator of the Pacific Coast, depicted in poetic language and lofty flights of oratory the future greatness of the "Zenith City by the Sunset Sea." Rome, the "Imperial City," was not built in a day. Tom Fitch, more enterprising than Romulus or the conscript fathers, created the "Zenith City" in an hour. Notwithstanding the silver-tongued orator's extravaganzas, Santa Monica has grown to be a populous, prosperous and progressive city.

Though delayed, the financial crisis did reach us. In the fall of 1875 the monetary cyclone struck us. But that is beyond the limits of my paper.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF LOS ANGELES — 1875 TO 1885.

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JNO. MANSFIELD.

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Reminiscences of persons not specially observing may often recall events to them not deemed of sufficient importance to note at the time, but may have real significance as historical factors of local interest, not observed by the general public. The value of these observations depend upon the importance of events, as they may occur, in serving to illustrate more fully even minor points that so often and readily fade with the lapse of time. It is by the faithful record of these that history is made and perpetuated.

An intimation that on this our tenth anniversary I would be expected to relate some experiences of the decade following my entry into Los Angeles May 1, 1875, I confess that to me it seems without an incident worthy of recording.

I came, as some others did, from Sacramento by rail to Caliente, and from there to Los Angeles in a jerky wagon by courtesy called a stage, in which we floundered for twenty-four hours over mountains, plains and through gullies, more or less at the peril of our lives, till we reached San Fernando the next morning about day-break. Without rest, sleep or satisfying refreshment to this point, our judgment of men and things, as we saw them, was more or less critical. My objective point on this trip was some of the dry interior valleys of Mexico, to counteract the effects of the other sort to which for a year or more I had been subjected, entailing what seemed to me a lasting affliction of chills and fever. At San Fernando we took what appeared to be an oil or work train on the unfinished portion of the Southern Pacific Railroad from that point to Los Angeles. At that time the town of Los Angeles to a stranger appeared old, rambling and fragmentary. The only building or business block of importance was the Temple Block, which stood up alone among its less pretentious surroundings as the result of a sudden impulse of an early boomer, whose financial extinction had left its warning to other growing but undeveloped ambition of municipal grandeur or commercial greatness. Notwithstanding the unpropitious and tumbledown appearance of the place, the conditions I sought seemed to be here, and I remained; and as we were tourists, we looked over the town at our leisure (of which we had plenty), and were accorded such

attention as was supposed to be due distinguished tender-feet and possible investors.

Where the Nadeau House and First Presbyterian Church now stand was a horse corral ; the same where the Hollenbeck is located ; and between these now prominent hotels was Towle's blacksmith shop, with other small workshops and chicken coops. The most conspicuous structure on Main street was the "round-house." This was the inspiration of a crank, who sought to typify the creation and end of all living by the supposed luxuries of the living in his castle of the blest, with the termination of all things as represented by tombs and lay figures in the garden attached. But all this has long since passed, and not unlike man himself, who yields to the sturdy tread of superior forces behind him, gives up to the claims of an irresistible succession, and is remembered only in the future for the good or bad in life. Mr. Beaudry was then mayor, and seemed to be imbued with a laudable spirit of enterprise ; but municipal support from either council or people was lacking, and in place of it Los Angeles seemed to be drifting aimlessly along, quite indifferent to the great events of the world, blissfully content in its half-tropic surroundings, emphasizing in its inertness the *dulce fac niente* of its once dominant race.

Of hotels, the St. Charles (modernized from the Bella Union), United States, La Fayette and Pico House constituted the list—*all first class!* At some of these I lived ; and though I had eaten hard-tack from the tail end of an army wagon and taken my coffee and junk standing in line with more circumspection than ceremony, these morsels were sweet compared to the product of the razor-back of the vicinage and the wild bovine of the plains of Texas. My two companions, however, more fastidious than myself, became restive, and being possessed of that inquiring instinct of the Yankee to improve present conditions, encountered in their evening stroll the chicken (?) tamale man, which at once aroused their desire for trade and the possession of the tempting morsel so deftly trussed up in corn husks. Immediate success attended their negotiations, when, lo ! on inspection, the alleged *chicken* proved to be the disjointed remains of jack-rabbit and sea-gull, with its ever present fish odor, which the native purveyor had attempted to modify with chille pepper and a liberal supply of the heroic and unconquerable *garlic!* At this the line was drawn as an experience not down in the guide book of the tourist, and suspended all further inquiries in that line of adjuncts to an insufficient or unsatisfactory meal. But a change soon came. A sort of financial cyclone came over the land, and in a whiff every bank in the city was closed. Two soon reopened, but the other—



Temple and Workman, which had for years been the shibboleth of the paisano and the basque, with a large other class, whose friendship was its greatest curse — went down beyond redemption. So complete was its collapse that \$300,000 of its alleged assets were sold by the receiver under an order of Judge Hoffman of the United States Court for thirty dollars. Before this, however, an attempt had been made by its owners and manager to rehabilitate the bank by an increase of capital. For this purpose a loan of \$250,000 was made from E. J. Baldwin, thinking that if it could again open its doors its old time friends would rally to its support and put it again on the high road to its former credit and prosperity. This reasoning proved fallacious. The moment its doors were reopened under this arrangement, those who had funds on deposit availed themselves of the opportunity to withdraw and close their accounts. This, with no renewals of deposits, or of business as before, resulted almost immediately in closing its doors for good. Of Mr. Temple, the manager, those who knew him felt that a large part of the bank's unfortunate condition was due to his kind and sympathetic nature. Gentle and confiding to a degree, enterprising and public spirited as well, he could not say no! and became the unconscious victim of boomers and schemers who had secured his name or money to a thousand and one moonshine enterprises, and when in their flat failure he was the only one left responsible to pay the losses. This, without a suspicion or taint of dishonesty, was one of the many ways the funds of the bank became dissipated and lost. After his failure, Mr. Temple, harassed and mortified by its calamitous results, retired to his country seat, and even there, in a supposed retreat from the business world, he was pursued by creditors, with attachments and executions, till at length he yielded to a ceaseless and all-corroding mental depression over his misfortune, and it is said he died in a sheep camp on the outlying portions of his once vast and princely estate. Those who were here can hardly recall these almost tragic incidents without a feeling of sadness — that one so uniformly gentle, sympathetic and charitable should be the victim of a fate so hard and merciless, without a further impulse of its unnecessary cruelty.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate financial situation and other drawbacks, the business year of 1876 opened with a fair outlook for increased development, which, with timely rains of the preceding winter, gave assurances to the agriculturist of fair returns for his labor, with a hope of something for export. It was during this year the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad was completed to Santa Monica, which gave to the city another outlet by railroad to the sea, besides a large amount of grading and other work on its northern

extension beyond Los Angeles. The construction of this road was largely due to the enterprise and public spirit of Mr. John P. Jones, under the supervision of Capt. Crawford, its chief engineer. But on completion of the Southern Pacific to Los Angeles the following year it soon absorbed the former road by purchase, and has ever since been run by the Southern Pacific as a part of its Southern California system.

Among some of the notable structures in Los Angeles for 1877 were the Roman Catholic Cathedral and Baker block on Main street and Odd Fellows' Hall on Spring street. Later on, however, our seeming prosperity for this year was checked by a drought and an epidemic of smallpox so malignant in character as to nearly paralyze all business, and many of those who could left for other and more encouraging fields of industry ; and, although the railroad was completed in this year, giving us a through service to San Francisco, the cry of hard times continued to be heard, and the railroad, which should have been encouraged and looked upon as an industrial and commercial relief, was denounced as the author of all our misfortunes. This condition of things continued till, when the census was taken in June, 1880, Los Angeles had the beggarly number of 11,200 people, and those of us who could not get away knew by sad experience what "short commons" meant. But as time wore on the condition of things began to improve. The constitution of '79 had been adopted. New laws and new lords were looked for. Public sentiment, so long dormant as to local affairs, began to rouse itself and to demand a more thorough recognition of its rights and needs from the State.

An active and energetic legislative delegation at Sacramento had procured, in 1881, the passage of a bill for the establishment of a normal school at this place. The next year the Nadeau House was commenced, with many other substantial structures. In 1883 was held in San Francisco the great triennial convention of the Knights Templar of the United States. Through the influence of many of the order here, large numbers of this intelligent body of fraters, on their way home, were induced to stop over in Los Angeles, where they were hospitably entertained by the citizens with wine and fruit and free transportation around and through the city and country, many of whom declared that as to them it was a revelation long to be remembered, and I think it may well be claimed that from the Knights thus entertained, in connection with judicious advertising of our products and climatic comparison with other countries, was the awakening of outside public sentiment in favor of Los Angeles that resulted in a steady immigration that soon after set in and continued till the boom of 1887.

Though I came from the interior by rail and stage, the principal travel to and from the town in 1875 was by steamer, which made bi-weekly trips from San Francisco to San Diego, landing in the offing sometimes at San Pedro and sometimes at Santa Monica, and I well remember the arrival of two stages from the latter place at the Lafayette Hotel in a drenching rain on the 13th of November, the first of that year.

Of the schools of that year the most noted and principal was the High School on the hill, of which Dr. Lucky was principal. The other two that I remember were the Bath-street school and one in a small brick building on the corner of Second and Spring streets on land now occupied by the Bryson block.

Of courts of record there were two—the then Seventeenth Judicial District Court, with Sepulveda as Judge, and the County Court, with probate and criminal jurisdiction, with O'Melveny as Judge.

Of the lawyers practicing in the courts at that time, they seemed to me like the collection of Silas Wegg in "Our Mutual Friend," both curious and various, and of whom I refrain to further speak.

The religious element of Los Angeles was looked after by several clergymen of zeal and piety. I remember only four church edifices—the Methodist on Fort street (Broadway now), with Rev. Mr. Hickey as pastor; the Episcopal, corner of New High and Temple, Rev. Mr. Hill as pastor; the Congregational, on New High street, Rev. Mr. Packard pastor, and the Catholic church on the Plaza.

Whatever may be said of the lack of enterprises of a commercial or developing character, the schools and churches of that period were fairly well attended and supported. But the contrast of then and now is more than marvelous, giving to the zealous workers of each renewed hope of equal, if not greater, success in the future.



## LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LAST DECADE—1880-'90.

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EDWIN BAXTER.

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I came to Los Angeles in August, 1881. During the months before the winter season I noticed the almost continuous smoke of small fires in the open fields toward the mountains, caused by the burning of straw and stubble of the wheat and barley fields. The country looked bare, with no apparent sustenance for the numerous bands of sheep that roamed the open fields, except the bulbous roots of grass and small grains, and it seemed improvident to destroy the straw and stubble. For one or two, or more, years there had been less than the usual amount of rain. The weather continued dry until late in January. One day (I think it was in the early days of February) a party of us rode out into the brush land some twenty miles, beyond the San Gabriel River, toward the mountains. It was nearly dark when we returned to the city, and so cold we were fearfully chilled. The next day it commenced snowing, and in a couple of hours the ground was thoroughly whitened. The snow soon melted and disappeared in and about the city. The old inhabitants said such a thing was previously unknown here, and some who were born here and grown to be men and women declared they had never before seen snow near enough to touch it. It is possible they had made no record of the last snow storm, for some others who have not been here so long have different recollections; but the fact remains that we have not since seen the ground white in Los Angeles. Out near Colton and Riverside that snow came until it was from six to ten inches deep, and fell so thickly on the backs of the sheep, and so soon melted, that they were chilled in the cold nights that followed, and, being weak and famished for lack of the straw and feed that had been burning day after day all the fall, thousands of them died. That winter and that snow storm mark an era in sheep-raising in Southern California. It was reported that before another winter one-half the sheep in San Diego, Los Angeles and other southern counties were sold and driven away or slaughtered, or both. It was not so bad as in the dry year, or season of 1863-'4. I was told by J. F. Cooper of Santa Barbara that in that notable season he removed his flocks and herds from Los Nietos and vicinity—the most desirable region in Los Angeles county for stock-raising—to the Santa Rosa Rancho, in Santa Barbara county, on account of the drought, and that he actually cut

the heads off three thousand lambs — *to save their lives!* Also that he sold the finest wethers for 10 cents per head for the same reason. Eighty-one and two was not so bad here, and, in fact, we had the later rain. Being a "tenderfoot," and owning no land, I did not share the trepidation of those who did, but I remember, as an illustration of the somewhat general distrust, that of a man who sold his barley field for \$600 and ten days after, a copious rain having fallen, bought it back for \$2000. A banker in the city had a hay ranch down toward the ocean. He wanted some hay for his horses, and told the man in charge of his ranch to bring him a load, but added: "If you can sell it on the way for \$25 per ton do so." After six or seven days he started to the farm to see why his hay did not come, and met his man with a load. He had started with a load every day, and sold it before reaching town for \$25 or more.

The prickly pear cactus was quite commonly found in this city ten years ago, and this might as well be recorded, for a few years later it will be a thing of the past and pass into history, in the city at least. It was one of those strange things first noticed by a stranger from the northeast. Eastern people called it an overgrown "old hen's chickens." Shortly after our arrival, walking down Fifth street with my daughter, we came to one of these strange trees. We had heard that the fruit was good to eat when ripe, after the prickles and rind were off. We concluded to try it, and I picked a pear. I have seen many of them since, on high and low stems, from the brush land near the foothills to the top of the mountains of Catalina Island, and I dare not say they are *not* good eating. I am certain they are good *picking*, for one of them, whatever its size, is a handful, and it takes a long time to pick even one. I am sure I was at least two or three days picking that first prickly pear, and in picking out and descanting (pleasantly, of course) on the fine points inherent in and upon the fruit. After such an experience the story that "Peter Prangle, the prickly, prangly pear picker, picked three pecks of prickly, prangly pears," means more than a lesson in articulation.

We first took rooms at the Hammond, since named the Makara House and several other names, situated between Third and Fourth street on Main, where the new Tu'nverein block is now being built. That was then away beyond the outskirts of the business portion of the city. Persons then residents remember the eight-sided building just north of that house on Main street. It was called the "Round House," and has but lately been removed. It was then used as a private school house. The yard or grounds back of it, extending to Spring street, were covered so thickly with a great variety of fruit and other trees and shrubs one could scarcely see through them. At

the west, along Spring street, nearly or quite the width of two lots, was a row of those prickly pear cactus trees, from ten to fifteen or more feet high, and many of the trunks from six to twelve inches in diameter, and the thick, fleshy leaves were so closely interlaced as to be as impenetrable as any hedge.

And this is the story they told us of that garden or orchard: The owner had planted it with all manner of fruits, trees, plants and shrubs with intent to make it a veritable "Garden of Eden," and that is what he named it. He had erected there statues of men and women, Adam and Eve, and I don't know how many beasts, but among them was "the old serpent," Satan himself. And he had peopled, or intended to people, the garden with all manner of beasts, birds and creeping things—whether living or in marble I am not informed. But, like many others of large ideas and plans, before as well as since, his finances were not equal to his purposes, and he resorted to that un-Eden-like makeshift, covering the garden with a mortgage. This was too much of a load for even the Garden of Eden to carry. Whether the new "old serpent" had already tempted Eve to her fall was not related, but he or his prototype had a "grip" on the garden itself, and the owner could not pay the mortgage. It was finally foreclosed, and the garden was sold on a very modern California plan. This was a sad day for the proprietor of this modern Garden of Eden. He dug graves in the earth of the garden and buried all the statues—Adam, Eve, the serpent and the rest—and he renamed the garden "Paradise Lost." Such, we were told, was the condition of that little, modern paradise when first we saw it. But the time for redemption had not yet expired, there was still "a day of grace" and the "lord of the manor" had not lost hope. With the little oil still left in his lamp he was directing all his energies to obtain money to purchase a redemption. Already he had in his mind—if not actually engraved on marble—the new device to put over the gate, "Paradise Regained." Sad to relate, he failed. He died a few years later, no doubt of a broken heart. Perhaps this tale should not go into the archives of this Historical Society in all its details, but I am assured it is "founded on facts."

One of the events of the last decade which those who were here will not forget, was the rainy season of 1883-4. The early winter months were dry. On the first day of February, 1884, it was raining softly nearly all day. We had wet weather from that time until late in April, not a little in May, and rain fell every month in that year. On or after the 20th day of May snow was on the nearer mountains and hills, and old snow was still seen on the distant peaks until late in July. In the great flood of that year forty-three houses



were moved from their places in this city, on the low lands near the river, and vineyards and orchards were swept away. All below Alameda street was under water at one time from two to three inches to several feet deep. Some of the houses were carried a considerable distance down the river, and two or three persons were drowned in the city and vicinity. In 1886 a sudden storm caused Los Angeles River to overflow its banks to almost as great an extent for a few hours; but that was a sudden freshet, caused, it was said, by a cloud burst. Several times during that rainy season of 1884 the mud and filth along Main and Spring streets, at the centre of business, was piled in heaps, to be carted away the next day; and when the next day dawned it would be found leveled almost like the surface of a lake over the street, occasioned by the pour-down in the night. There were no paved streets and but few sidewalks in the city at that time, and the safest way for a pedestrian to climb to the top of the first line of hills during a storm was to walk on the cobble stones with which the gutters at the sides of the streets were paved.

Here let me say for Southern California, that, having from time to time before coming here heard and read about the "rainy season" in California, I had something of a picture in my mind of what it was or should be, and the spring of 1884 is the only rainy season I have seen in the last twelve years which corresponds to that picture.

There were many customs rife in 1880 and later that have since become but memories of the past. I took an office in Temple Block early in 1882. On one side was a township justice's court, on the other the city justice's court. Just across Market street, in the old court house, were held the two departments of the superior court. The custom then prevailed of calling into court any suitor, attorney or witness who failed to appear when his case was called, by shouting his name, three times repeated, from the nearest window. Generally, nearly every hour of the day, or oftener, of six days in the week, some one or more names would be called three times from a window in that block or from the other side of the street. On some days the names of some of the younger attorneys would be heard with such frequency as to suggest a "put up job" of advertising. Sometimes these calls created no little amusement. One day a court officer screamed from the window nearest my open office door: "John W. Hörner, Esq., John W. Horner, Esq., John W. Horner, Esq." The words of the third call had scarcely left his lips when from another window at the corner of the block came, in the clear tones of a young law student: "Gone round the corner a square, gone round the corner a square, gone round the corner a square." This custom has

passed away—gone into desuetude, and is even now almost forgotten.

The common council (I beg the pardon of my friend Robinson, the very efficient city clerk of that period, who would never permit the use of the word "common" as a prefix to the title of the city legislature), the city council, "*Muy Ilustre Ayuntamiento*," met in the room in the southeast corner of the second floor of the Temple Block—the same room in which this Historical Society was organized. I frequently attended their sessions—always held in the evening, when a person in the back row of benches could but little more than distinguish the features of the members through the thick tobacco smoke. There was no carpet on the floor, but notwithstanding the presence of numerous cuspidors, it would scarcely be correct to say the floor was bare. And very frequently at these sessions there were refined women present—having some matter of humane or personal interest to present—women who would almost as soon have tolerated a mouse as a single cigar in their apartments at home, yet who would sit for hours waiting to have their case taken up beyond that thickness of darkness and mingled bad tobacco and foul breaths. If there is one thing more than others that indicates the advancement of civilization in the West, it is the banishment of tobacco from city council rooms and public halls.

I will mention one other custom that used to trouble us until we were used to it. It was the night fire alarm—three pistol shots in succession. It was a long time before we ceased to listen for a cry of "murder" instead of the rattle of the fire engines immediately after being startled from sleep by the "one, two, three" of the policeman's revolver.

The wonderful boom of Los Angeles and Southern California began and ended between 1881 and 1889, and really occupied all those years. A brief, partial but spicy history of that cyclone has already been presented by Prof. Guinn, and has a place in our Annual of 1890. A separate paper might be written upon each of many separate subjects connected with and affected by the boom. The schools (public and private), the churches, the banks (every projected city or village had one or more, present or prospective), the street railroads (horse, cable and electric), the street pavements (all or nearly all of which have been laid since 1885), and many other matters, not excepting the old, every night cries of the Mexican tamale vender: "*Tamales, calientes, aqui.*" These tamales have now given way to the base imitations of the northern invader.

The Protestant churches here in 1881 were the Methodists (First, German and Trinity South), First Presbyterian (in a building now used as a dwelling, but then as school house, next south of the First

Methodist, on Broadway, the Baptist in Good Templars' Hall, the Christian on Temple street, the Episcopalian at corner of New High and Temple streets, the Congregational on New High street, north of Temple street. Not a commodious, convenient house among them, unless it was the First Methodist. Within three months after I came I visited each of these at least once, being a regular attendant of one. Except the First Methodist and the Presbyterian there were sometimes regular services in each of them (especially in the evening), in which the congregation was not over fifty, and in several of them it was below twenty-five on some occasions. Before the end of 1885 each of these churches—denominations—had built and fairly filled the spacious edifices now occupied by them, which seat from six hundred to fifteen hundred or more. And some of the new organizations exceed the old in numbers at this time. The City Directory for 1892 gives the names and location of fifty-five Protestant churches and congregations. Among these are sixteen Methodist, ten Presbyterian, six Congregational, five Baptist, five German, and one each of Swedish, Welsh and Chinese churches. The Roman Catholic Church, being the oldest here, was in 1881 represented by the old "Church of our Lady of the Angels," near the plaza, and the cathedral "St. Vibiana," on Main street. That denomination now has congregations and costly school buildings north, south, east and west, in the city. The Jewish Tabernacle remains as it was in 1881, and has its regular services.

An interesting chapter might be written upon the history and decay of the old adobe structures, many of which were prominent land marks in the city ten years ago, but have now disappeared. Like the long adobe row on the corner of Spring and Franklin streets, the very center of business, which was occupied for the jailor's residence, with the jail yard in the rear, the police headquarters, the city clerk's office and for other public uses, until 1885. This would properly include a longer period than the decade from 1880 to 1890, and can be better treated by an older resident.



## PASADENA—THE CROWN OF THE VALLEY.

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JEANNE C. CARR.

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Pasadena, the name adopted by the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association (earlier known as the Indiana Colony of California) for the home of its choice, is an Algonquin word, signifying the key, or the crown, of the valley. It lies at the extreme eastern end of the once wide domains of the San Gabriel Mission, and was considered one of its choicest possessions, from the abundance of wood and water and convenience of access from Los Angeles and the seaport of San Pedro. The grant of which it is a part was named San Pasqual, in remembrance of a friendly Indian chief, who was baptized at San Gabriel on the day of that saint while his tribe occupied the territory.

The first legally recognized owner was Eulalia Perez, an Indian woman, to whom the ranch was granted on the day of San Pasqual in recognition of her services as nurse and midwife. She died at Los Angeles about 1885 at the reputed age of 120 years, but, through her failure to occupy and improve the tract as the law required, at the expiration of the time specified in the grant it passed into the hands of Manuel Garfias, a popular officer and favorite of Gov. Micheltorena. He built a spacious adobe house on the bank of the Arroyo Séco, overlooking Garvanza, and made his home the seat of lavish hospitality. Only the best rooms had floors of wood, and the single chamber above was lighted by two dormer windows. This pioneer home was a favorite resort of the gay Angeleños, who pursued noble game into the forested cañons of the Sierra Madres by day and danced with the lovely señoritas all night, the lingering representatives upon this continent of the age of chivalry! Some of the oaks are yet standing where the señoritas hung their hammocks from the great limbs and awaited in "drowsy indolence" the return of the victors with their spoils. There was neither fruit tree or garden on the property. At dawn of day the Indian herders opened the corrals, when the bell mare, fleetest and most prized of the native stock, led the band of wild horses northward along the Arroyo Séco to crop the rich herbage of the Altadena highlands. The name given to this portion of the ranch, "La Sabañelles de San Pasqual" (altar cloth of San Pasqual), was descriptive of the glorious robe of poppies which can yet be seen by sailors far out at sea. Added to

these natural attractions, was the substantial encouragement given to horticultural enterprises, as seen in the profitable orchards and vineyards of B. D. Wilson, Gen. Stoneman, Messrs. Titus and Rose, with numerous smaller groves of the Alhambra, on the line of a railroad connecting the two oceans.

When the committee sent out from Indiana in August, 1873, to examine and report upon a location for a colony had completed their labors they were unanimous in favor of Pasadena, and the house is yet standing which sheltered the first inhabitant. But it was not until the 13th of November, when the effect of the financial crash of that year had somewhat abated, that the San Pasqual Land and Water Company was incorporated, B. S. Eaton of the Fair Oaks Ranch being made president and D. M. Berry secretary. After examining many sites in the neighborhood, the company purchased of Dr. J. S. Griffin of Los Angeles 4000 acres of the Rancho San Pasqual. To this a goodly slice was added on the east from a delightful oak-covered pasture of the Wilson estate. The name Pasadena (meaning either the key or crown of the valley) was suggested by Dr. Elliott, and met with general approval. At a critical moment in the negotiation Mr. Thomas Croft, one of the colonists, laid down the amount required in payment, and the home of the colony was secured.

In a similar spirit the separate allotments were made. It was an anxious moment when the twenty-seven incorporators met for that purpose on a commanding height with the maps and surveys for the selection of their individual homesteads, and the more delicate task of selection for the absentees whose proxies they held. In some cases the careful savings of years were devoted to secure a modest home, where a cherished invalid might lengthen out his days in a genial climate. Among the rest stood Calvin Fletcher, a wealthy citizen of Indiana and one of the incorporators, who proposed that the holders of single shares of stock should first make their selections, and so on in that order. When the distribution was over each of the twenty-seven stockholders had secured his chosen homestead, and improvements were begun immediately.

The first house in Pasadena had already been built by Mr. A. O. Bristol, and is still standing, at the junction of Lincoln and Orange Grove avenues. The huge pepper tree which overshadows it is also the pioneer of its species among the thousands seen in the modern city.

In three years from the time of purchase the face of the country was transformed by the young orchards and vineyards.

Nearly every shareholder was able to secure a wood lot along the bed of the Arroyo Séco, or in the foothills, thickly felted with grease

wood bushes, whose gnarled roots furnished excellent fuel. East Pasadena at that time was a scattered grove of oaks, through which a wagon track led to the Santa Anita Ranch. Many of these fine trees have been preserved.

Soon the work of home-making commenced in earnest, under conditions new to all the colonists. Letters to friends left in "the States" had little effect for a time, the inference being that sun stroke had turned the heads of the writers. A pencil sketch of a jew fish captured at Catalina Island by one of the colonists, with attestation of its weight, when passed around among his eastern neighbors, tended to deepen this impression.

The first marriage celebrated in Pasadena was that of Mr. Charles H. Watts to Millie, daughter of Major Erie Locke of Locke Haven. The primitive home of the young couple was a one-roomed cottage with a lean-to kitchen attached. Nevertheless, it was made to do duty as a church for the Presbyterians until Harvey Watts, the first child born in the colony, lifted up his voice in proof of Adam's fall.

The Pasadena settlement originally included Lincoln Park on the southeast and Altadena and the highlands on the northwest. The Arroyo Séco, having gathered its stream from unfailing sources in the Sierra Madre range of mountains, could be depended upon for an unfailing water supply as long as rains and snow should fall and the forest conservatories of springs and surface moisture were preserved. Within the limits of the purchase the stream meandered through a natural park, whose terraced banks were preserved from denudation by dense thickets of ceanothus, dwarf oak and manzanita. Five species of oaks, many of great size, filled the more open portions of the cañon, and giant sycamore trees protected natural ferneries even richer than those which yet linger in their mountain retreats. No pen could describe the glory of the poppy fields which filled the valley and swept northward in waves in gold.

As orange culture was the leading pursuit of the colonists, the entire tract became an almost solid grove. There were no division fences, and the modest homes, set far back from the streets, were soon lost behind the quick-growing eucalyptus and pepper trees. Many a traveler by the adobe road drew rein at Williams' store, the business center, to inquire the way to Pasadena.

The choicest locations were then considered those of the southern extremity of the tract, where each rounded hill commanded some charm of outlook unshared by the others. The selections of Messrs. Porter, Green and Dougherty were peculiarly happy, and among the first to be improved. That of the latter included a typical oak of grand proportions, which is still waving its green centaury, untouched



by the ax. Within the sound of the old mission bells, with the peerless Bacon Hill on the east and the richly-wooded eminence of Lincoln Park on the west, with the Arroyo Séco winding its silver thread through a richly-wooded foreground, and the sunny, undulating slopes of South Pasadena in the rear, it is little wonder that the first settlers of that section were unaffected by the boom in real estate, and saw without envy the costly villas covering every other eminence in their neighborhood. Nature so finished and decorated the work of their hands that the modest cottage of an early settler in South Pasadena has almost rivalled the mission as a point of interest for eastern travelers.

The Pasadenans soon learned that the relation of the young orange tree to its owner is not unlike that of a child to its parent—the returns for years of ceaseless labor and watchfulness depend upon many conditions besides those of heredity and environment, such as timely and abundant watering, frequent restriction by pruning, and long continued cultivation. “Plant the grape for your children, the orange for your grandchildren and the olive for your great grandchildren,” was a European adage often quoted by the packers in their intercourse with the early settlers of Southern California.

The first orange plantations were of mission pedigree, but gradually the Washington navel, which was first grown at Rivererside, the Mediterranean sweet, Saint Michael and many other foreign varieties were introduced. Many hedges were planted of the Mexican lime, and nearly all cultivated lemons. In many orchards deciduous fruit trees of various kinds were grown in alternate rows with the young citrus trees, to be relegated to the wood pile as the latter matured. The enchanting effect of these mixed orchards in their season of bloom is indescribable, especially when seen on a large scale, as at Baldwin’s Santa Anita ranch, where 40,000 almond trees lead a floral procession in which nearly every kind of citrus and deciduous fruit not strictly tropical is represented. The home orchards of Pasadena gave even greater satisfaction to their owners, being mostly cultivated by their own hands.

Upon one of the Pasadena homesteads, covering forty-two acres, was planted in 1878–1880: 700 orange trees, including the budded varieties; 50 lemons; 500 limes (in hedge); 100 apricots, of six varieties; 40 nectarines, six varieties; Smyrna and other figs, 50; apples, 75, of which twenty-five were crabs; cherries, 20; plums, 20; prunes, 200; peaches, 300; Japanese persimmons, 30 trees, ten varieties; English walnuts, set as shade trees on streets, 122; prepartuneus walnuts, 10; almonds, 20; butternuts, 20; chestnuts, native and Italian, 10; hickory, 10; pecan, 10. Of the small fruits the

then leading varieties of each were represented, and a considerable amount of strawberries were raised for market. One acre was devoted to blackberries. Fifty varieties of the grape were tested, and tons of Mucat and Muscatel and gordo blanco were marketed annually when these plantations matured. Cuttings by the thousand were made, and either sold or gratuitously distributed, until the mysterious vine disease appeared to annihilate even the venerable stocks of wild vines at the Mission San Gabriel and in the cañons. Only a few vineyards in the foothills escaped. It went as mysteriously as it came, and no effectual remedy was ever discovered.

Misfortunes never come singly, and the cottony cushion scale, which already had excited alarm, now threatened the extinction of the orange culture. It was a stranger in the land, and multiplied with unparalleled rapidity. The birds rejected it, and for a while Nature seemed to have no remedy in store. The pest had been imported upon ornamental stock from Australia, and was first observed at Temescal, near Oakland, in trimmings of acacia trees. About the same time the Los Angeles orchards were infested from another lot containing flame trees, which were distributed in the city, and one at least was planted at the Rose ranch. It wandered north as far as Santa Barbara, but fortunately for the State did not include the interior or northern counties in its ravages. The eastern part of Los Angeles and all of San Bernardino counties were exempted. All ordinary treatment failed, and the loss in production had become very serious, when the United States government took the matter in hand, and through the Bureau of Agriculture found in another coleopterous insect the *vedalia cardinalis*, a natural and ultimately effectual relief. The story of the propagation and distribution of this insect—savior of the groves—reads like a romance. But the end was not yet. With the spread of entomological knowledge, other predacious insects were discovered, and inspection became a recognized function of government. All this, though discouraging at the time, was not a serious check to the fruit industry, which has kept pace with the development in other directions, moving on and occupying new ground as the pressure of population demanded.

The following compilation from the report of the Board of Trade is a careful estimate of the number of bearing fruit trees within the city of Pasadena and in its immediate vicinity :

Seedling oranges over ten years old, 210,000.

Seedling oranges from five to ten years old, 6,000.

Over ten years old, 28,700.

From five to ten years old, 27,900.

Under five years old, 15,000.

Lemons : Lisbons and Eurekas, 10,000.

Total acreage in oranges, 1,350.

Total acreage in lemons, 150.

Total acreage in deciduous fruits and olives, 1,500.

In 1890, 75,000 boxes of oranges were shipped to eastern market, besides the enormous quantities manufactured into marmalade and crystalized. The Bishop Loop Company employed from twenty-five to fifty hands in this work for four months, turning out twenty-five tons of the finished product, which commanded the highest prices in the markets of the country.

The young prune orchards now came to the front, and from 1888-92 the centers of activity in the preparation of deciduous fruits for market drew hundreds of visitors.

During all these changes Pasadena continued to attract greater numbers of health seekers who, tired of wandering from Maine to Florida and even in foreign lands, were looking for country homes in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. In our day, when a great movement of population is in the air, the same Providence who guides the migration of birds, sends in advance the projector of a mammoth hotel. Thus the far famed Raymond Hotel took root upon a hill which seemed made to order for such a purpose, and was both a consequence and cause in the march of events.

In its open season of 1886-87, thirty-five thousand guests were registered, and of these not a few became permanent citizens of Pasadena. From there mountain excursions and sea side enjoyments could be brought into the pleasures of a single day, and the old mission of San Gabriel was an inexhaustible source of interest. Southern California seemed truly "Lotus land" to the tourists, the winter opening with a tournament of roses in Pasadena and a floral carnival in Santa Barbara.

Hardly had the original San Pasqual settlement gathered its first orange than that of Lake Vineyard on the east began to show its rows of young trees. This enterprise was chiefly promoted by citizens of Oakland, among whom were Caspar T. Hopkins and Edward McLean. Here the largest solid block of orange trees—one thousand acres—was planted and cultivated under one management for several years, until, under the pressure of population, it was swallowed up in the growth of Pasadena. It was a trifling matter to create a home when so much of beauty and use had already been developed.

In 1874 the first school house in Pasadena was built on Orange Grove Avenue, under a grand old oak and in close neighborhood to the first (Methodist) church. Miss Jessie Clapp was the first teacher.



In the summer of 1878 the San Pasqual school house was built in the business centre of the town, upon land donated for the purpose by B. D. Wilson. As this was too remote for pupils in the south part, a five acre lot was purchased from A. O. Porter and a neat building erected where now stands the charming home of Mr. C. D. Daggett. To-day the public schools are accommodated in six buildings, four of which are not surpassed in California. They are surrounded with beautiful grounds, neatly kept, and have cost \$135,000. Thirty-four teachers are employed, under a competent superintendent. Nearly 1500 pupils are in attendance, at an expense to the city of \$32,257.52, of which \$26,537.49 was for teachers' salaries. The work of education is further supplemented by excellent classical and other private schools, among which those of the Misses Orton, for girls, and the classical school of Prof. Clark, for boys, deserve honorable mention. The ladies Orton, Vassar graduates, are also daughters of that eminent teacher and explorer, whose work upon the Andes and the Amazon is in all our libraries. Last and most important, as illustrating the trend of modern education, is the Throop Polytechnic Institute, a school of technology, with a classical and literary annex, the gift of Hon. A. G. Throop. This venerated citizen has set a wise example in being his own executor.

The limited space allotted for this story of Pasadena does not allow more than the briefest allusion to the beauty of its homes, the comfort of its hotels and boarding houses, with the Raymond heading the list. Unhasting and unresting, its people have been building better than they knew. The value of their work as represented upon the Assessor's roll was, in 1893, \$5,473,820. The assessable values in health, happiness and social improvement must be estimated in the future.

The story of Pasadena in its second decade is one of still greater development, of less picturesque interest. Its street improvements have kept pace with the increase of population, and railroad facilities have made it practically suburban to Los Angeles. One may ride from Lamanda Park, on the southeast, to Lincoln Park, on the southwest, through a continuous belt of orchards and homes, each conveniently near a railroad station. An interesting chapter might be written of the educational development of the city, ending with the founding of the Throop Polytechnic Institute, on the principles announced by Ezra Cornell, "Where any man (or woman) may find instruction in any study." Another prominent citizen, wise in his generation, gives the whole Sierra Madre mountain range, with its treasures of fertility and beauty, in the construction of the Lowe

Mountain Electric Railroad. As night drops her curtain upon the valley and twinkling stars appear in the blue above, a line of light runs up the mountain side, and as mysteriously loses itself. The principles of use in beauty, and beauty in use, are everywhere exemplified in the story of Pasadena.

**SECRETARY'S REPORT.****1893.**

Number of meetings held.....	12
Number of papers read.....	16
Number new members (active) elected.....	20
Number corresponding members elected.....	4

The society maintained an exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in charge of Mrs. Mary E. Hart, a corresponding member of the society. The exhibit received favorable notices from the press of the country.

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

**CURATOR'S REPORT.****LIBRARY AND COLLECTION.**

Number of bound volumes (cloth or leather).....	654
Number of pamphlets and paper covered books.....	2818

The society receives copies of all the leading newspapers of Southern California, and these are filed for binding.

Number of daily newspapers received.....	10
Number of weekly newspapers received.....	42
Monthly magazines received.....	2
Quarterlies received.....	4

The society has a large collection of curios, relics, pictures, photographs, autographs, maps and Spanish documents. Accessions to the library and the collection have been the largest this year of any previous year since its organization.

J. M. GUINN, Curator.







Part 2

Organized November 1, 1883.

Incorporated February 13, 1891.

Vol III

# ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

# Southern California

## LOS ANGELES

## 1894

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PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
CURRAN & BIRELEY, PRINTERS  
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1894.

### OFFICERS :

C. P. DORLAND	- - - - -	President
H. D. BARROWS	- - - - -	First Vice-President
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON	-	Second Vice-President
EDWIN BAXTER	- - - - -	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN	- - - - -	Secretary and Curator

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H. D. BARROWS	EDWIN BAXTER
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MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON	

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1895.

### OFFICERS (ELECT):

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# HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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LOS ANGELES, 1894.

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## PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

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BY C. P. DORLAND.

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[Delivered Jan. 7, 1894.]

*Ladies and Gentlemen:—*

When a political party is about to nominate a president, it publishes its platform and sets forth, at length, its principles and the line of conduct that the administration will follow.

After the election of the president, he selects his cabinet—a body of men to serve as counselors, who are placed at the head of the various subdivisions of the administrative department of the government. It is their duty to take charge and control of their respective departments and to personally advise the president at all times as to the condition of affairs within their respective jurisdictions.

Occasionally a president is elected who is bigger than his party, and who assumes to be the party, and then he conducts the affairs of the administration according to his own sweet will, and instead of having a platform of principles on which to stand, and instead of receiving advice and counsel from his cabinet, he stands on his own dignity, and like the Centurion of old, he says to this servant “go” and he goeth and to this one “come” and he cometh.

The president of this Society seems to be elected on general principles, without being committed to any line of conduct or platform, or course of action being laid down, by which he is to be controlled or which he is pledged to fulfill. But upon taking his seat, he is required



to appoint certain committees having charge of the various departments of work supposed to be carried on by the Society. So now, in conformity with the By-laws, the following committees are appointed:

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

J. M. Guinn, Miss T. L. Kelso, Edwin Baxter.

HISTORY.

H. D. Barrows, Rev. J. Adam, A. W. Blair, Gen. J. Mansfield, Oscar Macy, Anna C. Murphy.

GEOLOGY.

N. Levering, R. H. Hewett, George Roughton.

METEOROLOGY.

Dr. Walter Lindley, Dr. W. T. Edgar, Maj. E. W. Jones, Leroy D. Brown.

CONCHOLOGY.

Mrs. M. Burton Williamson, Mrs. Mary J. Parker.

GENEALOGY AND HERALDRY.

Dr. J. D. Moody, Geo. H. Stewart.

BOTANY.

Mrs. Emma S. Marshall, Mrs. Ella H. Enderlein.

ENTOMOLOGY.

F. J. Polley, Jas. L. Smith.

MINERALOGY.

John W. Hunt, Miss Florence Dunham, Dr. E. A. De Cailhol.

These very learned and scientific titles seem more adapted to a college curriculum that is bidding for patronage, than to a line of study and research of a historical society. The only work under these various heads that we ought to take up is purely historical, and for the simple reason that we are a historical and not a scientific society.

The heads of these departments are supposed to be diligent at all times, both in season and out of season, in attending to the interests of the Society, as represented by their respective departments. There are three inevitable accompaniments of all these appointments: First, hard work; second, no salary, and third, no resignations.

If, as president, I had the authority to say to you to do this or do that and could make this society what I would like to see it, I would say to you authoritatively:

This coming year must be made the most successful one in its history.

I would say to you, my cabinet, we must work; there is no excellency without it.

We must each one individually devote some time each month to the interests of this Society if we would make it a success.

When we reflect that there are only ten more meetings in this year, and when we see so much that ought to be done, the time is altogether too short in which to do it.

There is not enough order and system in our work, there is not enough pre-arrangement. It has been too much the custom to depend upon volunteer service. If we have a paper read or remarks made, they have all been from volunteers. I am not discouraging volunteer work for I have done my share of it, but, if we would solicit others to lend a hand we would often obtain valuable help that we otherwise lose. Often there are strangers among us who would furnish us with valuable service, if they were solicited.

The publication committee should make it a point to solicit contributions; it should make out a program for the ten meetings now remaining and make the chairman of each committee responsible for an evening's program, and that chairman should obtain help from any source, either within or without the Society.

With the work thus pre-arranged and systematically laid out, and with plenty of time to prepare, we will accomplish much more than in this desultory way of hap-hazard volunteer work, and besides in this way all will be induced to take a part and the work will not be left to the few. There are members of this Society who have never spoken on any topic before it since they have been connected with it.

This is a place for historical research; a sort of storehouse for historical material, and if each would bring in his portion there will be enough and to spare, and there will be no unemployed.

At the World's Fair in Chicago the item in the New Hampshire exhibit in the Agricultural Department that attracted the most attention was an old plow that Daniel Webster used on his farm. There was nothing peculiar about it not common to all large, heavy plows of that period, but it was a curiosity in the way of a plow, to this generation. This plow might have rotted on the barnyard straw pile, had not some one, with an appreciation of the historical value that would attach to it, preserved it and gave to this generation an example more forcible than any written item, of the kind of plows used by our grandfathers on the old New England farms.

The work of this Society should be local—confined to history and relics of Southern California. This field is extensive enough to engage all the time and the means of the Society. There is no excuse for want of material of the most interesting, important, and instructive character, and not only so, but much of it is fast passing away and can never be replaced, and many an article can be saved now that is of no particular value today but which will become a prized souvenir in the future.

Among the various topics of historical value that should be gathered up now, the following are suggested:

A history of our Mexican population.

A history of the various Indian tribes of Southern California.

The rebuilding of San Louis Rey Mission.

The growth of beet sugar manufacturing.

The citrus industry, including kind and variety of trees planted and where most flourishing.

The destruction of the scale pest and the formation of orange growers' association.

The output and development of our canneries and fruit drying establishments.

The gold mining; where done and in what amount.

Then the history of the financial panic and its concomitants, the tramp and the unemployed and the efforts made by towns, city and county to relieve the distressed.

The manufactories, their output and value (there is a general opinion that we have no manufactories in So. Cal.).

History of the street car lines in this city; when built, and on what streets, and which ones have been abandoned.

Then there is a vast store of material pertaining to the old mission days that this Society ought to gather together, and the coming generations will never cease to censure us for neglecting this most important and interesting field. I am persuaded that the future will regard this period of our existence as a society a blank failure if we fail to procure a large collection of such material. Much of this material is going to decay, and while it is of little value today and is lightly prized yet in the coming centuries it will form the most valuable part of any collection we may be able to leave.

These are only a few of the items of interest that we should investigate. Many others, of equal or more importance, will suggest themselves to all of you. So there seems to be no reasonable limit to the work that lies before us, and this work is all of a local character, that we must do, if it is done at all. If we will give these subjects the attention their importance demands, we shall not only be able to collect a number of rare and valuable records and specimens, but, in the meantime, we shall interest scores of people in our work who today know nothing about us.

Thus we will strengthen our Society for the present and hasten the much talked of and long looked for and anxiously anticipated day when we will have a building of our own in which to keep our material, and much valuable material awaits us that we never will have until we do have a secure place in which to preserve it.



When we have a home of our own and have collected this material that is awaiting us, we will be fulfilling the mission of our Society and making it an institution of great value for the future, when others shall come on the scene to gather the harvest where we have thus sown.

## CONCHOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN SAN PEDRO BAY

AND VICINITY, INCLUDING THE ALAMITOS OYSTER FISHERY.

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BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

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[Read January 8, 1894.]

Much of the shell fauna of San Pedro Bay has been described and figured from time to time, in scientific reports, as its shells are for the most part, duplicated either north or south of the Bay. For this reason, the reports of various scientific societies include San Pedro mollusks in their bulletins on west coast shells. A short bibliography of works on West Coast mollusks may not be out of place in this connection. Some years ago, Dr. Philip P. Carpenter, an English conchologist, named and described a large number of mollusks of the West Coast, and his numerous papers were embodied in his reports to the "British Association for the Advancement of Science." These reports were republished, by permission, by the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, D. C., in 1872, and are entitled "Mollusks of Western North America." The descriptions are, many of them, written in Latin and French. In 1867, the California State Geological Survey published a "Geographical Catalogue of the Mollusca Found West of the Rocky Mountains," by Dr. J. G. Cooper, who had collected shells at San Pedro, and dredged, especially around Catalina, and, the results of his collections were given in his catalogue. As the name would indicate, this bulletin is only a list of localities where shells had been collected. Josiah Keep, in his popular little book on "West Coast Shells", also includes a number of shells found in San Pedro Bay and elsewhere in Los Angeles County. Binney's "Manual of American Land Shells",\* describes our land snails, and Binney, †Bland, Lea, and a number of other conchologists have named and described our land, fresh water and marine shells. In 1887 and '88, the United States Fish Commission Steamer Albatross dredged along our Coast and the Mollusca collected were described and figured

\*Bulletin No. 28, U. S. National Museum.

†Land and Fresh Water Shells of N. America by W. G. Binney and T. Bland.

in ††Bulletins, issued by the U. S. National Museum. These Bulletins were by Dr. Wm. Healey Dall,\* Curator of the Department of Mollusks, of the U. S. Nat. Mus., who had, himself, dredged extensively in and around Catalina Island in 1873, thereby adding a number of species to its fauna; the other Bulletin was the work of Dr. R. E. C. Stearns, adjunct curator of the Department of Mollusks. Most of the shells listed were new. In August, 1892, the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, published, "An Annotated List of the Shells of San Pedro Bay and Vicinity†." A description of two new species of shells by Dr. Wm. H. Dall were included in this Bulletin. A manuscript list of the fossil shells collected during the same time was not published.

While San Pedro Bay was formerly known as the habitat of several species of dull colored Trochids, and also, other mollusks, yet, it did not rank high as a collecting ground for beach shells when compared with San Diego, Monterey, and Vancouver Bays. But, its shell fauna had never been collected and studied by local collectors. During the past four or five years, a few enthusiastic shell lovers have met with results that have surprised scientists interested in the geographical distribution of mollusca. The labors and kind co-operation of these Los Angeles County collectors made it possible to compile a complete list of San Pedro shells, at the time of publication. Thanks are due to Miss Shepard, Miss Monks, Mrs. Trowbridge and Mr. Delos Arnold. Other collectors also found interesting forms. Shells new to science were collected in the bay. Our new species, *Periploma discus* was named, described and figured by Dr. R. E. C. Stearns in his Bulletin on "West American Shells", referred to in this paper, and another new shell, *Tellina Idae*, named and described by Dr. Dall in his pamphlet on "New W. American Shells," also alluded to in this paper. In the San Pedro list, Dr. Dall named another new shell found at San Pedro, *Vitrinella Williamsoni*. To the activity of Mesdames Shepard and Trowbridge, the credit is due of having apprised the conchological world of two of

††Preliminary Report on the Collection of Mollusca and Brachiopoda Obtained in 1887-'88 by William Healey Dall. (Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., No. 773.) Descriptions of New West American Land, Fresh Water and Marine Shells, with notes and comments by Robert E. C. Stearns, (Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., No. 813.) On Some New or Interesting West American Shells Obtained from the Dredging of the U. S. Fish Commission Steamer Albatross in 1888, and from other sources, by Wm. H. Dall. (Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., No. 849.)

\*Dr. Dall and his collaborators will in the near future give us a work on the mollusca of the West Coast, this is, to all collectors, a pressing want.

†An Annotated List of the Shells of San Pedro Bay and Vicinity, by Mrs. M. Burton Williamson, with a description of two new Species, by W. H. Dall. (Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., No. 898.)



these attractive new species. Besides new forms, the provenance of shells presumed to have been "adventitious" in our bay have been verified, and, a large number of microscopic shells not before known north of Lower California, have been collected in sufficient quantities to leave no doubt as to their provenance in San Pedro Bay. Shells new to our fauna are continually being collected. These represent no small degree of activity in our local collectors.

San Pedro Bay and the "Points" of the "Palos Verdes Hills," might be called ideal collecting ground, because shelving rocks, rock pools, mud flats, and sand flats, furnish a variety of shells, but the force of the heavy breakers as they come ashore keeps one on the alert when collecting,

I have been speaking of recent shells, but, in the bluffs at San Pedro, shells are collected that belong to the Quarternary or Post Pliocene formation, and the same geological period is also represented on the little Island in the Bay known as Deadman's Island. And, also on this island, at the base, shells of the Pliocene are dug out of the soft rock, while a few, probably from a more distant period, are obtained from rocks that stand upright near the base of the little promontory. These shells require the aid of a geologist's hammer before they are dislodged from their ancient home.

In the Spring of 1892, the Los Angeles County collectors had the great pleasure of collecting some of these fossils in company with Dr. Wm. Dall, of the National Museum, who spent some time in visiting the various collecting grounds of the West Coast. Dr. R. E. C. Stearns also visited Los Angeles County the same Spring. The presence of these kindly gentlemen will always be pleasantly remembered by all collectors who have had the good fortune to meet them. If the Los Angeles County collectors have done well, much credit is due to the kind courtesy and encouragement always extended towards them by the conchologists of the National Museum. Shells of the Pliocene beds were also collected on Orange street in Los Angeles City. When the ground was excavated for Mr. Shatto's new home on Orange street, the top of the hill was leveled off, and at a distance of 30 feet from the summit, a number of casts of bivalves were found. Most of these had been removed before I visited the spot. Mr. Shatto said: "Sometimes two or three barrels of these casts were excavated from a seam, then more digging would be carried on without any appearance of shells, until another seam was reached." These shells were mostly casts of *Cypricardia Pedroana* Conrad=*Petricola Pedroana* Conrad.

The artistic beauty of a shell, and, its wonderful mechanism as the home, and covering, of a little animal, always attracts admiration. While study enhances one's appreciation of beauty in nature, yet, a

love of the beautiful, in form, and color, is instinctive. And so, along the line of activities in conchology have been talks, and, a course of lectures for students of conchology. A member of our Historical Society entertained the Friday Morning Club two mornings, in the past two years, with talks upon shells, illustrated by shells, charts, paintings, and alcoholic specimens. Last summer Prof. Josiah Keep, author of "West Coast Shells," gave a course of lectures upon conchology at Long Beach, in the interest of the Chautauqua Assembly. Two little informal clubs in Los Angeles County hold meetings to talk about shells. One of these, in this city, averages four or five shell collectors at each meeting. Identification and comparisons of check lists are the work of the club, which, at present, has no constitution nor officers. The other one is at Long Beach.

In an economic way, the shells of our locality are well represented. Of Abalones, so popular with all who admire shells, we have three species, *Haliotis fulgens* Phil., *H. Cracherodii* Leach, *H. corrugata* Grey, and whenever mother-of-pearl, with an iridescent effect can be used, such as in buttons, etc., we recognize the nacre of our abalone shells. Dead shells are not only utilized in bordering garden walks, and "rockeries," but in pebble-dash, so ornamental to some houses in the exterior decorations, we find broken pieces of abalone shells play a conspicuous part. As food, the animal needs no introduction to a Californian. As an ornament, two other genera of shells are prized for their mother-of-pearl. Like our abalone or *Haliotis*, these shells are decorticated by the use of acids and the grindstone. One, *Pomaulax undosus* Wood, and the other, *Norrissia Norrissii* Sby, has the pearly white shimmer of our white abalone.

Our Los Angeles markets supply as edible mollusks, besides Abalones, *Donax Californicus*, the little wedge shaped clam, so plentiful at Long Beach, three species of *Chione*, *Tivela*, *Tapes*, *Pecten*, two species of *Mytilus*, etc.; also, the native oyster, (*Ostrea lurida* Cpr.) and the Eastern oyster (*Ostrea Virginica* Gmel.), introduced into San Francisco Bay, and from there shipped to the Los Angeles markets.

A new industry is always beneficial to a community, and I take pleasure in announcing the fact that in a commercial way the edible mollusks of Los Angeles County bid fair to become an important addition in supplying a demand. In 1892 a company was organized at Long Beach, for the purpose of planting and raising eastern oysters in Los Angeles County. The company was named, "The Alamitos Oyster Company." It was incorporated in 1893, with the following officers: President, Jotham Bixby; Vice-President, John McGarvin; Sec. and Treas., Will F. Sweeny; John W. McGarvin, L. Lovett, and T. G. McGarvin.

On April 26, 1892, three hundred pounds of "spat" or seed oysters were received and planted at Alamitos Bay, four miles distant from the Long Beach Park, and at the mouth of New River. The seed were from Baltimore, being the York river variety. They are presumably the Eastern oyster known as *Ostrea Virginica*, and those at Long Beach are said to be from seed "as fine as any Eastern oyster." Mr. John McGarvin, the Vice-President of the company, to whom I am indebted for data, says: "The few we have (Nov. 24, '93,) are of good marketable size, but, as they are multiplying, we would not dispose of any until our grounds are stocked. We will make a large planting next March." He does not expect to begin to market the oyster for two years.

The Eastern oysters were planted in the same waters and in close proximity to our native oysters. Mr. McGarvin says the company has had no serious trouble with the latter, nor with *Nassa* and other carnivorous shell fish.

As this is said to be the first attempt in Southern California to introduce the Eastern oyster for culture, it is a cause for congratulation, especially when scientists are becoming alarmed at the depletion of the Eastern oyster beds. President Daniel C. Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University, writing in 1891, of the danger of an oyster famine in Maryland, enumerates the trades and industries that would suffer in case of an oyster famine in that State: "It is not only the dredgers, the dealers, the shuckers, the packers, the coopers, the tanners and the carriers, but everybody in Maryland would suffer more or less." This gives us some idea of the commercial value of oyster beds. In a recent number of *The Popular Science Monthly* (November, '93,) a writer says: "In the present conditions an oyster famine is not far away nor an impossible contingency. We have been large consumers of oysters, and we did not sow where we have reaped."

In the light of such a revelation of the natural oyster beds of the United States, an industry tending to counteract such a depletion should be encouraged, especially upon the coast of Southern California, where the native products are inferior in quality.

University, Los Angeles Co., Cal., Dec. 12, 1893.

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As a year has elapsed since this report was written for our Historical Society, it is necessary that later data be added in regard to the oyster industry in Los Angeles county. In a letter received from Mr. McGarvin, dated Dec. 13, 1894, he says the oysters of Alamitos Bay are equally large as those of the same age raised in the East. The oyster ground now embraces the whole of Alamitos and Anaheim Bays. The outlook is very hopeful for this industry. No star fish nor carnivorous shell



fish have been detected among the oyster beds. The oyster company had one carload of oyster seed shipped from the East that were nearly all dead when they arrived. This will set the industry back, as the oysters now in the bays cannot be marketed but must be reserved for propagation.

Mr. McGarvin says as a proof of the confidence the company have in the ultimate success of the local oyster industry, that none of the stock has been sold, although many are desirous of purchasing.

It is possible that the shipment of carloads of Eastern oysters may result in also planting the fry of other shell fish from the East in San Pedro Bay. *Mya arenaria* L. and *Urosalpinx cinerea* are now propagating in San Francisco Bay as the result of the introduction of Eastern oysters in that bay. Local shell collectors will do well to be on the alert for Eastern forms that may appear in San Pedro Bay.

The laws of California are encouraging in regard to the cultivation of oysters. A copy of these laws will be found in "Oyster Resources of the Pacific Coast," by Charles H. Townsend, published by the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

The activity of local conchologists has not abated during the year 1894. A new Chiton from the channel off San Pedro has been reported upon.\* Mr. T. S. Oldroyd obtained this Chiton "from a stone pulled up from about seventy-five fathoms." It is called *Lepidopleurus percrassus* (Dall) and Dr. Dall says of this new form, for which he has proposed a new section, that it "is very remarkable." It is probable that other new shells have been collected in San Pedro Bay this year, but as they have not been named and described, further particulars are needed for confirmation. (I have Miss Shepard's authority in regard to the probability of new shells found in San Pedro Bay.) Shells new to this locality are collected each year.

Dec. 31, 1894.

\*See *The Nautilus* for December, 1894, page 90, for a description of this shell.

## CALIFORNIA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

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BY J. M. GUINN.

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[Read May 1, 1893.]

Among the recent valuable accessions to our Historical Society's collections (the gift of Dr. W. F. Edgar) is a copy of "Mitchell's New Map of Texas, Oregon and California, With the Regions Adjoining, published in 1845."

The chief authorities from which the map is compiled, the author tells us, are the Congressional Map of Texas (1844), Ward's Map of Mexico, Fremont's Map of His Explorations in Oregon, California, etc., in 1842, 1843, 1844 (our Society has a copy of this map, also the gift of Dr. Edgar), Map of Lewis and Clarke's Tour, Major Long's Tour to the Rocky Mountains, and Other Authorities. Accompanying this pocket map is a guide book of forty pages, descriptive of the countries delineated on the map, and of the customs and habits of their inhabitants. The information given in this guide was no doubt new to the men and women of fifty years ago. Some of it will be new and rather surprising to the people of today.

The map shows, or claims to show, the boundaries of Upper California when it was a Mexican territory. The author of the guide informs us that "this part of Mexico became independent in 1845." He says: "It has of late attracted much attention in the United States; a number of American citizens are already settled in it and many others are preparing to emigrate thither."

"It extends," he tells us, "from the Pacific Ocean to the Anahuac Mountains, and from the 42° of N. lat. to the head of the Gulf of California. On the north, it is bounded by Oregon, on the south by Old California (or Lower California) and the province of Sonora. Its extent from north to south is about 700 miles, and from east to west from 600 to 800 miles, with an area of about 420,000 square miles.

"The largest river of Upper California is the Colorado or Red River, so called from the color of its waters. It flows through a region almost unknown.

"The chief mountains on the eastern frontier of California are the Sierra Anahuac, the Sierra Los Mimbres and the Sierra Madre. These

form a continuous chain, and are part of the great Rocky Mountain range, and separate the waters of the Colorado from those of the Rio Grande del Norte. 'The highest peaks of the Coast Range.' so our author tells us, "are San Bernardin in the south and Mount Shasta in the north. These are always covered with snow.

"The largest lakes of Upper California are the great Salt Lake, near its N. E. extremity, and the Utah, a smaller fresh water lake which flows into the former from the south. 'These two lakes,' says our guide book, "are doubtless the Timpanogos and Buenaventura Lakes of the old Spanish maps, but they are now, for the first time, correctly portrayed by Capt. Fremont on the map of his late explorations.

"Nearly the whole of the central part of this region (Upper California), extending from 400 to 500 miles from north to south, and about the same from east to west, is unexplored. It is called the Great Interior Basin of California, and is enclosed on the west by the Sierra Nevada, and on the east by the Bear River and Wahsatch Mountains. It is inhabited by wandering tribes of Indians called Diggers.

"The wealth of California consists of live stock. The chief articles of export are hides and tallow; about 150,000 of the former and 200,000 arrobas of the latter are exported annually. About 2000 beaver, 3000 elk and deer, and 400 to 500 sea otter skins, the latter worth \$30 apiece, are also exported; besides which about 12,000 bushels of wheat are shipped annually to the Russian settlements on the Northwest Coast.

"The number of aborigines is estimated at 15,000. One-half of these are converted Indians; the remainder reside mostly on the Sacramento River. The whites are estimated at about 5000, with 2000 more of mixed blood; making the whole population of Upper California about 22,000 souls."

Even at that early day our climate got a puff. Our author says:

"The health and robustness of the white inhabitants seems remarkable and must be attributable to the fine climate as well as to their simple diet. This consists of beef roasted upon the coals, a few vegetables, and the tortilla, which is a thin cake made of corn meal and baked upon a sheet of iron. Throughout the country, both with the rich and poor, this is the general fare. The children are for the most part left to take care of themselves. They are generally robust and their relative numbers seem to be great. It is by no means uncommon to see families of fourteen or fifteen children. A large number die from accidental falls from horses, with which, from their earliest childhood, they are accustomed to be engaged. They early become expert and fearless riders, and this skill is not confined altogether to the male sex; the women are almost equally expert. Families with numerous members are seldom met with who have not had to mourn the loss of several of their number from casualties of this sort."



"The missions were establishments founded by Catholic missionaries for the conversion and civilization of the Indians—some were converted by persuasive means and others by force. In 1831 their number was about 18,000. The missions consist of a cluster of small houses, usually built in a square, with a territory of about fifteen square miles each; free from government taxes and each subordinate to a Franciscan friar, termed a prefect. The towns of the country are all small. Monterey, the capital, has only 300 inhabitants; San Diego and Pueblo de Los Angeles, from 800 to 1000; Santa Barbara and San Francisco are next in importance.

"This country was in part discovered by Cabrillo, a Spanish navigator, in 1542; and its northern part, called New Albion, by Sir Francis Drake, in 1578. In 1768 it was first colonized by the Spaniards and until after the revolution in Mexico formed a province of that country. In November, 1836, the people of Monterey and its vicinity rose, attacked and subdued the garrison, expelled the Mexican functionaries and troops, declared California independent, and established a congress of deputies for its future government."

This war of California independence is new historical matter.

The author adds: "It returned afterwards to Mexican authority, but in 1845 the people again proclaimed their independence."

In regard to the geography and topography of Southern California our map maker is very unreliable. The principal river of Southern California is laid down on the map as the Rio de Los Martiries, which rises in the Colorado Desert, flows southwesterly and empties into the Pacific at San Luis Rey. The Santa Ana, San Gabriel and Los Angeles are not named. The Rio San Buenaventura rises in the neighborhood of San Luis Obispo, flows north into the Bay of Monterey. (This is the Salinas.)

The names of numerous Indian tribes are scattered thickly over that part of the map that delineates the eastern portion of California. Judging from their names, they must have been terrible fellows. Think of meeting delegations of the Jum-bu-i-cra-re-ris on the warpath, and, if fortunate enough to escape them, of falling into the hands of the Cham-e-gu-a-bas, or leaving your scalp with a festive Jen-i-gu-i-e-hes!

Laid down on the map as starting from Loreta on the Gulf of California, near the lower end of the Peninsula, is a well defined trail. From Loreta, it crosses the Peninsula, and follows the line of the Coast up throughout the length of Lower California, passes through San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and terminates at San Francisco. This is the Comino del Rey, or King's Highway of the early mission days, and is the route by which a part of Junipero Serra's mission force entered Alta California.

The Great Spanish trail from Pueblo de Los Angeles to Santa Fe is laid down on the map. It is represented as bending rapidly north-eastward from Los Angeles until it strikes the Rio Virgin. It follows that stream to its head waters, crosses the Wahsatch Mountains in Utah, then, bending southeasterly, it reaches Santa Fe, which our map maker locates in Western Texas. The Panhandle of Texas, according to our map maker, extends northward to the southern boundary of Oregon. Oregon extends northward to  $54^{\circ} 40'$  and eastward to the Rocky Mountains. Iowa Territory extends from the north line of Missouri to British America and from the Mississippi River on the east to the Missouri on the west.

According to this map, Alta California had at least fifty miles of coast on the Eastern side of the Gulf of California. Had the boundary line, as here laid down, between the Mexican States of Sonora and California, been established by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, our Arizona neighbors would now have what they are longing for, a port on the Gulf.

Out of what was the Mexican territory of Alta California, there has been carved all of California, all of Nevada, Utah, and Arizona, and part of New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming. It was a magnificent domain, 800 miles from east to west, and 700 from north to south. Such was Alta California in 1846, when the foot of the foreign invader first trod its soil. An empire in area, a terra incognita—an unknown land—to the eastern world. Vaster in extent than the thirteen original states of the Union, with Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio added. Greater in area than France, Spain, Portugal, and England combined.

Such was California under the Mexican domination, when Pico, the last of the Mexican Governors, hurled his final pronunciamento against the ruthless invaders and proclaimed that between ignominy and emigration, "I prefer the latter," and then emigrated. Such was California when Flores, Commandante of the Californian armies heaped, by proclamation, denunciations upon that insignificant force of adventurers from the U. S. of the North, and attempted to fire the Mexican heart with his turgid rhetoric—"and shall we allow ourselves to be subjugated and accept by our silence the weighty chains of slavery? Shall we permit to be lost the soil inherited from our fathers, which cost them so much blood and so many sacrifices? Shall we wait to see our innocent children punished by American whips, our property sacked,—our temples profaned? No! a thousand time No! Countrymen, death first!"—exclaimed this Patrick Henry of Mexico, and then like his illustrious compeer of our Revolution, Patrick Henry of Virginia, he took good care to keep away from death. When the test came, Flores preferred death last; abandoned his army and his countrymen to their fate and fled to Sonora.



In marked contrast to the bravado and cowardice of Flores stands out the bravery and courage of Gen. Andres Pico. With a handful of undisciplined lancers he met Kearney's regulars at San Pasqual and worsted them. At Paso de Bartola and La Mesa he did his best, with such force as he had, to stay the march of the invader. When all was lost, he surrendered honorably to Fremont, after having secured advantageous terms for his countrymen.

When the State of California was in the formative stages, the most important question before the Constitutional Convention of 1849 was the fixing of the boundaries. Slavery was the goblin that affrighted the constitution makers. For a time, during their session, it did look to the free State people of California as if the "Gobelins will git you!" Gwin, the Macchiavelli of California politics, led the pro-slavery forces. The free state delegates were slightly in the majority in the convention. The adoption of a constitution with a pro-slavery clause in it was next to an impossibility in the convention, and even if possible in the convention, would have been defeated by the people of the State. The scheme of Gwin and his associates was to adopt the boundaries as fixed by Spain in 1768 and afterwards adopted by Mexico. Gwin's resolution, making the Rocky Mountains the eastern boundary, was adopted early in the session. It was only in the closing days of the convention that the free state men discovered Gwin's scheme. Numerous substitutes were offered. It was by a majority of two that the Rocky Mountain boundary was defeated.

Gwin's scheme was to carry the fight for the formation of a slave state on the Pacific into Congress. At that time there were just fifteen free and fifteen slave states in the Union. The antagonistic sections were nearly equally divided in Congress. Gwin and his pro-slavery associates reasoned that the Southern representatives in Congress would oppose the admission of so large an area of country in one state under a free state constitution, and that ultimately a compromise would be effected. California would be split in two from east to west; the old dividing line, the parallel of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  would be established and Southern California would come into the Union as a slave state. Those who are today advocating the dismemberment of our noble State and the formation of two commonwealths cannot refer with very much pride to the origin of the scheme for State division.

The official map used by the Constitutional Convention in determining the limits of California was Fremont's map of Oregon and Upper California, drawn by Charles Pruess and published by order of the United States Senate. This map was no doubt faulty. Halleck proved from the Mexican archives that the dividing line between Upper



and Lower California was not  $32^{\circ}$  or  $32^{\circ} 30'$  N. Latitude, but a line, fixed by certain rivers and hills, running between Upper and Lower California, at a considerable distance south of the line agreed upon by the treaty with Mexico, ratified at Queretaro, on the 30th of May, 1848. The Mexican Government no doubt took advantage of the commissioner's ignorance of the boundaries. Fremont's map extended California at least 150 miles into New Mexico. Hartnell, the best informed member of the Convention, upon Mexican jurisprudence, claimed that California never exercised jurisdiction over any of the territory east of the Colorado River, The government of that territory he claimed was divided between Sonora and New Mexico.

# CHINESE MASSACRE AT LOS ANGELES IN 1871.

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BY C. P. DORLAND.

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[Read January 7, 1894.]

The history of the Chinese massacre that occurred in this city on the night of October 24, 1871, is a recital of one of the most bloody and barbarous tragedies in the annals of this State. The trouble originated among the Chinese themselves. Yo Hing was the leader of one faction and Sam Yeun of another. The cause of the outbreak in the beginning was the possession of a Chinese woman named Ya Hit, young and attractive, and from a Chinese estimate of female worth, of the financial value of \$2500. This woman was stolen, or had run away, from her owner and had come into the possession of the rival company. Her owners, to regain possession of their lost chattel, brought into requisition the power of the law, and the help of the courts and its officers, by causing a warrant to be issued for the arrest of the woman on the charge of larceny of jewelry. Ya Hit was brought into court, and bail having been fixed for her appearance when needed, she was bailed out by Sam Yeun's company, who took possession of the chattel. Thus Yo Hing and his company failed to obtain possession of their stolen woman and were defeated in the attempted recovery.

Yo Hing was a well-to-do merchant of wide repute and of great authority among his countrymen, being agent of one of the great Chinese companies in this city. He was a man who in every way sustained the national reputation of his race for ways that are dark—having regard for neither the habeas corpus of courts, the statutes of the state, the marital rights of his neighbors, nor, apparently, the hideous and austere countenance of even the great Joss, he communed within himself as to how he might compass his enemy, obtain lawful possession of the woman, thwart the decision of the court and bring the influence of the law and its officers to sustain his side of the case. The scheme he devised was in keeping with the character of the man. He persuaded the woman to secretly marry him and then, coming into lawful possession of her, he had the law and the sanctity of the marriage rite to strengthen his title. The company that had thus lost the woman immediately offered a reward of \$1000 for the scalp of Yo Hing. War was at once declared between the rival companies.

On Monday morning, October 23, 1871, at 9:30, as Yo Hing was passing along "Nigger Alley," two shots were fired at him from a Chinese store. He immediately swore out a warrant and had Ah Choy (a brother of the woman) and Lee Tak arrested, and they in turn had Yo Hing arrested. All were bailed out. They returned to Chinatown and preparations for an open conflict between the two companies were begun. All during that and the next day the work of preparation went on. Few Chinamen were on the street. Threats and warnings were heard on every hand. Every man of the hostile factions was heavily armed. The officers of the law were warned by well-disposed Chinamen that trouble was impending.

At 5:30 p.m. Tuesday, the 24th, as Police Officer Bilderrain was near Chinatown, he heard shooting and immediately started for the scene of conflict. As he approached the Chinese quarters a Chinaman fired at him. Finding himself unable to quell the disturbance, he called for help. Sepulveda and Estaban Sanchez came to his aid. Ah Choy stood at the porch in front of the Coronel Block and emptied his pistol at the crowd, which by this time was gathering. One old man when told to get inside the house, pulled his pistol and emptied its contents at the crowd indiscriminately. Robert Thompson, an old resident of the city, was among the first to gain the porch in answer to the cries of the police for help. He received a mortal wound, from a bullet fired through the door of a Chinese store. He was taken to Wollweber's drug store on Main Street, where he died an hour later. After some twenty-five or thirty shots had been fired, it was discovered that Bilderrain was shot in the shoulder, a boy named Juan Jose Mendible was shot in the leg, and a man by the name of Joe was shot in the hip.

The Chinese in the meantime had taken refuge in a long adobe, with massive walls, heavily covered with brea. They barricaded the doors and windows and prepared for battle. The news of the fight soon spread through the city, and the people collected and surrounded the building. Don Refugio Botello, armed with a six-shooter, first ascended the roof, others following, when holes were cut through the brea, and they fired into the interior through the holes thus made.

One Chinaman attempted to leave the besieged building and escape across the street, but he was shot down before half way over. Another one attempting to escape into Los Angeles Street, was captured by the crowd, dragged through the street to the western gate of Tomlinson's corral, on New High Street, where he was hanged, after a second attempt, the rope breaking the first time.

Several propositions were made to burn the building, and a fire broke out in two or three places, but it was quickly extinguished. The crowd by this time had collected on the corner of Commercial and Main Streets,



and some advised one thing and some another, but there was no leader to direct, nor officers to control. It was then recommended that a guard be stationed round the building until daylight to await further developments, but the crowd had become furious and uncontrollable, and disregarded all expostulations and entreaties to refrain from further violence.

About 9 o'clock a party battered in the eastern end of the building, and with hooting and yelling and firing of pistols, the rioters rushed in and found huddled in corners or hidden behind boxes, eight terror-stricken Chinamen, who, in vain, pleaded piteously for their lives. They were violently dragged out and turned over to the infuriated mob. One was killed by dragging him over the stones by a rope around his neck. Three were hanged to a wagon on Los Angeles Street, although they were more dead than alive from being beaten and kicked and mangled, when they reached the place of execution. Four were likewise hanged to the western gateway of Tomlinson's corral, on New High Street. Two of the victims were mere boys.

One of the victims was a Chinese doctor, an inoffensive man, respected by all the white people who knew him. He pleaded in English and in Spanish, for his life, offering his captors all his wealth, some \$2000 or \$3000, but in spite of his entreaties he was hanged; then his money was stolen, and one of his fingers cut off, to obtain the rings he wore. The doctor's name was Gene Tung. It is stated that several other Chinamen were shot, a number fled to the city jail for safety, and many went into the country.

While the shooting and hanging were going on, thieves and robbers were looting the Chinese buildings. Every room in the block was thoroughly rifled and ransacked, trunks, boxes and locked receptacles of all kinds were broken open in the search for valuables. One merchant states he lost \$4000 in gold, and others reported losses, in sums varying from a few hundred dollars, to several thousands. It is variously estimated that the loss to the Chinese in money was from \$30,000 to \$70,000.

About 9:30 p.m. Sheriff Burns addressed the crowd on the corner of Spring and Temple Streets, commanding all good and law-abiding citizens to follow him to Chinatown, whereupon twenty-five persons volunteered. When he arrived there he found the fighting had ceased and the mob had already commenced to disperse. He found ten men hanged on Los Angeles Street, some to a wagon and some to an awning; he found five more at Tomlinson's corral, and that four were shot in Nigger Alley and two were wounded and had been taken to the city jail. Guards were stationed through Chinatown and around the principal buildings occupied by Chinamen.

The following appeared editorially in the *Express* the day after the riot:

"All the dark scenes of early days in Los Angeles were entirely eclipsed by the horrid lynching affair last night, in which some twenty Chinamen met with a most cruel death, many of whom must have been innocent men.

"That the Chinamen who engaged in the affray which resulted in the death of Mr. Thompson and the wounding of Mr. Bilderrain, and also the one who is reported to have fired promiscuously into the crowd on Caswell & Ellis's corner, richly deserve hanging, no one will deny, but the horrible, outrageous and cruel manner in which innocent men were treated at the hands of those engaged in the lynching, the particulars of which are too sickening and heart-rending to publish, is condemned by every decent man."

The same day the following editorial appeared in the *News*:

"Yesterday the chief topic of conversation was the terrible tragedy of Tuesday night, wherein scenes were enacted that might shame the wandering Apache, who makes murder a trade and robbery a pastime. The universal sentiment among those who value the fair name of our city is one of unqualified condemnation.

"It is some consolation to know that not a man of any respectability or standing in the community took any part in the murderous affray."

Five days after the riot the coroner's jury reported that nineteen persons had come to their death by the hands of a mob, on the night of October 24, 1871. The names, ages and occupations of the deceased are given. This report is still on file in the Court House in this city.

Of all the Chinamen murdered, it is not believed that a single one of them was in any way implicated in the shooting, except Ah Choy. The leaders, Yo Hing and his gang, all fled to the country when the fight first commenced. Sam Yeun lived to bring an action for damages against the city, for his losses on that night, but failed to recover, because he was implicated in instigating the riot. He was also indicted by the grand jury for the murder of Robert Thompson, but, after a lengthy trial, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

In the following month, when Judge Sepulveda charged the grand jury concerning the riot, he used the following language: "Gentlemen, do your whole duty; set an example of true courage in the performance of your duty; be faithful to your trust. In this way only can you satisfy an offended God, violated law, and outraged humanity."

After a prolonged session the grand jury made an exhaustive report from which the following extracts are taken:

"We find that a feud has long existed between the Chinese companies in this city. That on the 24th day of October, members of the rival companies, having provided themselves with arms, met in a public street and commenced firing at one another. Their shots were turned upon two policemen and their assistants, who were making an effort to quell the disturbance. In this effort one citizen was killed, one police officer and one citizen shot and wounded."

"A great number of shots were fired by the Chinese upon the streets and from the doors of their houses, at the officers and others, who hastened to the officers' aid. The confusion created a panic which opened the way for evil doers, and in the excitement that followed, the worst elements of society not only disgraced civilization by their acts, but in their savage treatment of unoffending human beings, their eagerness for pillage and bloodthirstiness, exceeded the most barbarous races of men."

"We believe we should be wanting in our duty if we should fail to present to this Court the painful conclusion to which we are forced, that the officers of this county as well as of this city, whose duty it is to preserve the peace and to arrest those who are violating the law, were deplorably inefficient in the performance of their duty during the scenes of confusion and bloodshed which disgraced our city, and has cast a reproach upon the people of Los Angeles County.

"Had these officers performed this duty, this grand jury would not have been called upon to devote weeks to the investigation of the matter, nor would there have been any riotous acts on that night to stain the records of this County."

For references for further details, see Minute Book 11, page 166 of Criminal Records of this County, also the case of "The People vs. L. T. Crenshaw, et. al." 46 California Reports, page 66, also 47 California Reports, page 532.

This is but a brief outline of the story of that awful riot that has gone down in history as the darkest stain upon the fair name of Southern California.

Among all the records and from all the testimony, and from all sources, I have not found one voice raised in defense or in palliation of the terrible crimes of that night; but the unanimous voice of officials, writers, newspaper men, coroners and grand jury, as well as the voice of common humanity, has been that of unqualified condemnation.



# THE OWENS VALLEY EARTHQUAKE OF 1872.

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BY C. MULHOLLAND.

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[Read May 7, 1894.]

The most violent earthquake known in the history of California had its center of action a few miles from Owens Lake, Inyo County.

This terrible convulsion occurred on Tuesday, March 26, 1872. The night was calm, the sky clear, the moon just past full. The Sierra Nevada Mountains were covered with snow, which shone like robes of pearly satin in the moonlight. The valley presented as peaceful and secure a scene as eyes ever looked upon, and the great mountains on either side appeared the very embodiment of solidity and stability.

In an instant, without any warning symptoms from the heavens above or the earth beneath, the mountains were swaying like storm-tossed trees and the valley rolled like the sea.

About 25 minutes past 2 o'clock in the morning great rumbling and roaring were heard to come from deep in the earth. At the same instant the ground rolled violently; there was also a twisting motion, and this, together with the heaving and rolling, produced great and instant destruction. Buildings of stone or adobe were reduced to heaps of ruins in a moment, and even strong frame buildings were wrecked or thrown from their foundations.

Had this awful convulsion occurred at a large city, there is no doubt it would have been attended with such a loss of life and property as was caused by the most noted earthquakes in ancient or modern times.

Fortunately the country affected was sparsely settled, and there were no large buildings inhabited by considerable numbers of people. But in proportion to population in the region affected, the loss of life was very great.

The town of Lone Pine is situated five miles north from Owens Lake; Mount Whitney, the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada, is directly west from the town; the summit of the mountain is twelve miles distant in an air line, but to reach it takes a journey of three days.

The greatest loss of life was at Lone Pine. About three-fourths of the buildings were of stone and adobe, and every one of these was dashed into a heap of ruins at the first crash of the earthquake. More

than sixty persons were instantly killed or wounded. A large store, crowded with goods, fell and buried Rockwell Loomis, one of the owners, who was sleeping in the building. Fire broke out in the ruin near where Mr. Loomis was lying wounded and held fast in the wreck. A large quantity of powder in kegs was close by, and it looked certain that at any moment the horrors of an explosion would be added to the calamity. A man named William Covington was also in the building and escaped without hurt. He quickly learned that Loomis was alive and saw his danger from the powder. The quakings and roar of the earthquake yet continued; the screams of terror-stricken women and the shouts of men were heard on every side.

In the midst of all the confusion and terror Covington made his way to his friend, managed to extinguish the fire and got the powder kegs covered securely from sparks. He then got Loomis free from the ruin and conveyed him to a place of safety. Men have gained lasting fame for deeds done in battle that were not more truly heroic than this act of Covington.

In another house Mrs. C. M. Joslyn and her little son were asleep in bed when the crash came. On the other side of a partition her two little daughters were sleeping. A falling wall instantly killed the child in the mother's arms, and she was severely injured; the two girls were not hurt. A large and strongly built brewery was partially crushed in. Several people were asleep in the building and all escaped without injury, except an infant, the child of one of the proprietors, which was killed instantly. In another house a mother, two daughters and a son were all instantly killed. But it would be tedious to extend the list of killed.

There were a number of remarkable escapes, only a few of which need be mentioned. Colonel Whipple occupied a two-story residence. On the night of the earthquake his family were absent, and he slept on the second floor. When the crash came the house went down, and he was buried in the ruin. He exclaimed: "This is death," and thought of his absent family. He quickly found himself able to move, and, though nearly suffocated, managed to get out of the ruin. He escaped with but a few slight scratches. A man named Austin was also sleeping in the house, in another room. This man had one arm and three ribs broken.

Dr. Gelcich occupied a building, one end being used as a drug store and the other as a dwelling. The end of the dwelling went out at the first crash, and through this he escaped with his wife and infant child, just as the side walls and roof fell in. From across the street the doctor heard the cries of Mrs. Joslyn, calling for help where she was buried with her children in the ruins of her house. He started to give assistance, but before he could do anything another shock threw him

down and he was hurt so severely as afterwards caused him to spit blood. In another building two men were sleeping together; one escaped unhurt; the other was nearly killed.

All who escaped and were able to do anything went to work at once to rescue those who were yet in the ruins, and to care for the injured who were already released.

The bodies were also taken from the ruins and prepared for burial; sixteen were persons of foreign birth, having no relatives near the place; coffins were prepared for these, each having the name inscribed thereon. There were fifteen of these coffins; one of these contained two bodies, a mother and child. All these were buried in one great grave; this grave is about one-half mile north from Lone Pine, and is still kept enclosed within a neat picket fence. The bodies of those who had relatives or friends were taken charge of by these and buried.

The whole number killed at Lone Pine, as far as can now be ascertained, was twenty-six.

About ten miles north from Lone Pine, and on the east side of Owens River, is the Eclipse mine and quartz mill. Henry Tregallas, the manager, lived with his wife in an adobe house near the mill. At the first shake the house went down in ruins. All the other buildings save the mill, which is a very strong frame structure, went down at the first crash. The terrified people who escaped from the buildings quickly got together, and it was found that none were missing but Mr. Tregallas and his wife. Among all the others few were hurt, none seriously, and none killed.

The men quickly went in search of the missing people; when found in the ruins Mr. Tregallas was dead, his arms about his wife, who was badly hurt and nearly unconscious. The woman was cared for as well as possible, and fully recovered in course of time. The body of her husband was taken charge of and buried by the members of the Masonic lodge at Independence.

At the town of Independence, which is the county seat, and sixteen miles north from Lone Pine, the wreck of buildings was general. But more timber had been used here than at Lone Pine, and partitions and joists protected the people in the buildings from falling walls; as a consequence no lives were lost, nor was any person very seriously hurt.

The Court House was a two-story brick building. The County Clerk and Under Sheriff were sleeping on the ground floor. At the first shock the whole of the upper story went crashing to the south and fell beyond the lower part of the building. The walls of the lower story were left standing, but badly cracked to the ground. The two officers escaped from the ruins with but slight injury.



P. A. Chalfant, who was then editor of the *Inyo Independent*, gives the following account of his experience:

He was awakened from sound sleep, and it was some time before he became conscious of the cries of his terrified wife and of the awful convulsions of the earth. With a feeling of indescribable terror he reached the floor. Reeling and staggering like a drunken man for a time—measured by the sensations it seemed an age—he vainly sought to grasp from its crib a sleeping child. It was impossible, for as he staggered forward the crib rolled away, and then returned with a shock that sent him reeling against the bed. By some means he finally got the child in his arms and started out of the room.

At this moment a crash was heard in the printing office directly overhead, where stood two printing presses, weighing over two thousand pounds, which seemed to be breaking through the floor. Unlocking the outer door he threw the child to the heaving ground, and returned to meet his wife as she staggered out with a babe in her arms. Amid the falling plastering and crashing pottery all escaped without a scratch. The whole time thus occupied did not probably exceed fifty seconds. Similar experiences were had in every house in town.

A well-known attorney, who is now in practice at Independence, and is a man of quick apprehension, appeared to understand the situation instantly. When the first shock occurred and the walls of his house were tumbling down, he leaped from bed and shouted to his wife: "Get up, Betty, get up; hell's broke loose." The couple escaped without a scratch; but the impression then made upon the mind of that attorney was such that there is reasonable ground to hope that he may in the end escape the bourne so many of his profession appear to be destined for.

The wreck and destruction of property was general at Independence; but no lives were lost, and, as already stated, no one was seriously hurt.

Two miles north from Independence is a fine settlement called Camp Independence. At the time of the earthquake all the buildings were of adobe, and all were partially destroyed. Only one life was lost. A farmer named Jacob Vogt, his wife and one child lived in an adobe house. At the first crash the building went down in ruin, and before Mr. Vogt could extricate his wife and child the latter was suffocated. Mrs. Vogt and a few others were injured, but none seriously.

At Fish Spring, twenty-one miles north of Independence, buildings were wrecked and the inmates buried in the ruins. But, strange to say, no one was killed and only one person, an aged woman, was seriously hurt. This woman was the mother of Henry C. Paine, well-known in Los Angeles. She recovered from her injuries and lived until two or

three years ago, when she died at the home of a married daughter and at the place where she had been hurt by the earthquake.

At the town of Bishop, forty-seven miles north from Independence, the shake was also severe, and stone and adobe buildings went down in ruins. Along with other members of their family, two young ladies, daughters of J. P. Zaney, were that night at a ball in the town. A heavy stone chimney at their home fell, crashing through the roof and down upon the bed where these girls would have been lying had they not been at the dance. If in bed at that moment, both would certainly have been killed. This incident is not found in Sunday School story books. It may afford a good argument to girls who want to go to a dance when the old folks object.

The earthquake extended along the Sierra Nevada Mountains far to the north, and at Aurora, and other places, one hundred miles or more from Owens Valley, buildings were badly injured or totally wrecked, but no loss of life, or even serious injury to persons, was reported from that direction.

The center of the convulsion was at or near Lone Pine, and radiating from that in all directions, the earth movement diminished.

At Little Lake, fifty miles south of Lone Pine, the first shock was severe. On that night a stage and eleven large teams were at the station. The stage driver, named H. W. Robinson, was sleeping in a room there. At the first shock his impression was that his team was running away with the stage, and he jumped up, grabbed for the lines and shouted: "Whoa! Whoa!" He was tumbled out of bed to the floor, became fully conscious and jumped out of the room, escaping unhurt. The men with the big teams were sleeping in their wagons, to which the mules were tied. When the wagons began to roll and pitch, one of the drivers jumped up, put on the brakes, and began to address the mules in the vigorous way usual with mule drivers, thinking the animals were causing all the trouble. Another driver shouted to him: "You d—d fool; 't aint the mules; it's an earthquake." No one was hurt at Little Lake, nor was any damage reported from south of that place.

That the center of this great disturbance of the earth was deep-seated is evident from the permanent changes on the surface.

About twenty-eight miles north from Lone Pine the bed of Owens River sank, making a depression that took the river several hours to fill up. This depression still remains, a lake of some hundreds of acres in extent.

About seven miles north of Lone Pine the ground sank toward the west; the river followed this depression and made a new channel, in which it continues to flow. The high banks of the old channel can yet

be seen about two miles to the east from the present west bank of the river, at a point four miles north of Lone Pine.

A half mile north from Lone Pine a row of tall trees extends westward at a right angle to the wagon road. About 100 yards from the road there is an offset in this row of trees. Beyond that point where the straight line is broken, the trees stand about 16 feet farther north than those in the line from the same point back to the road. This offset was made by the earthquake. None of the trees on either side of the line where the break was made were disturbed; all now stand erect and uninjured, just as they were before the earthquake.

High up in the mountains enormous masses of rock were shaken loose and hurled down into the canyons. I have seen pine trees, that must be 100 feet or more in height, still standing erect, but only their tops visible. The whole canyon where they stand is filled up with rocks, the debris from high peaks that fell during the earthquake. It is now over 22 years since that awful convulsion, and during that time no part of the state has been less affected by earthquakes than Inyo County.



## CALIFORNIA IN THE THIRTIES.

[As related to the writer by Ex-Governor PIO PICO and Col. J. J. WARNER, June 1894.]

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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[Read July 2, 1894.]

The decade of 1830—'40, in some respects, was one of the most important in the history of Alta California. It was during the years of this decade that the control of the immense missionary establishments of the Province, was transferred from the ecclesiastical to the civil authorities; and it was during this same period that the policy of granting public lands to actual settlers, so far-reaching in its effects, was inaugurated or carried into practical execution, whereby, not only the settlement of the country, by full-fledged citizens, i. e. by "*gente de razón*," capable of self-government, was greatly encouraged; but also (which was vastly important) tenure of title to lands was effectively provided for, under the comprehensive and very liberal land laws of the republic.

During the ecclesiastical or missionary *regime*, the missions occupied the public domain in their respective jurisdictions, only by permission, without having absolute title thereto: the expectation of both the Spanish and Mexican governments having been, that the missions, (as had happened in other parts of Spanish America,) would eventually become self-governing Pueblos; and that the neophytes would in time be capable of receiving and transmitting titles to land. But it was found after faithful and prolonged attempts by the Franciscan Fathers to civilize the California Indians, that the latter were not capable of citizenship in any true sense; and moreover, that if lands were distributed to them in fee, they could only hold and transmit titles to the same through the aid of clerical or other guardians.

Therefore the Mexican government was compelled to radically change its land policy in California, and provide for the distribution of its lands to citizens, who, not only should be competent to manage them and transmit title to them, but who also should be capable of local self-government, which the Indians were not.

The state of warfare which prevailed in Mexico for ten years or more preceding the achievement of its independence, did not extend to California, which remained in peace and quietude; and this continued until the year 1831, with the exception of a short-lived military insurrection of the garrisons of San Francisco and Monterey, headed by Gen. Solis, which came to naught. The civil, military and ecclesiastical authorities of California gave in their allegiance to the new government soon after the national independence was established in 1822. In the latter part of 1830, Manuel Victoria was sent by the Mexican government to relieve Gov. Echeandia; (who had filled the office since 1825,) and he, Victoria, assumed the duties of governor of the Territory in January, 1831.

In November of this year, an insurrection against Victoria was initiated at San Diego, headed by Pico, Bandini, Jose Antonio Carrillo, Stearns, and others; the guard-house, (which was used as a prison for the town and country,) was seized, and the Commandante of the post, Santiago Arguello, and Captain Pablo Portillo were arrested. A commission was sent to Los Angeles to secure the co-operation of Los Angeles in this movement, in which aim it was successful.

Amongst the causes of dissatisfaction with Victoria were the following: After the organization of Republican government in Mexico, which succeeded the downfall of the Imperial *regime* under Iturbide, the Mexican Congress by law provided for the distribution of the public lands of the nation among the citizens, in conformity with regulations which were to be issued by the executive branch of the government, but which were not promulgated until 1828. And as, under this law and these regulations, the co-operation of the legislative department of the government of California, was necessary, to make grants of lands to citizens; and, as Victoria neglected or refused to take any steps to carry out the same, or to call the legislative body together, the people naturally became impatient that the beneficent land laws of the the republic, so far as they related to California, should thus be rendered inoperative.

Another and second cause of the disaffection of the people of San Diego and Los Angeles against the administration of Victoria was that that official had made his headquarters and the seat of the Territorial Government at Monterey, instead of at San Diego, which had been the headquarters of Gov. Echeandia. Again, the people of Los Angeles had also become exasperated with Victoria, because of their belief that the acts of the Alcalde of Los Angeles, Vicente Sanchez, who, during the year 1831, had kept a large number of the most influential citizens of the Pueblo under arrest in the guardhouse, mostly for contempt of his authority or for some trivial offense, etc., were inspired by Victoria. Of

course this disaffection was increased by the refusal of Victoria to call the Territorial Legislature together, as he had been requested to do by prominent citizens.

The commissioners from San Diego, and the force which accompanied them, found the people of Los Angeles very ready to join them in the revolt or "pronunciamento" against Victoria; and they at once proceeded, not only to relieve the Los Angeles citizens who had been under arrest, but they also put Alcalde Sanchez in prison.

Meanwhile measures were adopted to oppose or intercept Victoria, who had started south to suppress the insurrection. A small armed force went out and met him between Los Angeles and Cahuenga, where a hostile encounter took place on the 5th day of December, 1831, in which Captain Pacheco of Victoria's party and Jose Maria Abila of the insurgent force (and one of the citizens whom Sanchez had had in prison a long time) were killed. Abila, with lance in rest, charged on Victoria, whereupon Pacheco rushed between them to save his chief, and was killed, on which some one of Victoria's men slew Abila. The insurgents made no attempt to capture Victoria then, but withdrew from the place of encounter and returned to town. Victoria did not follow them, but proceeded to San Gabriel. He was soon followed thither, however, by the insurgent leaders, who took with them Alcade Sanchez; and there Victoria turned over all authority, resigning his office as Governor; and he was sent to San Diego, from whence he was dispatched by an American vessel to San Blas. The resignation of Victoria left the Territory without a Governor.

It had been agreed at San Diego, between Arguello and Portilla and the insurgents under Pico, that the former would join in the insurrection against Victoria if the insurgents would proclaim Echeandia Military Chief. Pico and Echeandia left San Diego about the time of the affair of December 5, near Cahuenga, of which they heard at the Indian village of Santa Margarita. They proceeded to the Mission San Gabriel, where Echeandia formally took the oath of office as Military Chief and assumed command. But he was not recognized by Zamorano, who had been left in command at Monterey by Victoria; and Zamorano sent a military expedition, under Lieut. Ybarra, south to suppress the insurrection. But, although the latter came as far south as Los Angeles, the authority of Zamorano was only partially recognized there, and not at all at San Diego. The attitude of the people and of Echeandia as Commandante was such that Ybarra retired and finally returned to Monterey.

From the time of the resignation of Victoria to the coming of Figueroa, Echeandia was the Military Commandante of the southern part of the Territory, with headquarters at San Diego; and Pio Pico was recognized as *Gefe Politico* or Governor—i. e., in the south, or throughout



that portion of the province over which the authority of Echeandia as Commandante extended—he, Pico, having taken the oath of office at Los Angeles January 26, 1832, the same having been administered by General Vallejo, at the old church on the Plaza.

The people of the south did not consider Zamorano in any sense the legally constituted political chief, notwithstanding his pretensions to the governorship as successor of Victoria. On the contrary, Pio Pico, who, by virtue of being the senior member of the Territorial Legislature, was, under the Mexican law of May 6, 1822, by them recognized as the legitimate Governor; and he acted as such, though the inhabitants of the northern part of the Territory adhered to Zamorano, till the arrival of Figueroa, who was regularly appointed as Governor by the Mexican government. Figueroa arrived in California in the latter part of 1832, and assumed the duties of his office in January, 1833; and all sections acquiesced in his authority and he remained Governor till his death at Monterey in 1835.

During the incumbency of Figueroa the law of 1824 and the "reglamento" of 1828 were first carried into execution by him; and he made various grants of land under them, which were duly approved by the Territorial Legislature. Under the administration of Governor Figueroa the initiatory steps were taken for the secularization of the missions, and also the management or control of their temporal affairs was transferred from the priests to civil officers called administrators, who were appointed by the Governor.

An organization was formed in the City of Mexico in 1834, called the "Cosmopolitan Company," for the purpose of taking possession of the missions of California, their aim also being to control the commerce of the Territory. Jose Maria Hjar was sent to California as Governor this same year by the Mexican government—Gomez Farias being the chief magistrate of Mexico, in the absence of Santa Ana at the head of the army in the field. But before the arrival of Hjar in California Santa Ana, who had assumed his official duties as President, sent a special messenger to Figueroa directing him not to deliver the control of the missions; and Hjar, consequently, never acted as Governor. A large proportion of the commerce of the province at that time was carried on by the priests of the missions. The Hjar plan was to appoint administrators of all the missions, who were to be named by Hjar, candidates for which he brought with him.

After the arrival of Hjar a lengthy and somewhat embittered correspondence between him and Governor Figueroa took place; but, owing to the firmness of Figueroa, the colony and commercial scheme proved an entire failure, and Hjar left the country; but most of the members of the colony remained, and Governor Figueroa assigned the use of the

mission of Santa Cruz to them; but they soon dispersed to different parts of the province, where they became permanent settlers, and some of them eventually acquired considerable prominence. The names of some of these colonists who remained were: the Coronels, Agustin Olvera, Victor Prudon, F. Guerrero, Jose Abrego, N. Estrada, J. M. Covarrubias, Jesus Noe, etc.

On the death of Governor Figueroa, in August, 1835, Colonel Nicolas Gutierrez became Military Commandante. Jose Antonio Estudillo, as senior member of the Territorial Legislature, should have succeeded to the civil governorship, but he declined, and Jose Castro, another member of the "diputacion," became civil governor.

There were numerous changes in 1836, Nicholas Gutierrez and Mariano Chico each acting as Governor for short periods. Juan B. Alvarado became Governor in November, 1836, and continued in that office till 1842. Alvarado while Governor issued a proclamation declaring California a free and independent sovereignty, which declaration was not received with much enthusiasm by the people. So Alvarado and Castro soon after entered into negotiations with the Mexican authorities for the return of California to its allegiance to Mexico.

In 1839 General Vallejo, who had been for some time in military command of the country west of the Sacramento River, and who had favored and assisted the acquirement of land by foreigners, who had already become quite numerous, represented to the Mexican government that the presence of foreigners was beginning to endanger the integrity and stability of the Mexican authority; and he asked that special powers be conferred on him to maintain the same, over that portion of California included in his command.

To counteract this move of Vallejo, as well perhaps as to show their own loyalty, and to reinstate themselves in favor with the central government, which they had lost by their previous attempts to make California independent, Alvarado and Castro arrested several foreign residents of California, and without the formality of trial sent them—some forty-seven in number—as prisoners to San Blas. As a portion of these arrested persons were Americans and Englishmen, the American and English governments made reclamation of the government of Mexico for these illegal proceedings, which was finally accorded by the latter. Among these prisoners, most of whom returned to California, was Isaac Graham, who settled afterwards in Santa Cruz, where he obtained land on which he lived many years. He died in San Francisco in 1863. Another was William Chard, who afterwards secured a grant in Tehama County on which he lived till his death. Others of the party received compensation for their losses and sufferings from the Mexican government.



San Gabriel Mission in the early thirties was the religious center of this portion of California, and, besides, it was the center of industrial activities, inasmuch as it had nominal control of large landed estates and owned immense flocks and herds and carried on extensive agricultural and manufacturing enterprises. Great quantities of leather, saddles, bridles, coarse woolen cloths and blankets, soap, wine and brandy were made and disposed of to the residents of Los Angeles and to the rancheros of the surrounding country. The labor employed in the production of these things was performed almost exclusively by Indians or by the neophytes of the mission, each department being under Californian or Mexican overseers or mayordomos; and the whole was under the capable general supervision of wise old Father Jose Sanchez, who, also at one time (1827-31), was President of all the missions of California, and whose memory was widely venerated by all who knew him, and is to this day by those who survive him. At that time there was no regular priest stationed in Los Angeles. On Sundays, feast days, etc., the people of the surrounding country, and even from the Pueblo, gathered mainly at San Gabriel, and not at Los Angeles, as was the case in after years. It was only occasionally that the former sent a priest to Los Angeles to hold religious services, for the benefit of the people, at the church on the Plaza.

After the secularization of the missions, the relative importance of the two places rapidly changed. San Gabriel fell into decadence and Los Angeles soon became the principal city of Alta California, and so remained till the discovery of gold, when San Francisco became the metropolis, not only of California, but of the Coast.

In 1832 it is estimated that the cattle belonging to the mission of San Gabriel exceeded 100,000 head. From the ranchos of Ucaipe and San Bernardino (both of which were stocked exclusively by cattle belonging to this mission), on every rancho and pasture field to San Pedro, were found cattle of San Gabriel; and on many of the ranchos the cattle of the mission predominated; and in the ten years subsequent to 1832, upwards of 75,000 head of cattle belonging to this mission were slaughtered for their hides and tallow, which were sold and exported from the port of San Pedro. The number of cattle and horses in Upper California in 1831, as given by Forbes (pp. 265, 266), were: Horned cattle, 216,727; horses, 32,201; besides great numbers of the latter which were running wild. Mr. Forbes obtained his information from the priests, who were accustomed rather to under than over-estimate the property of the missions.

Father Sanchez, who died in 1833, was succeeded at San Gabriel by Father Tomas Estenega, who remained in charge of the mission for many years, or till his death, in 1847. It was during his services as



priest that the mission fell into decay; for the administration of its temporal affairs was taken from him, and the cattle were slaughtered; its great vineyards and orchards were left to die—only a small orange orchard and a few hardy olive trees of that epoch have survived till the present time. The mission church building remains, but the warehouses and the adobe domiciles of its neophytes have melted into low mounds, or to the level of the surrounding plains, and there is but little left now to remind one of the busy scenes, the industrial activity, and the great wealth of San Gabriel Mission sixty years ago. And the sad history of all the other missions during the thirties was not unlike that of San Gabriel. But the somberness of the picture is relieved by the fact that during that decade the foundations of a secular commonwealth were laid, in which religion was not excluded. It would have been better if the missionary fathers had welcomed and not opposed the acquirement of land by Mexican citizens, or even by foreigners who would have become good citizens, who would have been aids and not drawbacks to the fathers in their efforts to found a state on this, then, distant outpost of civilization; for there was land enough in California for all, as there certainly was room enough for both citizens and missionaries to have labored in accord for the common good. In that case the Mexican government would not have been forced to the harsh alternative of taking all the lands away from the missions because the latter practically claimed all for their wards, who, in fact were incapable of managing the lands or of performing, unaided, the most rudimentary duties that were absolutely essential to citizenship.

In jotting down, during numerous interviews last month, a few of the recollections of Gov. Pico and Col. Warner, which were recounted to me with much greater fullness than is here recorded, I have been struck with two facts. The first is, the vividness both as to detail and coloring of their remembrances of the past; and second, how next to impossible it is for us Anglo-Californians to obtain anything like an adequate or correct picture of the primitive life that was lived here, and in other portions of California, three-score years ago by a race of people whose language, customs, traditions, and civilization, and, whose environment even, were so radically different from our own. I only know that the picture we conjure up must bear but slight resemblance to that painted in the memories of the venerable gentlemen, both now nearly centenarians, who took part in the events of that distant period.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD COURT HOUSE AND ITS BUILDER.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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[Read Dec. 3, 1894.]

In the slow tearing down of the old court house, which has been going on now for some time, we witness the gradual disappearance of a public building that has long been a prominent landmark near the business center of Los Angeles city. This edifice was originally erected for a market house by John Temple, and its first floor was used for that purpose for a number of years. Afterwards it was bought by the county, and was used for the housing of the courts and the various other county offices for a long period, or until the completion of the new court house on the hill. It was then sold to the present owner, who is to replace it with a large block.

For many years, our people throughout the county, [which formerly included also the present county of Orange] were accustomed to look to this building as the county's headquarters, where the courts were held, the records were kept, the taxes were levied and collected and where all general business of the county centered. And, until numerous higher structures were erected in the immediate neighborhood, cutting off the view, the people of the city long depended on the clock in its tower for the time of day, or as a common regulator of their watches. Indeed the habit remained strong with many of the old citizens of looking to the "old town clock" for the time, from the four quarters of the city, for a considerable period after the clock was removed and its four dial faces cease to mark the time.

The demolition of the old court house awakens many remembrances of events which occurred in and around it, and of its builder, Mr. Temple.

John Temple, or "Johnny Temple," as Americans familiarly called him, "Don Juan Temple," a name so well known to all the older Californians, was one of the very earliest American settlers in Los Angeles. He came here from Honolulu, on the ship Waverly, in 1827, nearly 70 years ago. He was a native of Reading, Mass., where he was born in 1798. He evidently came to stay, for he was baptized at once on his arrival at San Diego, and after making a few trading ships

trips on the coast, he became a naturalized citizen of Mexico, and in 1830 he married Rafaela Cota, daughter of Francisco Cota. He engaged in trade in Los Angeles with George Rice in 1833, and then alone, and after 1841 with his brother Francisco. He took very little part in political affairs, except that the vigilantes of 1836 met at his house. After 1839 he was creditor of the southern missions, and in 1845 he purchased the mission of La Purisima.

From 1848, as owner of the Los Cerritos ranch, lying along the coast, east of San Pedro, and including the site of the present town of Long Beach, he engaged in stock raising on a large scale. He erected, at various epochs, several prominent buildings in this city, including that long known as Temple block; the city market house, in later years known as the court house; the southwest portion of the present Temple block, etc.

Mr. Temple was interested in a ten-year contract, which his son-in-law, Gregorio Ajuria, a native of Spain, entered into with the Mexican government, to operate the mint in the City of Mexico. About 1860 or 1861, Senor Ajuria became insane, and was taken to Paris, where he afterwards died in a hospital; but Mr. Temple's responsibility for the management of the mint continued till the expiration of the lease in 1862. Mr. Temple thrice visited the City of Mexico with Mrs. Temple, and once he went with her to Paris. After their return, they moved to San Francisco, making their home on Bush Street where he died in 1866, at the age of 68 years. After his death, Mrs. Temple went to Paris and took up her residence with her widowed daughter, until her death some years later; the daughter still resides in Paris.

John Temple, whom I knew well, was a very shrewd business man, not easily flattered or deceived, although he was of a genial, affable disposition and easily accessible; he was well liked by both the Californians and Americans; in person he was of medium height and very stout. He was a much larger man than his brother, Francisco, whom to distinguish from the former, the Spanish-speaking people called "Templito," or Don Francisco.

F. P. F. Temple, after his brother's death, became the owner of Temple block. Both brothers were strong Union men during the war, and I remember in 1861, that Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, authorized me, as United States Marshal, to rent seven rooms in the second story of this block of John Temple at \$1200 per annum, for four years, for the use of the United States District Court and its officers; and that Judge Fletcher M. Haight, father of Gov. H. H. Haight, held court each year until his death in 1865, in the large room on the south-east corner, fronting Main Street and the old court house.



Temple Street was first opened by John Temple, after whom it was named. The old court house was built in 1859. On the conductor heads, at each end of the building, the date and Mr. Temple's initials were plainly marked (though in late years they were somewhat blurred by time), thus: "1859, J. T." The architect's name was Deering, who was a very thorough and competent man. I remember that it was said at the time that he had done a good job, and I think the present owner, in tearing it down, has found it so. I doubt if the numerous earthquakes which have visited this section since its erection, have caused a single crack to appear in its walls, or have displaced a single timber or brick. The building, with town clock, etc., cost about \$35,000. Deering also built the old or southwestern portion of the Temple block.

The upper story of the court house Mr. Temple converted into a theater. Here various dramatic companies, both English and Spanish, played each winter. Among those whom I remember were the Starks, the Maiquez and Castillo troupes, the latter companies giving in Spanish, dramas, light operas, etc. The beautiful Pepita of the Maiquez troupe used to charm large audiences as the prima donna, by her arch ways and fine singing and acting in one particular opera, which I recall to mind, entitled, *La Viuda y el Sacristan* (The Widow and the Sexton). Each company usually remained here and played at intervals during an entire season.

It was in this upper story, or auditorium, of the old court house that the funeral services were held by the people of Los Angeles, simultaneously with their observance throughout the United States, of the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, on the 19th of April, 1865. On this occasion the late Rev. Elias Birdsall pronounced an admirable oration before a large concourse of our citizens.

After the death of Mr. Temple in 1866, Mr. A. F. Hinchman, Mr. Temple's brother-in-law, and administrator of his estate, sold the building for \$15,000 to a syndicate, which afterwards sold it to the county for \$20,000.

At first, District Judge Benjamin Hayes held court on the first floor, on the northeasternly side fronting Temple block, and in the middle of the building.

I remember vividly an exciting trial that took place before Judge Hayes in this court room in the month of December, 1863. A man by the name of Charles Wilkins had murdered in cold blood John Sanford, a brother-in-law of General Banning, on the road between here and Fort Tejon. Wilkins, who by his own confession was a quadruple murderer, was caught near Santa Barbara and brought to our jail, then where the People's store now is. A. J. King, Under Sheriff, was taking Wilkins from the jail to the court room when a brother and nephew of

his victim came forth from the corrugated iron house that stood on the present site of Central block, one with a rifle and the other with a double-barrelled shot gun; but there was such a crowd of people in the street that it was impossible for them to shoot him without hitting others; but Wilkins broke from his guard and ran into the adobe on the west side of Spring Street, where the family of Jack Trafford lived, and hid under a bed. He was soon caught and brought out and taken to the court house and tried by Judge Hayes. The trial occupied about an hour, the prisoner pleading guilty in open court before an immense crowd; the court room was cleared and the prisoner was ordered back to jail, when a rush by the excited populace, headed by Captain Banning and his small army of teamsters, was made into the court room and the miserable wretch, who showed the most abject fear, was seized and carried off to a neighboring gateway, where Lawyer's block now stands, and hung by as determined and angry a crowd of men as it was ever my lot to see. I remember as the people took him across Spring Street to Temple, he begged that they would shoot him and not hang him—but the people paid very little attention to his appeals, for he was a hardened villain of the worst class. He shot John Sanford with Sanford's own pistol in the back. He confessed that he killed Sanford, who was an entire stranger to him, to see if he had money; he did not know if he had any, took his chances, he said, and killed him to find out. He further avowed that he was in the Mountain Meadows massacre; that he afterwards killed a man named Blackburn on the Mojave, also a drover named Carr near Yreka, etc., etc.

He said he stole a knife and pistol from the Bella Union hotel here some time before this and gave them to a young man named Woods, who was hanging about town, and told him to go out on the road and earn his living like a man. Woods had acted on his advice and had turned highwayman here in the streets of our city, and soon after was hanged with four others of his gang in front of the jail. In fact, murders and highway robberies about that time had become so frequent and so bold that the people were compelled to rise up in self-defense and summarily exterminate the thieves, thugs and assassins who were preying upon the community.

Wilkins was the seventh criminal executed by the people inside of a month in this city. Very few now realize the state of affairs that existed here then. The hanging of Wilkins seemed to end the chapter; it cleared the atmosphere wonderfully; justice had been done without any quibbles or evasions or escape, but swift and sure; the people, who had been stirred up by intense excitement, quieted down as if by magic; and human life and property rights from that time on, were never safer, and peace and quietness prevailed for a long time. I have deemed it proper



to say this much in vindication of the actors in the scenes of that day. Probably the only way in which people in our day, who condemn all vigilance committees and all revolutions can appreciate the overwhelming motives which impel men to take part in such movements, would be for them to take the places of those whose acts they so freely criticise.

When in a new country, murder and robbery run riot, and regular and legal remedies utterly fail to protect society and stark anarchy threatens its very existence, society, if it possesses a spark of virtue or stamina, will protect itself, and if need be, by summary means. Most people who have been through these experiences, can say that it is better to take up arms against an anarchic sea of troubles and end them, even by summary methods, than to let them continue indefinitely—become chronic and unbearable.

Among the judges who held court in this old temple of justice besides Judge Hayes, were Judges Pablo de la Guerra, Wm. G. Dryden, Muray Morrison, R. M. Widney, Ygnacio Sepulveda, H. K. S. O'Melveny, Volney E. Howard, A. M. Stephens, Anson Brunson, A. J. King, Wm. A. Cheney, A. W. Hutton, H. M. Smith, etc., before all of whom, many cases of great magnitude or importance were tried.

At first, courts were held on the lower floor of the building; afterwards they occupied the upper story, and the various other county officers were housed below. Here, for many years, the people came to do business with the county supervisors, clerk, sheriff, recorder, assessor, etc. Everybody knew these officers well, because everybody had business with them. Old citizens well remember County Clerks John W. Shore, Thomas D. Mott, Charles R. Johnson, A. W. Potts (who held the office 14 years), J. W. Gillette, C. H. Dunsmoor, T. H. Ward, G. E. Miles, etc.; and Sheriffs Thomas A. Sanchez, J. F. Burns, William R. Rowland, D. W. Alexander, H. W. Mitchell, M. G. Aguirre, E. Gibson, etc., and many other county officials, who administered the affairs of the county for their respective departments in this old court house.

Before the purchase of this building by the county, much inconvenience was experienced by the public because the courts and county officers were compelled to move about from place to place, occupying rented quarters. So, as the county business increased in later years very rapidly, the old courthouse became too small, and the additional courts, which were created, had again to seek rented quarters; and again the people were inconvenienced in their public affairs, till they were very ready to vote several hundred thousand dollars to build our new, commodious courthouse on the hill, which, it is hoped, will accommodate the county's public business for many years yet to come.



The basement of the old building was occupied as a wine cellar or depository by Kohler & Frohling for many years. Don Ygnacio Garcia, still a resident of this city, was for years, or from 1849 till 1866, Mr. Temple's confidential clerk; and after the death of Mr. Temple he continued to act in a similar capacity, or as local manager of the estate under Mr. Hinchman, the administrator, until the estate was settled up. Gov. Downey bought the block bearing his name of the Temple estate, I believe for \$16,000. Two lots near the brick school house on the site of the Bryson block were offered to a friend of mine by the agent of the estate for \$75 each. They are now worth probably \$2000 per front foot.

In a recent interview with Mr. Garcia, which I sought for the purpose of verification of certain data, I learned other facts which are of interest in this connection.

Mr. Temple appointed Mr. A. F. Hinchman as administrator of his estate, and as after his death Mrs. Temple desired to go to Paris to live with her daughter, she directed the administrator to sell all the property in Los Angeles and speedily close up the estate, which he did in about six months, and therefore some of the property was sold at prices which, even then, seemed very low. It is interesting to contrast the almost startling difference between the prices realized then and the prices which the same property could be sold for today, even without the added improvements.

The old court house was sold for \$15,000; Downey block, to Governor Downey, for \$16,000; Temple Block and lot to Y. Garcia, for \$10,000. This included the portion of Temple block then built (nearest to the court house), and the balance of the lot on which the Temple block now stands. This property Don Ygnacio afterwards sold to Mr. Temple's brother, Don Francisco, who built the middle and northeastern portions of the block, removing the adobe buildings then standing on the ground.

Twenty-two lots between First and Fourth Streets, and between Spring and Hill Streets, were sold by the estate to Burns & Buffum for \$50 each, and several lots were sold for \$75 each.

At one time (about '55 or '56) Mr. Temple had on his Cerritos rancho over 15,000 head of cattle, 3000 horses and 7000 sheep, and branded as many as 3500 calves in a single year.

In 1857, the year of the drouth, he bought and founded the San Emigdio and Consuelo ranchos, in Kern County, and sent 7000 head of cattle there to save them from starvation.

In his lifetime, Mr. Temple sold Los Cerritos rancho, of 27,000 acres, to Flint, Bixby & Co., for \$125,000. Six months afterwards they were offered and refused \$500,000 for the same rancho.

Although the Temple estate now owns no property in Los Angeles City or County, yet there are many things here and hereabouts besides the old court house, which will soon be a thing of the past, to remind our people, and especially our older citizens, of one of the very first American pioneers of Los Angeles—honest, genial, bluff “Johnny” Temple.

# AMERICANS AT THE BATTLE OF CAHUENGA.

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BY FRANK J. POLLEY.

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[Read Oct. 1, 1894.]

An event that at first may seem unimportant, when taken in connection with the history of a state or country, may yet have had such a decisive local bearing in a region as to be productive of important future results at large.

Through the kindness of Mrs. De Barth Shorb, I have been allowed the privilege of examining some records left by her father, Don Benito D. Wilson, that place the battle between Micheltorena and Castro in a somewhat different light than the historians give it. Every one knows that there was a so-called bloodless battle at the Cahuenga, in the San Fernando Valley, in February, 1845. But how did it happen, with several hundred men on each side fairly well armed, and with the prize of the government of the State to be then and there decided, that no blood was shed and a treaty was made by which a change of government was effected?

The bloodless conflict made Pio Pico Governor of California and rid the country of Micheltorena and several hundred unruly fellows who would have been a thorn in the flesh and a source of perpetual strife. If the rabble had joined Flores in the later fighting against the Americans, it would have so turned the balance of power that the conquest of the State would have been a very much more difficult thing than it was; more blood would have been shed, and the property and the lives of foreigners would doubtless have been freely sacrificed in Southern California. The men under Wilson, captured at Chino prior to the expulsion of Gillespie's force from Los Angeles, would, in all probability, have been massacred had some of Micheltorena's cholos been with the native forces at that time.

The importance of the foreign or American element in these stirring times has been underestimated: The Americans, generally, were respected inhabitants, were wealthy in land and cattle, had married into good families, held offices, and, moreover, they were armed, courageous and united. Before the actual military interference of the United States occurred, they were recognized as important factors in the game



to be played, even while the struggle for California supremacy was on between its native rival factions. The official and conciliatory conduct of Pico and other sagacious men of the native party prove this.

Your attention is directed to Wilson's account of his parley with the Americans who were with Micheltorena's forces, and how he said Micheltorena lost heart and gave up the contest after Wilson and others had induced the Americans from the north to withdraw from the fight. All historians admit that the Americans did withdraw, but by whose influence, how and why, are disputed matters of local history. To understand how the Americans held the balance of power it is necessary to know the troubles that divided the native party. A peculiar state of affairs had existed in California for several years, the culmination of which was the meeting of two hostile armies on the plains of Cahuenga.

Alvarado's ill health caused him to resign; the invasion of foreigners, home troubles, revenues and mission contests were too unpleasant to be endured. The Mexican government appointed Jose Manuel Micheltorena, in 1842, to be Alvarado's successor, and he came north with 350 men—nearly all convicts, ragged, dirty and filthy in bodies and morals. They landed at San Diego, and caroused and robbed as they wished, and then marched northward to Los Angeles, where they continued their depredations.

Commodore Jones had seized Monterey, under the mistaken information that war had broken out between the United States and Mexico. When he discovered his mistake, he made due apologies, raised the Mexican flag and, later, sailed to San Pedro, to meet Governor Micheltorena at Los Angeles, to whom he made ample explanation. All this took time, and meanwhile Micheltorena's convict crew had brought themselves into disgrace at Los Angeles and set the city against them and the Governor. Later, at Monterey Micheltorena began a course of deceit towards its leading inhabitants, and of indifference to the acts of his rabble that lost his prestige in the north. He disregarded petition after petition asking that his men be disciplined. His Lieutenant, Torres, tried to inflict punishment where necessary, but the Governor stopped him, and Torres was so angry that he became ill of a bilious fever. The robberies and excesses continued. People were even stripped of their clothes. They assaulted whaling captains who chanced to land at the fateful port. The Governor did many things that led to ill feeling. He called a meeting of the Assembly and gave no proper notice in time for Pico and the southern members to be present. A faction ensued, and Los Angeles was urged for the location of the capital. The meetings of the later assemblages were somewhat violent as to threats and language used. There was sufficient trouble about the threatened war with the United States to have kept them at peace, but Micheltorena meddled

with revenues, missions, salaries, commerce and marriages, and interfered with so many personal matters of the people in a dictatorial way that a revolt took place. Then he signed a treaty agreeing to ship all of his convict army back to Mexico within three months. He deliberately violated this, and, instead, intrigued with Sutter to bring him reinforcements from the north, and promised land in plenty to all who came. Castro and Alvarado, leading the revolt in the north, came to Los Angeles to meet this new move, and reached here January 31, 1845. Pio Pico convened the Assembly and listened to Castro's story. While Micheltorena was marching on Los Angeles with Sutter, the convention sent an embassy to him at Santa Barbara. He was so insolent that upon its return the Assembly voted to depose him, elected Pico, and then the southern forces under Castro marched north to resist the invaders. The two armies, of about 300 each, met near San Fernando, and here the so-called bloodless battle took place.

The question is, was it of special historical importance, what was the relation of the American forces with Micheltorena, and to whom is credit to be given for alienating the Americans who came with Micheltorena from rendering him assistance?

Bancroft's Fourth Volume purports to give, in foot notes, the list of authorities who describe this battle. Almost every person in it has been sought out and induced to tell his separate tale, and such a mass of contradictions as Bancroft's summing up shows them to be, surely were never before gathered together from men who purport to tell what they had seen; but he neglects to set out the evidence itself before us. Bancroft credits Wilson's account as highly as any; and as the history does not reproduce any part of it except a bald abstract of one passage, on this account it is best to let the manuscript speak for itself:

"General Micheltorena's officers and men were well-known to the people of Los Angeles (for they had been here several months before they went up to Monterey). While Micheltorena and a few of his officers were unobjectionable men, much the larger number of them were a disgrace to any civilization; they had made themselves obnoxious by thefts and other outrages of a most heinous nature.

"When it was known that a revolution had broken out in the north against Micheltorena and his rabble, and that he and his men were on their way here in pursuit of the California revolutionary classes, the people of the south joined the movement with great alacrity, to rid the country of what was considered a great scourge.

"I was on my ranch of Jurupa at the time, in the early part of 1845. I had been for several years, and still was, acting as Alcalde of the district. I had, at first, refused to accept the duties, not being a citizen of Mexico. I was not obliged to perform municipal duties, but



at the request of friends, and for the development of my own interests, I had finally consented to act, and was acting as such Alcalde, when an order came to me from the Prefect of the district (I think it was Abel Stearns) to summon every man capable of bearing arms in my district, and to gather every man I could find on my way into Los Angeles. I obeyed, and arrived as early as possible with some twenty or thirty men, and found on my arrival in the town great excitement. Almost every man I knew, among them John Rowland and William Workman of La Puente, were armed and determined to do everything in their power to prevent Micheltorena and his scum from entering Los Angeles.

"All provisions were made, and ammunition prepared that night, for us to march out early the next morning. Accordingly we did all leave the town for the Cahuenga Valley. Mr. Workman had some Americans under him. We joined forces without regard to who commanded. Our joint forces of foreigners then consisted of about fifty men, determined to give the enemy a regular mountaineer reception. Although Castro was ostensibly the commanding general of the forces, the brothers Pico (Governor Pico and Andreas Pico) had the actual control of the people of this end of the country. We arrived in the valley of the Cahuenga, and Pio Pico heard that Micheltorena had camped the night before at the Encinos, about fifteen miles away. We took our position, and awaited the enemy's arrival. This was about noon. Both parties began firing their cannon at each other as soon as they were in sight. I think there was no one killed or hurt. One horse, I believe, had his head shot off. Mr. Workman and myself, having learned that the Americans and other foreigners, who were in the Micheltorena party, were commanded by some of our old personal friends, and feeling convinced that they had engaged themselves on that side under a misapprehension or ill advice, and that nothing was wanting but a proper understanding between themselves and us to make them withdraw from Micheltorena and join our party, we sent out a native Californian to reconnoiter and ascertain in what part of the field these foreigners were. He soon obtained the desired information of their whereabouts. It was at once decided between Mr. Workman and myself that I would approach them, if possible, under a white flag, as I had a personal acquaintance with the leaders. Captain Brandt, and Major Bannot (who had been an old army officer in the United States service) had chief command of the foreign force. Mr. James McKinley of Monterey volunteered to accompany me with a white flag. They were stationed in the same ravine that we were in, but about a mile above us. We succeeded in getting to the point we started for, and raised our white flag, at which moment we were fired upon by the cannon loaded with grape shot, but no one was hurt, and we had gained our point; the Americans on the other side



had seen our flag; we dropped down immediately into the ravine and waited awhile for the coming of some one from that side. Brandt, Hensley and John Bidwell and some two or three others came to us. I at once addressed myself to them, saying that they were on the wrong side of this question, and made the following statement: 'We in the southern portion of California are settled; many of you are settled, and others expect to be settled. This rabble that you are with of Micheltorena, are unfriendly to respectable humanity, and especially to Americans. The native Californians, whose side we have espoused, have ever treated us kindly. If the Micheltorena rabble hold their own in this country, that will constitute an element hostile to all enterprises, and most particularly American enterprize.' Captain Brandt remarked that thus far I was right; that he could see the point; but many of his younger men that were with him had been induced to join Micheltorena by his promise to give them land, of which many already had deeds, and how would Don Pio Pico feel towards these young men and their land grants if they aided to raise him to the position of Governor of California? I replied that on the same morning I had had a talk with Don Pio on this same subject, and that he had said that the thing could easily be arranged; furthermore, that Don Pio was there where I could have him advised of what was going on, and he would, in a few minutes, join us if these gentlemen desired to see him. I was asked to send for Governor Pico, and he came in a few moments.

"I knew, and so did Pico, that these land questions were the point with those young Americans, before I started on my journey or embassy. On Pico's arrival among us I, in a few words, explained to him what the party had advanced. He said this:

" 'Gentlemen, are any of you citizens of Mexico?' and they answered, 'No.' 'Then, your title deeds given you by Micheltorena are not worth the paper they are written on, and he knew it well when he gave them to you; but if you will abandon the Micheltorena cause, I will give you my word of honor as a gentleman and Don Benito Wilson and Don John Workman to carry out what I promise you, viz: I will protect all and each one of you in the land that you hold now in quiet and peaceful possession; and promise you, further, that if you will take the necessary steps to become citizens of Mexico, I will use my authority under the laws of Mexico and will issue to you people proper titles.' He also added that they need not hurry themselves to become citizens of Mexico, and he would not disturb them in the possession of their lands; but advised that they should become such citizens, for then their titles would become valuable.

"I interpreted to them what Pico had said. They bowed and said that was all they asked, and promised not to fire a gun against us, at

the same time expressed the desire of not being asked to fight on our side; they had marched down with the other party—to which we all assented.

“Brandt and his companions returned to their camp; McKinley and myself went to ours, and the Governor to his headquarters. Micheltorena had discovered (how I do not know) that his Americans had abandoned him. About an hour afterwards he raised his camp and flanked us by going further into the valley towards San Fernando, marching as though he intended to come around the bend of the river to the city. The Californians and we, the foreigners, at once broke up our camp and came back through the Cahuenga Pass, marched through the gap into the Feliz ranch, on to the Los Angeles River till we came into close proximity to Micheltorena’s camp.

“It was now in the night, as it was dark when we broke up our camp. Here we waited for daylight, and some of our men commenced maneuvering for a fight with the enemy, when a white flag was discovered flying from Micheltorena’s front. The whole matter then went into the hands of negotiators appointed by both parties, and the terms of surrender were agreed upon, one of which was that Micheltorena and his obnoxious officers and men were to march back up the creek to the Cahuenga Pass, down to the plain to the west of Los Angeles, the most direct line to San Pedro, and embark at that point on a vessel then anchored to carry them back to Mexico.

“After that campaign, we all went home perfectly satisfied with the result.”

This is all I have been able to collect from Mr. Wilson’s papers that relates to this peculiar event. It shows plainly that the Americans in Southern California were united and firm. A compact body of fifty well-armed American citizens and owners of some property in a country that they had grown to like, are factors not to be neglected in a contest where only about 300 people, not fully united, oppose them; and on the part of Micheltorena the defection of forty men of a race akin to these Americans was a severe blow, for it left him only a dissolute rabble of convicts and desperadoes with which to overpower a body of men fighting for what they believed to be political liberty and safety from an invasion of the dissolute classes, such as they had formerly experienced. These two well-armed bodies of foreigners, as the case stood, practically held the balance of power when they united and exerted a positive and a negative resistance to Micheltorena’s plans.

It is hardly creditable to those from the north that they came down to fight and dispossess a populace with the hope of acquiring land; but if they had been tricked (for the land law was as Pio Pico stated it), then they did all they could do, by withdrawing from a bargain when the consideration failed.

Another thing to be noted: that men such as Micheltorena had, are not anxious to shed their blood as patriotic heroes are, all of which Castro knew, and hence there was no necessity of forcing the battle to a bloody issue when diplomacy and delay would prove truer weapons. That this was planned seems plain, if Wilson is to be believed, because he had previous information of the Americans with Micheltorena, their numbers, names of officers, and their objects in coming, and Wilson and Pico evidently had rehearsed their part in the day's drama; because Pico had promised Wilson in advance just what he would do for the Americans from the north, and Wilson said that Pico was in waiting and came in a few minutes, when sent for, and closed the day's transaction.

When the battle is reviewed from this standpoint, I do not see it as a matter for laughter, but, rather, as the concerted clever effort of the better classes to obtain their rights without bloodshed and the hazard of battle. They were earnest, alert and shrewd, because Micheltorena's night maneuver did not outwit them, and they doubtless would have fought had he not surrendered. They had a ship in the harbor to remove the rabble; this was certainly better than killing a few, jailing some and paroling the rest.

The treatment of the Americans led to better and not worse feelings, and when Stockton appeared later, the conquest of Los Angeles was bloodless; and had the Commodore not made the mistake of leaving Gillespie, or if Gillespie had been a man of moderation and tact, I doubt that there ever would have been occasion for the subsequent events that led to the battle of the Mesa and the forcible recapture and military government of Los Angeles. These events ought to have been wholly unnecessary. Prior to this, things had been wisely ordered; Micheltorena's crusade against foreign settlement had failed; Pico, Castro and the rest had managed their part with skill and judgment, and when the crisis came Castro and Pico both knew in their hearts the hour had come, and quietly made way for the American life. One of Pico's last official acts was to summon Wilson to him and ask his assistance in securing justice and protection for the native populace. It was done, and the first person to ride into Los Angeles with Commodore Stockton was Don Benito Wilson.

These facts prove to me that American influence in Southern California as a political, social, and even municipal power has been underrated. It is necessary to remember that Los Angeles was a small place of not more than 2000, and yet the largest city in the State; that there were no other cities in Southern California between it and San Diego; that the land was all owned by the missions and a few rich families, so that the small farmer who now makes our numerous country populace



was then almost unknown, and the ranch hands, who almost belonged to the rich ranches, would do and be controlled as their solitary feudal lords dictated; to see that the numbers must necessarily be small, and a few land-holders, men of courage and executive ability, easily became dominant factors in military and political life.

Add to this that the resident Americans were generally well liked and were inclined to clannishness when American interests were at stake. They were no longer mere trappers and adventurers, but men of decisive character who had come to make a home and acquire land, with a faith in the ultimate future of the country the native Californian was too indolent to even dream of. These Americans had their eyes fixed on the future acquisition of this State as an absolute necessity for Western interests. The crusade against the foreigners and the exclusion of American trade had been practically fought out. The racial enmity was about over, and the better class of the people were ready to accept the new era.

If these facts are candidly considered in the light of surrounding events, this "bloodless battle," over which shallow writers make merry, emerges from humor and becomes serious history, marking the most important single event in the political death throes of a people who were opposing an old *regime* to the new birth of American power in California.

## PIO PICO.

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A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE LAST MEXICAN  
GOVERNOR OF ALTA CALIFORNIA.

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BY HENRY D. BARROWS.

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[Read Nov. 5, 1894.]

The life of Pio Pico extended over the greater part of the nineteenth century, or from 1801 to 1894. He was born at the mission of San Gabriel, May 5, 1801; and he died in the city of Los Angeles, September 11, 1894, at the advanced age of 93 years.

His father, Jose M. Pico, was Sergeant of a cavalry company stationed at San Diego. He came from the city of El Fuerte, Sinaloa, as an escort to San Luis Rey, at the time of the founding of that mission, in 1795; he died at San Gabriel in 1819. The maiden name of Don Pio's mother was Maria Eustaquia Gutierrez; she died in 1846. Don Pio was one of ten children—three boys and seven girls. His eldest brother, Jose Antonio, and a sister, Concepcion, were born before the family came to Alta California; the former of these served as a soldier at San Diego, where he rose to be Lieutenant, and later he served under Vallejo at Monterey; he afterwards died at Santa Margarita. The sister, Concepcion, married Domingo Carrillo of Santa Barbara. Pio, as before noted, was born at San Gabriel, in 1801; a sister, Maria, or Mariquita, was born there in 1804; she married an Ortega. Another sister, Ysidora, was born at San Diego, in 1808 or 1809; and she married Don Juan Forster, a native of England; she and her husband died in 1882; and Andres, the youngest brother, and also a historic character in California annals, was born in 1810, at San Diego. Don Andres, who, at the head of the Californians, bravely fought Fremont and his battalion at the time of the conquest, and was his good friend afterwards, was State Senator, Brigadier-General, etc., under American rule, and was a capable and very popular man; he died several years ago.

In a dictation of reminiscences made by Don Pio in 1881 to the

writer, he said that the earlier years of his life, or till about 1849, were mostly spent in San Diego; and that he still remembered some of the old settlers there in 1813 and subsequently, whom he named: Jose Polanco, Jose M. Romero, S. Valenzuela, Guillermo Cota, Francisco Javier Alvarado, Juan de Dios Ballesteros, — Poyoreno, Mariano de la Luz, Antonio M. Lugo, Eugenio Valdez, Jose M. Verdugo, Sergeant Cristoval Dominguez, Claudio Lopez, and others, nearly all of whom were the ancestors of the numerous families of the same name, respectively, now living in this and other counties of Southern California.

In a manuscript (in Spanish) of Don Pio's, which he permitted me to translate from, in 1881, he has recorded some interesting recollections of the olden times. In this paper he says:

"I remember that in 1810, my father was put in prison on account of the talk, in the company of which he was Sergeant, of Mexican independence, a question which was, even then, much agitated throughout Mexico. He was released, after a few days, through the influence of the missionary fathers, but the soldiers, Ramon Rubio, Jose M. Lopez, and one, Cañedo, and an artilleryman, Ygnacio Zuñiga, were kept in confinement, each with two pairs of irons (*grillos*), the two first-named dying in prison and Zuñiga remaining there in irons until Mexican independence was established, in 1821."

He mentions in this manuscript his remembrance of the great earthquake of 1812, which destroyed the San Juan church, and which was also very severe at Santa Barbara; that his father was sent to San Gabriel to put down a rising of the neophytes in 1818; and that he was recalled to San Diego the same year, on account of the appearance at that port of Bouchard's pirates. Continuing, he says:

"After the death of my father I had to overcome many difficulties to move my mother and brother and sisters to the Presidio of San Diego, where my sister lived who was married to the Lieutenant of the company stationed there.

"In 1821 I was employed by my brother-in-law, Jose Antonio Carrillo, to take twenty-five barrels of liquor to the northern part of the Territory to distribute to the fathers at the missions, as a particular present to them from him, the same being, at that time, liquor of the first quality. Señor Carrillo was then one of the most influential and capable men in California. At that epoch his brother, Don Anastacio Carrillo, Sergeant of the company stationed at Santa Barbara, was also living here in the Pueblo as Commissioner to see that justice was properly administered by the persons appointed as Alcaldes of the Pueblo. The Commissioner lived in the house of the Curate—"Casa Cural"—near the (old) Catholic Church. This house exists to this day, and is known by that name. He and Jose Antonio lived together as brothers.



"Being, as I said, charged to take the liquor up the country, I contracted with an old man (*un anciano*) named Encarnacion Urquidez, grandfather of Mrs. Governor Downey, for twenty-five mules, and engaged three men, citizens of the Pueblo. . . . On my way northward I made a short visit to the Presidio of Monterey, accompanied by a cousin, Jesus Pico (the same who, in after years, had the exciting incident with Fremont). The first house I visited was that of Don Ygnacio Vallejo, father of the Vallejos of the north. I then paid my respects to Governor Vincente Sola, who received me with much courtesy and kindness (*amabilidad*); only he was surprised to see me wearing a military uniform. I explained to him that my father had died whilst in the military service, leaving his uniform to me, and that therefore I was by right entitled to use it in the form he left it. I remember that on my reply he drew near to me, and, placing his hand on my shoulder, he said to me that I could enjoy my military privileges (*fuero militar*); and he gave me a recommendatory letter to the Commandante at San Diego, who reported in my favor, and I was afterwards appointed Lieutenant of the militia."

Don Pio went from Monterey to San Jose, where he was received and entertained at the house of Don Manuel Pacheco, through the recommendation of his uncle, Don Dolores Pico, retired Sergeant of a Monterey company, who had settled at the Rancho Nacional; and he gives many details of his visit to San Jose, which are too long to insert here; but he concludes with this interesting item:

"Mrs. Pacheco (wife of Don Manuel) had, at that time, 'passed her fiftieth Christmas' (as some cavalier phrased it), but she had retained her beauty, so that, by the general voice, she was known as the most beautiful lady of that section, and by some she was called 'the Flower of the North.'"

The following is Don Pio's interesting account in full (portions of which, only, have been heretofore published) of the "Bringas affair":

"In the year 1828 I was appointed Secretary in a suit which Captain Pablo de la Portilla came (from San Diego to Los Angeles), by order of General Jose M. Echeandia, to try, against a Mexican citizen named Luis Bringas. We arrived at the Pueblo, and the Captain established his office in a building on the site of the present jail (now the Phillips block, on North Spring Street), owned by Antonio Rocha, a Portuguese. The next day Bringas was cited and appeared before Captain de la Portilla. Being asked what he had to say to the charges brought by the Captain, he refused to answer or plead, saying that no Mexican citizen ought to answer before any military authority (*y que como militar, le componia tanto como si fuera la suelda de su zapato*), and that it would be a very great outrage for a civilian to be tried by a military tribunal; that

Mexican citizens constituted the sacred base (*basa sagrada*) of the nation; that it was they who formed the nation, and not the military; and that for these reasons he refused to answer (*declarar*). Seeing that he was resolute, Captain de la Portilla determined to place the refusal of Bringas before the General Commandante at San Diego. His communication to this effect having been prepared, I offered to carry the documents, and I left immediately for San Diego, where I placed the same in the hands of the Commandante, Don Jose M. Estudillo; he received and hurriedly examined them, when he ordered me to retire to my residence, and to return the next day at 10 a. m., to take back his answer.

"Having myself learned, meanwhile, the purport of the allegations of Señor Bringas, and understanding the rights which he showed that Mexican citizens possessed, I was so impressed thereby that on the next day, when I presented myself before the Commandante, Estudillo, I was resolved to make known my rights as a citizen, which, in effect, I did.

"On appearing before the Commandante, he delivered to me the documents, with the order for me to take them back to Los Angeles to Captain de la Portilla. I refused to obey the order, alleging that I was a citizen, and that therefore the military authorities had no jurisdiction over me. Whereupon I was thrown into prison, where I remained one day and one night.

"The next day the Commandante called me before him, and I had the satisfaction of being publicly set at liberty. From that date I began to know the sacred rights of a citizen."

The following is a condensation of Pico's account of the revolution of 1831. Although having been a member of the Diputacion, or Territorial Assembly, in the year 1831, and having published an address to General Victoria in which he showed that the Diputacion in that year was illegal, and for that reason had no right to act as such; but considering himself as having legitimate rights as a citizen, he supplemented said address by another communication, in which he showed the people of the Territory General Victoria's short-comings. "The result was," says Pico, "that the General was very angry, and he resolved to put me down, and threatened to hang me. Knowing then positively that he entertained such intentions, I gathered such opposition as I could; I invited the co-operation of Jose A. Carrillo (who had been banished by this same General Victoria, to Lower California), and of Juan Bandini. We three formed a plan and drew up a '*pronunciamento*,' or proclamation, which we issued November 30, 1831. Twelve citizens of San Diego, all Californians, joined us; also Don Abel Stearns, one of the aggrieved, who had been ordered out of the country to the capital of Mexico by the said Victoria. It so happened that the same vessel, then anchored in the

bay of San Diego, which was to have taken Stearns to Mazatlan, instead, a little later, took the official who banished him, namely, General Victoria himself. We gained the adhesion of the officials of all the military companies, which were: the company of Mazatecos, and the companies of cavalry and of artillery then stationed at San Diego.

"General Echeandia, who had been relieved of his command by Victoria, being then in San Diego, placed himself at the head of the revolutionary force and despatched fifty men under Captain de la Portilla to Los Angeles with directions to arrest and imprison the Alcalde, Don Vincente Sanchez, and set at liberty various citizens who were held as prisoners there.

"When Captain de la Portilla's force arrived at Los Angeles, he carried out the orders of his superior, thrusting the Alcalde, Sanchez, in jail and setting at liberty the imprisoned citizens.

"The next day an engagement took place between de la Portilla's force and that of General Victoria (which had come from Monterey), west of the city, the field remaining in possession of Victoria, with the lamentable loss of two good citizens, namely, Jose Maria Abila and Captain Pacheco, and the serious wounding of General Victoria. After the engagement the General retired with his force to the mission San Gabriel, where he resigned his authority to Captain de la Portilla, who gave an account of the capitulation to General Echeandia. The latter at once set out for Los Angeles, where he arrived three days after the surrender took place. Echeandia dispatched General Victoria to San Diego, where he was placed on board of a vessel which took him to Mazatlan."

Owing to the vacancy in the office of Governor, caused by the resignation of Victoria, Don Pio, as senior member of the Assembly, became Governor in January, 1832, and served till January, 1833. In fact, he was a member of the Territorial Diputacion, continuously, from 1828 to 1841 or '42. He was succeeded in the gubernatorial office by Governor Jose Figueroa, in 1833.

In 1834 Governor Pico married Maria Ygnacio Alvarado. They had no children. She died many years ago.

Don Pio also held the office of Administrator of San Luis Rey Mission from 1834 to 1840.

In 1841 he received grants of the ranchos of Santa Margarita and Las Flores.

On the downfall of Micheltorena, in 1845, Pio Pico, as President of the Assembly, became temporary Governor, February 22; he was confirmed by the Mexican government, and, April 18, 1846, he took the oath of office as constitutional Governor, and continued to perform the functions of that office, till August, 1846, when Los Angeles, the capi-



tal of the province, was captured by the American forces and the authority of Mexico and of the local Mexican civil officers in California finally came to an end. Governor Pico left Los Angeles, and went, by way of Lower California, to Sonora. After the close of the war he returned, I believe, in 1848, and, accepting the inevitable, he became thereafter a good American citizen, making his home mostly at beautiful "Ranchito," till he was ejected therefrom by the hard hand of the law, two or three years ago, when he was offered an asylum in the house of his old friend of more than sixty years' standing, Col. J. J. Warner, southwest of this city, where he continued to reside till shortly before his death, when he came into the city in order to better avail himself of necessary medical attendance.

In the early seventies Governor Pico built and equipped the "Pico House," which then was the largest and most commodious hotel in the city.

I do not know that I shall be able to persuade English-speaking people to see Pio Pico as those, both Americans and native Californians, who knew him best, saw him. Bancroft, who was not particularly friendly to him, says most truly, as all who know him well will aver: "Pio Pico is a man who has been abused far beyond his deserts." And, again, he says of him: "Not much fault can be found with his mission policy; he did not, as has been charged, run away in 1846 with large sums of money obtained by illegal sales of mission estates; he had a perfect right to favor his friends by land grants in the last days of his power, and to prefer that California should fall into English rather than American possession. That he *seems* to have antedated some land grants, after his return in 1848, is the most discreditable feature of his record; yet, my study of *land litigation* leads me to hesitate in condemning or exonerating any official or citizen, native or pioneer, on charges originating in that most *unfathomable pool of corruption*."

Since the death of Governor Pico, his old friend, Colonel Warner, who was intimately acquainted with his character for so many years, told me that he had long intended, over his own signature, to defend Don Pio against what he considered two of the most unjust charges that have been made against him, namely: (1) That he issued land grants after he left Los Angeles in August, 1846; and (2) that he gave contradictory testimony before American courts. And Colonel Warner (now 87 years of age) further charged me, in case he were unable to make his defense before he died, that I should do it for him. Inasmuch as I thoroughly agree with Colonel Warner's views, as somewhat fully expressed to me, on these two points, I the more readily reproduce them here. Although, as all the world knows, it is not easy to prove a negative, still, a somewhat intimate knowledge of Don Pio's character—extending, in my own

case, over nearly forty years, and in the case of Colonel Warner over more than sixty years—ought to enable us to form a reasonably reliable judgment as to whether he was capable of committing the reprehensible acts with which he has been charged, which acts, many Americans, who did not know the man, seem willing to believe he was responsible for. If such acts were charged against any American Governor whom they knew well, they would not be so ready to believe that they were true.

That Governor Pico continued to issue land grants in a perfectly legal manner, under the land laws of Mexico, until shortly before the capture of Los Angeles by the American forces, and after the capture of Monterey, is, I have no doubt, very true—as why should he not? Los Angeles was then the capital, and the Governor and other Territorial officers continued to perform here all their ordinary official functions in a perfectly regular manner for more than a month after Commodore Sloat raised the American flag over the custom house at Monterey—that is, from July 7 till August 12, 1846, on which latter date Governor Pico left Los Angeles, and finally ceased to act as *Gefe Politico* of California, an office whose duties, up to that time, he was as strictly entitled to perform under Mexican law as he certainly was under international law. As Colonel Warner truly says, there would have been as little reason in holding that the capture of Mexico should date, under international law, from the crossing of the Rio Grand by General Taylor's army; and that all official acts of the civil government of Mexico after that date and prior to the capture of the capital should be held as null and void, as to hold that California was captured before the taking of Los Angeles, the capital of the Territory, by our forces, and the dispersion or capture of the regularly constituted authorities thereof; and that all their official acts after July 7 and before August 12, 1846, were null and void.

If this point is well taken—and it must so commend itself to all just minds—the holding by our government as void all the official acts of the Pico administration after the 7th of July and prior to August 12th was contrary to international law and to right and justice; and, consequently, all charges against the lawful acts of the Pico administration, or of Governor Pico, performed in good faith during that interval, fall to the ground.

More than that, this unjust decision of our government, which was but a mere *brutum fulmen* of a conquering power, without any sanction of right, worked a great wrong on private parties who received, prior to August 12, 1846, lawful grants of land; and, besides, it cast a very unjust reflection on the rightful official acts of a man who, in the opinion of those who know him well, was incapable of intentionally wronging any living being.



Colonel Warner, basing his opinion chiefly on his thorough knowledge of the character of Governor Pico, as an officer and as a man, told me with the utmost earnestness that he did not believe that Pio Pico ever signed his name as Governor to a grant of one foot of public land after he left Los Angeles on the 12th day of August, 1846; and that all alleged grants issued *after* that date, either in 1848 or at any time and antedated, pretending to bear his signature and rubric, are sheer, absolute forgeries. Of course the personal opinions of Colonel Warner and many others, both Californians and Americans, who had almost a life-long acquaintance with Don Pio, are not positive proof, in a case of this kind, although to their own minds their convictions come as near certainty as would the convictions of thousands of citizens who knew Governor Downey or Governor Stoneman well, approach certainty, that they, neither of them, ever falsified a public document or signed an official document as Governor after the expiration of their terms of office, although it might be impossible for those who believe thus to positively prove that they never committed such heinous acts. If the Governors named were charged with anything of this kind—which they never were—those who knew them well would simply say: "*They were incapable of such acts!*" And this is exactly what Colonel Warner and others say of Governor Pico; their intimate knowledge of his public and private character, extending over many years, excludes, to their minds, the possibility of his ever having done these dishonorable things which his enemies have charged against him.

Concerning the second serious charge—that Governor Pico's testimony in early "land litigation" (of which Bancroft speaks so contemptuously) before the Land Commission and before the Federal Courts, is contradictory—Colonel Warner is of the opinion that this apparent discrepancy is fully accounted for in the following manner: At the early period when Don Pio, who knew nothing of the English language, or of the methods of procedure in American courts, was called upon to give his testimony, it was not easy to find persons who thoroughly understood both the English and the Spanish languages, much less the accurate equivalents in either tongue, of the technical terms incident to both the well-defined but entirely dissimilar land systems of Mexico and the United States, or who were familiar with the multiplicity of legal terms pertaining to both Spanish and English jurisprudence. Now when Governor Pico's testimony (given in Spanish) was translated into English, he had no means of knowing whether it was correctly rendered or not; very likely the judges themselves were not well enough versed in Spanish to be able always to distinguish if niceties and shades of meaning as given in one language were truly reproduced in the other; in short, Don Pio did not and could not know what he was made to say—what his



testimony was made to appear in English, and in an American court; and if, as would be the most natural thing in the world, he was made by misinterpretation or by defective interpretation, to say things which he did not say, or not to say things which he did say, what chance had he to correct the same?

Again: It is well-known that there are many attorneys, when large interests are at stake and large gains are to be made by such tactics, who are not above taking every possible advantage of a witness by confusing him and making him, if possible, contradict himself. And who would be so utterly defenseless in their hands as one who knew nothing of the language of our courts? And, moreover, if the judge happened to know nothing of the witness' language, and were disposed to protect him, how helpless would even the judge be to extend protection in such a case.

The more one studies or investigates this matter, the more thoroughly he will be convinced of the truth of Bancroft's declaration, that "Pio Pico has been abused far beyond his deserts." He has been abused partly, perhaps, because of unworthy race prejudices, coupled with misinformation, but mainly because it was for *somebody's interest* to misrepresent and abuse him.

Is it not high time that some one spoke out in his defense? Now, that the venerable ex-Governor has been laid in his grave—and that, O most pitiful spectacle, a pauper's grave!—is it not time that calumnies against him should cease? There are many of our people who did not know him, and who aim to be just, who still seem willing to believe ill of him; and there are, I am sorry to say, plenty of writers who are very ready to pander to unworthy prejudices against people who are not of our own race and who do not speak our own language. It may yet be too early, but some day a friendly, sympathetic life of Pio Pico should be written.

The story of the pastoral, almost idyllic, life of the Californians before the United States conquest, and of the disastrous experiences of many of them since the change of government, which they did not invite, but which was forced upon them, has only been told, or partially told, *from the American point of view*. Let us hope that it will some time be told *from the standpoint of the Californians themselves*, and in such a spirit of truthfulness and kindness as will not do them injustice! For I hold that the Spanish Californians have not hitherto been given a fair show in the forum of American public opinion.

There is another charge against Governor Pico which I feel compelled to notice, namely, that he was by nature of a "litigious disposition." This charge, doubtless, has as much foundation and is about as just, as applied to Pico, and to many other native Californians, as it would

be if made against the thousands of Americans who have been financially ruined by the litigation into which they have been forced *in self-defense*, since California became a part of the United States. What could they have done? What should they have done? Quietly submit to be despoiled of their lands by greedy land sharks and sharpers, who have ever stood ready to take advantage of either real or imaginary flaws in land titles, technicalities of the law, perjury and subornation of perjury, conspiracy, forgery, or what not, to harass and badger *Americans* as well as Californians out of their possessions? Pio Pico, who was formerly a very rich man in land and cattle, *was forced* into litigation, which finally left him without a foot of land and absolutely without means of his own, and dependent on gracious charity for shelter and for his daily bread.

Col. George H. Smith, who was for years his attorney, tells me that he defended Governor Pico in the courts in four different suits which were brought against him on four promissory notes, at different times, for amounts ranging from a few hundred dollars to \$16,000! to which Don Pio's name and rubric had been *forged* by expert scoundrels; but that he was able to defeat these suits in every case. These are but a few samples of the class of lawsuits in which Don Pio was compelled to defend himself, and whereby he has acquired the reputation of being of a "litigious" disposition; and they serve to indicate how unjustly that characteristic has been imputed to him.

For one of the most flagrant cases of the miscarriage of justice in the history of California, I refer the members of this Society to the case of *Pico versus Cohn*, as reported by the Supreme Court itself—in Cal. Reports, Vol. 91, pp. 129-135; also in Pacific Reporter, Vol. 25, pp. 970-972—in which, on what, to lay minds, seem the most flimsy technicalities, there was taken from the last Mexican Governor of California, in his old age, property estimated variously to be worth from \$250,000 to \$500,000, for a debt originally of \$62,000, but which afterwards was increased to \$103,000. It is not an easy matter to discuss this case in temperate language. I therefore refrain, and refer the Historical Society to the judicial statement of the case as cited above, which I desire to make a part of this paper.

Perhaps it would add interest to this imperfect sketch to call attention to some personal characteristics of Don Pio, or to relate incidents which reveal these characteristics. All who came into social or business relations with the venerable ex-Governor, spontaneously bear witness to his kindness of heart, to his uniform courtesy, and to his entire lack of malice or ill-will towards any human being. Many Americans believe that he was crafty; and yet, those now living, both Americans and Californians, who associated with him longest, and therefore knew him best,

will, I think, uniformly say that no person was freer from that sinistre trait, *craftiness*, than Pio Pico. On the contrary, he was, if anything, *too confiding*—which weakness was one of the causes of his financial undoing, in that he listened to the advice of one of the conspirators who sought to despoil him of his magnificent estate by persuading him to deposit, for safe keeping, the instrument which would have compelled a reconveyance of that estate, with a party from whose custody it has never since emerged.

I have often talked to Don Pio about the grievous financial troubles that came to him in the last years of his life. In one conversation, he remarked sadly, but, so far as I could detect, without a tinge of exultation or bitterness, which would have been so natural to most men under like circumstances: So and so, who had wronged or overreached him, had died; another person, who had treated him in a similar unjust fashion, had become paralyzed; and now a third person who had wronged him more grievously than all, he is dead. I could not help ejaculating: "It looks as though some Power above took cognizance of affairs in this world," to which he simply responded: "*Parece*" (it would seem so).

On another occasion, as he was telling me of some of the pathetic features of that most pathetic case in which he lost all, I said: "Inasmuch as there may be a doubt as to whether the security given was, as he insisted, merely a deed of trust, or an absolute deed, as his opponents contended; and as he had offered to return to them all the money they were out, with good interest, it is a pity that the courts could not have seen it in the line of their duty, as Judge Howard of the Superior Court, who was a very just judge, had done; to have decreed that the instrument given as security, was a *security deed* only; and thus the money loaners would have gotten their money with good interest, and all costs, and he (Don Pio) would have gotten his land back, and no wrong would have been done to anybody—all parties would have been made whole." To which he fervently, almost devoutly, replied: "*Ojala! Ojala!*" (Would to Heaven, would to Heaven, it might have been so!)

Kindness of heart was a peculiarly prominent trait in Governor Pico's character; and this trait made it difficult often for him to say "No" to those who came to him for favors, or asked him to loan them money, or to lend his name as surety for loans from other parties. He was subjected to this latter annoyance so frequently at one period, and he found it so difficult to stand off this particular class of borrowers, that the late William Wolfskill once told me that Don Pio had specially requested him to refuse to loan money to any man who came to him to borrow on his (Pico's) security or indorsement; and I believe that Mr. Wolfskill through his genuine respect and friendship for Don Pio, strictly thereafter observed that request.



There is a beautiful social relation existing in all Spanish Catholic countries namely, that between god-parents and god-children. In seeing Governor Pico and Colonel Warner together on several occasions during the present year, I was surprised to observe the recognition of this relation between the venerable gentlemen, in their mode of addressing each other. I had long been accustomed to hear young people address persons much older than themselves as "*padrinos*," or god-parents, and to hear the always affectionate response, "*ahijados*" (god-children); but I never before had heard *ninety-year* old people address each other in that way. I asked Don Pio one day for an explanation, how it came about that Don Juan (Mr. Warner) should call him "*padrino*." He said that long ago, Captain Gale, of Boston, left his daughter with his (Don Pio's) family for some time; and that afterwards she was married to Colonel Warner, and that he (Don Pio) stood as *padrino* or god-father at their wedding. And always after that, I noticed that whenever Don Pio and Mr. Warner met, the latter always without exception, affectionately addressed the former, by the endearing word, *padrino*, and Don Pio in like manner addressed Colonel Warner as *ahijado*.

There are two ways in which this very near and pleasant relation may be established, namely, (1) when persons stand as sponsors at the marriage of a couple, and (2) when they stand as sponsors at the baptism of children. In the latter case, the sponsors become *padrinos* or god-parents of the children, and "*compadres*" to their parents. The relation of "*com-padres*," is, I believe, unknown in English speaking countries, and, so far as I know, there is no equivalent word for it in the English language.

# HISTORICAL DEBRIS,

OR THE MYTHICAL AND THE FABULOUS IN HISTORY.

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BY J. M. GUINN.

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[Read April 5, 1894.]

"As for history, we know that is lies," said Sir Horace Walpole, or rather the expression is attributed to him, for even the authorship of the saying is in doubt. Whether it was Horace Walpole or Robert Walpole, or whether either of them gave utterance to it, is immaterial. While refusing my indorsement of so sweeping a charge against the reliability of historical narrative, yet I think that every student of history will admit that the more extensive his historical reading may become the less ready he will be to accept unquestioned that which is presented to him in the name of history.

The present age is irreverent and iconoclastic. Myths and traditions that have passed for ages as authentic history, have by the critical historian of our day been relegated to their proper place in literature. In the present age the truth-seeking historian, untrammelled by fear of church or state has weighed every fact and scrutinized every authority bearing upon the historical events under investigation, and the result has been that much that has passed for authentic history has been found to be mere rubbish—broken, displaced and distorted fragments of some myth or fable that the credulous historian has mistaken for veritable history instead of what they are—historical debris.

Scientists as well as historians have done effective work in ridding history of its debris. Scientific investigation has displaced many a lodgment of historical detritus that for centuries has clogged the channel of history. Huxley and his co-laborers have dried up the waters of the Noachian deluge far more quickly and effectively than did the fabled east wind. Lot's wife—that pillar of salt, that for two thousand years worried historian and theologian—has melted away before modern scientific investigation; and the Dead Sea, that engulfed Sodom and Gomorrah with its sulphurous waters, has been proven to be no dead sea at all—only a very ordinary alkaline lake.

Every student of history recognizes the value of myth and folklore in the study of the evolution of a people. But no historian worthy of the name should give currency to the mythical and fabulous as true history.

Intentional misrepresentation, hero worship, credulity and the bias of prejudice or favoritism, are the most fruitful sources from which have originated the falsehoods of history.

Ancient history abounds in fabulous and mythical stories, that for ages passed current as truthful history. The story of Diogenes, the cynic, in scant attire, searching the streets of Athens with a lantern at midday to find an honest man, does not appear in Grecian literature until long after Diogenes and his lantern (if he possessed one) were dust and ashes. It was doubtless originated by some carping cynic to add luster to the name of the founder of his school of philosophy.

The three hundred Spartan heroes who fell at the Pass of Thermopylæ have grown to seven thousand. To add luster to their heroic defense, Greek historians reduced the number of the defenders.

The praises of Regulus, that brave old Roman who would not break his word with his enemies though death might be his reward for keeping it, have been told in prose and sung in verse through all the centuries that have intervened since the days when Porcius Cato gave utterance to his famous slogan: "*Carthago est delenda*" (Carthage must be destroyed). Modern research has shown that Regulus, instead of returning to Carthage as he promised the Carthagenians to do, violated his word, staid at home and fired the Roman heart with tales of Carthaginian cruelty. Instead of being put to death by being rolled down hill in a barrel set with sharp spikes by the enraged Carthagenians, he died in Rome at an advanced age.

On good authority it has been shown that it was not love of country and liberty that inspired Brutus to thrust his "envious dagger" into Cæsar, but because Cæsar had made a decree that Brutus and his associates should not loan money at usurious rates. Brutus's rate of interest to his needy countrymen was forty-eight per cent.

Ferocious Omar, the Moslem conqueror, did not burn the great library of Alexandria. Modern investigation has shown that he never was at Alexandria and had he come there he would have found no library to burn. The library had been destroyed two and a-half centuries before Omar's time. Julius Cæsar burned a part of it and the Patriarchs of Alexandria completed the destruction of its 700,000 volumes.

Leaving ancient history, and coming down to modern, we find one of the most remarkable instances on record of a myth passing current for history. For five hundred years the Swiss had revered the mem-



ory of William Tell and had exalted him as the savior of their country and the deliverer of its people from bondage. His lime tree was pointed out in the market place of Altdorf and his crossbow hung in the arsenal at Zurich. Some iconoclastic historian, delving among the tomes and archives of Swiss and Austrian history, has proved, beyond a doubt, that the Swiss were never conquered by the Austrians; that there was no tyrant Gesler, that William Tell is a mythical personage and the story of his exploits in its general features is one of the myths that our Aryan ancestors are supposed to have brought with them from their mountainous homes in Central Asia.

It is only a few years past since the beautiful story of Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith, ceased to be regarded as authentic history. The story as told in the histories of our boyhood days runs about as follows: King Powhatan in his great Council Chambers is seated on a wooden throne, with his two daughters, beautiful Indian princesses, beside him. Smith, the captive, is brought before him, is soundly berated for the sins of his countrymen, and doomed to die. The captive's head is placed on a great rock, and a stalwart brave swings high his war club. Pocahontas, the princess, moved by pity, dashes down from the throne and throws her arms around Smith's neck at the imminent risk of having her own beautiful head broken by the the war club. Powhatan is moved to pity. Smith is saved. That such a story should have passed current as truthful history for two centuries, in a country where Indian character and Indian customs were so well understood as they were in ours, is an anomaly in credulity. To anyone understanding Indian character and customs the story is a weak invention. No American Indian had then, or has now, any conception of kingly power, or of a throne. Their squaws were not admitted to the Council Chamber. Captives were usually burned at the stake with all the tortures that the untutored savage could invent, and foremost in inflicting these were the squaws, young and old. No Indian maiden would have dared to save a prisoner when doomed by the Council to die. Pocahontas was the daughter of a chief, Rolfe, who already had a wife in England, married her out of policy and with a hope of making a profit out of the Indian trade. She was regarded by the English as a princess, and King James and his Council gravely discussed the question whether Rolfe, a common subject with no royal blood in his viens, had committed treason by marrying a princess of the royal blood and an heir to the throne of Powhatan. They were ignorant of the fact that the chieftainship among Indian tribes was never conferred upon women; nor was it hereditary. The story was invented by Smith long after the death of Powhatan and Pocahontas. Had Smith lived in our day he would have made a fortune in writing dime novels.

Passing by the detritus of Colonial and Revolutionary history we hasten on to that greatest event in our nation's history—the Civil War. Fought as it was, during the last half of the nineteenth century, in an age of telegraphs, and newspapers, with every appliance for obtaining correct reports, we shall find no conflicting accounts, no fabulous stories to contradict, no myths woven into its history. Let us see. In the past thirty years every important battle has been fought over and over again on paper by survivors of the engagement. Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan on the one side, Lee, Davis, and Johnson on the other, have each told his story of the war, and columns and whole volumes of refutations have followed the appearance of each one's story. Thirty years have passed since Sherman's Legions marched through the Carolinas, and though argued through all the years since then, the question who burned Columbia is no nearer an answer now than that of the burning of Rome in the days of Nero.

The survivor of the late war, as he reads the historical descriptions of battles and sieges in which he took part, is sometimes compelled to doubt his senses and even his own identity. The special artist, the army correspondent, and the intelligent contraband were potent factors in the making of war news. To the war correspondent of a great newspaper, the columns of his paper were of more importance than the movements of the columns of an army. War news was manufactured by the correspondent, the more startling and improbable the bigger the scoop of his contemporaries. In the transition from news to history, not infrequently has it happened that the improbable has been substituted for the actual. That which did happen has been denied or forgotten, and that which did not happen has gone on the record as veritable history.

The artist's license, like the poet's, is highly elastic and often assists in the preservation and dissemination of historical inaccuracies. My space permits me to give but one example from the many that might be given. It is an artist's attempt to depict a battle in which I took part, and which I saw, or think I saw, from inception to finish. In Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War, the illustrations for which purport to have been sketched on the field by special artists, appears a picture of the battle of Winchester, or Kernstown as it is now called. General Shields, mounted on a magnificent gray horse, epaulets on his shoulders, and a cocked hat on his head, with his drawn sword pointing to the Confederates, far in advance of his troops, is leading the charge. His horse is in the very act of leaping over a stone wall and a regiment of Stonewall Jackson's troops. The Union soldiers, dressed in perfect line, with knapsacks on their backs, overcoats buttoned to their throats, and bayonets at a charge, follow in the rear of the General. The context describing the battle is of a piece with the picture. The

facts are that Shields was wounded in a skirmish the day before and was in the hospital at Winchester, four miles from the battlefield; the artist was probably much further away. Shields never wore epaulets, nor a cocked hat; his usual uniform was an old blouse and a slouched hat. He did not command in any battle during the war, nor was he in a battle. There was not a general on the battlefield. The ranking officer on the field was Colonel (afterwards General) Kimball of the Fourteenth Indiana Volunteers—one of the founders of the Indiana Colony, now Pasadena. After stubbornly fighting Jackson's forces, which were posted behind a stone wall, for three hours, it occurred to some one that they could be flanked. Sullivan's brigade moved up on their right flank, their position was rendered indefensible and they began to fall back. Some one (supposed to be a corporal of the Seventh Ohio) yelled "Charge!" The cry ran through our irregular line and away we went on the run, every man in command of himself and all of us bound for the wall. Jackson's soldiers retreated. A number of them who could not run as fast as their pursuers were captured, and the battle was over. Both history and art credit the victory to the bravery and strategy of Shields. Strategy, there was none. The victory was won by the bravery of that thing which has no personality in history—the common soldier. Three colonels were made brigadiers as a reward for the bravery of the private soldiers in their respective commands.

The poet's license has played an important part in the originating and perpetuating of historical inaccuracies. As an illustration, take Buchanan Read's stirring poem, "Sheridan's Ride." It is a magnificent poem, but as history it is sadly misleading. The ride, while regarded by Sheridan as an insignificant performance, has from the rythm of Read's immortal lines, come to be considered the most wonderful of Sheridan's daring deeds. The actual distance from Winchester to where Sheridan saw, not

"The groups of stragglers and the retreating troops,"

but to where he saw General Wright's line of battle ready to advance on the enemy, was twelve miles, not twenty,

"And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat was checked, because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause."

The "wave of defeat" was checked before Sheridan left Winchester. His presence, no doubt, inspired the troops who knew that he had arrived on the field, but many of them were not aware of his presence until after the Confederates were driven back and defeated.

Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" has made the name of



that organization immortal. The superficial readers of history regard that charge as the bravest, the most deadly, and the most desperate in the annals of modern warfare. Stripped of the poetic imagery that Tennyson has woven into it, it was not such a wonderful charge after all. More than one hundred regiments on the Union side and a number on the Confederate, in our Civil War lost a higher percentage of killed and wounded in single engagements than did the Light Brigade at Balaklava. And these not only did this once but repeatedly, while the only fighting the Light Brigade ever did was its one foolish charge. The loss of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was thirty-six per cent. of those engaged. The loss of the First Minnesota Regiment at Gettysburg was eighty-two per cent. At least three members of our historical Society, Gen. Mansfield, Major E. W. Jones, and the writer of this paper, took part in charges in which the per cent. of killed and wounded in their respective regiments was nearly double that of the Light Brigade. "The Battle Above the Clouds" the poetical name for the battle of Lookout Mountain was no battle at all, only an insignificant skirmish in which the Union loss was nine men, while the battle of Missionary Ridge cost the Union Army seven thousand.

Instances of intentional misrepresentation of the facts of history are numerous, but my space forbids me giving more than one example. In the Century Magazine War Papers, which now form four large volumes of what purports to be history, is a paper by the Confederate General Imboden entitled "Stonewall Jackson in Shenandoah Valley." He gives, what he claims, is a full history of Jackson's movements and battles in the valley. He describes at length Jackson's victories over the armies of Hunter, Banks, Fremont, and Tyler but carefully avoids the slightest mention of Jackson's disastrous defeat by Shield's forces at Kernstown. As reliable history, many of the Century papers are worthless. They abound in biased statements, inaccuracies and intentional misrepresentations. The authors of some of these papers evidently seized this opportunity to vent their maglignant hatred of their late enemies, even though they had to falsify the truths of history to do it.

Contemporaneous histories are usually unreliable on account of the bias of their authors. The writer must pander to the prejudices of his constituents by abusing those of the opposite side if he would make his wares salable.

The element of the fabulous enters largely into all one sided histories of any great contest. The histories of the conquest of California abound in numerous examples of this. We never have had, and probably never will have, a history of that event written by a Mexican or native Californian. We look at it from the American side only. Most of the contemporaneous writers on the American side seem to have been in-

spired by two motives ; first, to magnify the numbers, and, secondly, to debase the character of their opponents. Stockton's military and naval reports of the conquest of California abound in misrepresentations and fabulous stories. The Commodore was a veritable Munchausen, when narrating his own exploits. Stockton, in reporting his first expedition down the coast, reported that he had chased the Mexican army 300 miles along the coast, driven them into the interior and dispersed them in the mountains. Exactly how he, on board the frigate "Congress," out of sight of land, could chase the Mexican army over the mountains of the Coast Range, 300 miles down the coast, is a military and naval exploit that the Commodore does not explain. Tuthill (usually considered a reliable historian), describing Stockton's second expedition down this coast, says: "Stockton effected a landing of his troops at San Pedro on October 23 (1846), in the face of an army of 800 of the enemy." The story of Stockton's heroic exploit is told as follows by B. D. Wilson (who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Chino). Wilson was stationed on the mesa under the charge of a Mexican sergeant, with instructions to run up a white flag and under cover of that to bear a message from Jose Antonio Carillo, the officer in command, to Stockton, asking a cessation of hostilities. Carillo, with the intention of giving Stockton an exaggerated idea of his strength and thus obtaining more favorable terms, collected droves of wild horses from the plains; these his caballeros kept in motion passing and repassing through a gap in the hills which was plainly discernible from Stockton's vessel. Owing to the dust raised by the cavalcade, it was impossible to discover that most of the horses were riderless. The troops, who had landed, were signalled to return to the vessel, the anchors were hoisted and the Commodore sailed away to San Diego to join Fremont. Bancroft says: "Of the 800 men attributed to the enemy, 700 at least existed in the American imagination."

Stockton, in his official account of the battles of the Rio San Gabriel and the Plains of the Mesa (as he called it), gives the enemy's loss in killed and wounded at between seventy and eighty. At the battle of Paso de Bartolo or Rio San Gabriel two Californians, Sepulveda and Ramirez, were mortally wounded and died a few days later at the Mission San Gabriel. At the battle of La Mesa, a Yaqui Indian named Ignaceo, was killed and one Californian wounded. Some American historians place the strength of the Californians in these battles at from one thousand to twelve hundred men. Their fighting strength was between three and four hundred. Stockton's was about six hundred, Tuthill, in his historical account of Stockton's first advance on Los Angeles, August, 1846, says: "As they neared the intrenched camp, a courier from Castro came out, kindly to warn them that the town would prove their



grave if they entered it. "Then," answered the Commodore, "Tell the General to have the bells ready to toll at eight o'clock as I shall be there at that time." Castro had no intrenched camp. He and his army had disappeared before Stockton's arrival. Tuthill states that Gillespie, when driven out of Los Angeles by Flores took up his line of march for Monterey—a slight error of only 300 miles in Gillespie's destination, and yet, Tuthill's history, before Bancroft's appeared, was regarded as the most reliable history of California extant.

As an illustration of the unreliability of contemporaneous history when the evidence of only one side is heard, I give this from Dr. John Frost's *Pictorial History of California*, written a year after the close of the Mexican War. After describing Stockton's landing at San Pedro on his first expedition down the coast, and the advance of his army against Castro's forces at Los Angeles, he gives this account of a battle: "At the Rancho Sepulvida a large force of Californians were posted. Commodore Stockton sent one hundred men forward to receive the fire of the enemy, and then fall back on the main body without returning it. The main body of Stockton's army was formed in a triangle, with the guns hid by the men. By the retreat of the advance party the enemy were decoyed close to the main force, when the wings (of the triangle) were extended and a deadly fire from the artillery opened upon the astonished Californians. More than one hundred were killed, the same number wounded; Castro's army was routed and one hundred prisoners taken." The mathematical accuracy of Stockton's artillerists was truly astonishing. They killed a man for every one wounded and took a prisoner for every man killed—a very remarkable battle indeed. Castro's whole army did not exceed 300 men and as these all ran away they all lived to fight (or run) another day. The first capture of Los Angeles was accomplished without the firing of a gun. Capron, the author of a history of California, who visited the state in 1850, and spent several years here, describes the same battle. He calls it the battle of Rancho La Sepulvida. He puts Castro's loss at one hundred killed, and one hundred prisoners, but says nothing about the wounded. "Dead men tell no tales;" Capron was safe from contradiction by the dead, and the wounded, if there were any, concealed their scars. Dr. John Frost was a noted compiler of histories; and in his day was regarded as an historical authority. He wrote L.L.D. after his name. From what source he derived his information in regard to this battle he does not state. There was not then, nor is there now, a Rancho Sepulvida between Los Angeles and the sea, and consequently no such battle there nor at any other place in California.

Historical accuracy is a thing of slow growth. It is only by a careful collection of evidence and the testimony of many witnesses, gathered through years of tedious search, that a true verdict establishing an his-



torical fact is reached. The historian should possess the judicial instinct for weighing evidence and arriving at a decision unbiased either by prejudice or favoritism. He should possess enough honesty and independence to expose falsehoods, even when they have the official stamp of church or state.

In conclusion, pardon a slight digression from my subject. Californians owe a debt of gratitude to Hubert Howe Bancroft for his historical work. His history has its defects. What history has not? He may have dealt severely, and even unfairly, with certain historical personages. Possibly some of these deserved a little severity. His energy, industry and perseverance in collecting vast stores of historical material, that but for him would have been lost and destroyed, as much had been before his time, are deserving of praise. He has gathered together material from which some future Macaulay will write a true history of the State. His recent expulsion from the society of California Pioneers reflects no credit on that somewhat discordant body. Bancroft will be remembered with gratitude by future generations.

# OVERLAND TO LOS ANGELES,

BY THE SALT LAKE ROUTE IN 1849.

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BY JUDGE WALTER VAN DYKE.

I have been requested many times by members of your Society to furnish a sketch of my trip overland and some pioneer experiences. My time, however, is so fully occupied that I have very little to devote to outside matters; besides, I have hesitated to repeat the events of pioneer days, as they have been so often told that there can be at this time very little interest in their repetition. I say repetition, because the experience of one was pretty much the same as that of the thousands who flocked to this State at that time by the overland route. The wise Ulysses was made to say to Achilles, while sulking in his tent, that "to have been, is to hang quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail in monumental mockery." The world cares very little for the past or those who figured in it further than the recital of the events may either instruct or amuse those of the present.

About the time I was admitted to the bar in Cleveland, Ohio, the whole country was electrified, as it were, by the accounts of rich gold discoveries in California, a portion of the country then recently acquired from Mexico. A company of young men, including some of my friends and acquaintances, was organized in Cleveland in the spring of 1849 to come overland to California; and being in the right frame of mind for a little adventure, it did not require much urging to induce me to join it, which I did.

We left Cleveland on the last of May, by steamer for Chicago, where we organized an outfit for the plains. That city at that time was one of the dirtiest and muddiest imaginable; streets unpaved, excepting a few where plank were used; and the ordinary roads leading from it nearly bottomless in mud. The place gave very little evidence then of becoming the leading city in America during the lifetime of many of the Argonauts.

We left Chicago June the 6th, taking a direction to strike the Mississippi River opposite Burlington, Iowa, at which point we crossed June 18th, being twelve days making this distance, owing to the condition of the roads, the inexperience of the men with that kind of traveling, and the wild unbroken stock we had secured for the trip.

From Burlington we went by the way of Oskaloosa, Iowa, at which place we were obliged to halt and have an overhauling of our outfit by the abandonment of some of our heavy wagons and the substitution of lighter vehicles; and here we spent the 4th of July.

Between the Des Moines and the Missouri we saw no settlements. We followed the old Mormon trail to Council Bluffs, where we arrived July 16th. There was a little trading place at or near Council Bluffs called Kaneshville, established by the Mormons after being driven out of the Indian Territory on the opposite side of the river. At this place three of our party concluded to abandon the trip, and the company was dissolved or reorganized and the men thereafter traveled independently, but remained together. The late Judge O. A. Munn, of San Jacinto (then a young lawyer from Cleveland, like myself), was my especial companion thereafter during the trip.

We were ferried across the Missouri River above Council Bluffs opposite the old abandoned Mormon village called by them Winter Quarters, from which they had been driven by the authorities of the government, as already mentioned. We left the Missouri River July 24th and crossed the Elk Horn July 26th about where the Union Pacific crosses it; thence following up the Platte Valley on the north side of the river about on the line of said road; and on August 1st came up to a train of Mormon emigrants.

We were late in the season compared with the great rush of overland gold seekers that year; in fact, I think one of the last parties. The great body of the emigration went up the Missouri by boat; and most of them outfitted and left the frontier from the town of St. Joseph, Missouri, striking the Platte near Fort Kearney. The route we took, therefore, was not so much traveled and the feed was quite good until we reached that point where the main road came in; after which our progress was very slow, inasmuch as the whole country near the road was eaten off by the stock of the vast numbers which had preceded us. As a general thing, our progress was not much more rapid than the Mormon emigrants, and we frequently traveled along with them, and from one train to another, the rest of the way to Salt Lake. And for the reason stated we saw very few buffalo along the route; and saw no Indians till we crossed the north fork of the Platte about twenty miles below Fort Laramie. This was the last day of August. About five miles above the crossing we found quite a large encampment of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians. The trains encamped on the river just above their lodges.

Another member of the party and myself rode on in advance to the fort. The road all along above Kearney was like a highway of nations—so trodden and worn by the immense number that had traveled over it. As we rounded a point on the road we caught a glimpse, to the west of



us, of the American flag fluttering over the fort. After two months' journey across the plains from the frontier settlements this sight was a joyous one to us, as emblematic of the presence of the power and glory of our country even here in the midst of this vast wilderness. My companion returned to camp, but I remained over as the guest of Major Sanderson, commandant of the fort, until next day, when the rest of the train came up.

Beyond this point the main road passes over the Black Hills and strikes the north fork of the Platte near the mouth of the Sweetwater, the river between these points making quite a bend to the north. Inasmuch as the feed along the main road was all eaten off, our party, as well as the later Mormons, were obliged to follow up the river, which lengthened the distance and caused further delay.

When we arrived at Rock Independence, a Mormon elder was dispatched to Salt Lake City, as a sort of messenger to report the progress of their trains. At his request Munn and myself started with him, but Munn's horse soon gave out and he fell in with another company of Mormons we overtook on the Sweetwater. From there the Mormon elder and myself traveled alone. We were twelve days coming into Salt Lake City, and on the way passed a large number of Mormon trains, camping with one nearly every night. The night we reached Fort Bridger it commenced snowing, and continued the following day, so we remained over at the fort. The altitude there is so high that snow commences to fall early in the season.

We arrived at Salt Lake City on the 8th of October. In about ten days or two weeks the remainder of our party came in. I kept notes of our trip and corresponded with a Cleveland paper, sending back letters whenever an opportunity offered. While at Salt Lake I sent back two letters descriptive of the country and these peculiar people who had located there, then a thousand miles or more from the frontier.

Owing to the lateness of the season and from accounts of some Mormons returned from the gold mines on the American River, it was evident that before we could reach the foot of the Sierra Nevada it would be impossible to cross with any degree of safety. The fate of the Donner party was a warning against any such foolhardy attempt in the winter season. The great body of the overland emigrants by the South Pass route preceded us, going either by the Humboldt or Fort Hall, and most of them had already reached their destination in the Land of Gold. While we were thus delayed at Salt Lake, undetermined whether to remain over winter or attempt a southern route, some Missouri traders—Pomeroy Brothers—having sold out their merchandise, brought into the Valley early in the summer, were preparing to take their live stock and freight wagons to Southern California. We concluded to join them. A

Mormon, Captain Jefferson Hunt, who had just returned from San Bernardino, where they had located a colony, was engaged as a guide. We left Salt Lake the 3rd of November, 1849, pursuing a southerly and southwesterly direction along the foot of the Wasatch Mountains. The route is through a series of fertile valleys to the point where the road crosses the southern rim of the great Utah basin.

The first and largest valley south of Salt Lake is the Utah Valley. At the southern end of the Utah Lake we struck the old Spanish trail, the northern route traveled by the Spaniards between the pueblo of Los Angeles and Santa Fe. A number of fine streams put down from this range of mountains, flowing into the desert, timbered along their banks; the largest being the Spanish Fork and Sevier River. Where the range turns westerly there is a low depression called the Mountain Meadows. It was a famous camping place on the line of the old Spanish trail. The camp ground is near a spring at the foot of the mountain on the west side of the valley or meadow, with timber on the slope of the mountain. The night we camped there, it commenced snowing and we were obliged to corral the cattle and other stock and guard them; and build fires of the dry cedar hauled down from the side of the mountain to keep ourselves warm. The storm continued the next day with considerable violence and the stock were guarded to keep them from straying off. Owing to the snow there was no chance for feed here, so we were obliged to move on without delay. It was at this same camp ground, some years later, that a party of emigrants from Arkansas and Missouri were attacked by Indians and some Mormons as allies; and, after being given assurance of protection if they would surrender, were brutally massacred—men, women and children. Soon after we commenced descending the southern slope of the divide the weather became warmer, and from that on we had no difficulty as far as the climate was concerned.

We reached the Santa Clara, a tributary of the Rio Virgin, December the 11th. The Virgin River is a considerable stream coming down from the Wasatch range, of mountains that we had crossed and flows southeasterly into the Colorado. Along the Santa Clara and Rio Virgin, we found considerable feed; but being without so long, already the stock were nearly starving; and many cattle gave out and were left along the road. I noticed on these river bottoms cornstalks and some squash or pumpkins still remaining on the ground, and also indications of irrigation, the work of Indians, of course, as no white people were then in this region of country. These Indians are the Piutes, described by Fremont in his report of explorations of 1843-4 as causing him considerable trouble on his return by this same route. They are a marauding and savage tribe of Indians and seek ever opportunity to waylay and massacre small



parties or stragglers from larger ones. Our company was so large, however, that we were not troubled with them except in the stealing and killing of stock that wandered from camp.

Las Vegas, further on this way, is another famous camping ground. It is a large meadow with several springs at the head which, uniting, form quite a stream flowing through it. One of these springs is so large as to make a good bathing pool, and the water is warm and boils up with such force as to buoy the swimmer like a cork.

We were at a point about where the state line crosses this trail at the close of the year 1849 and the beginning of that of 1850; as to which side there is some doubt. However, in after years, the Society of California Pioneers gave me the benefit of the doubt by admitting me as a member of its body; its constitution requires the applicant to have been within the state prior to January 1st, 1850.

So many of the cattle had died or been abandoned that the remainder were not able to move the trains except very slowly; and in consequence we had already exceeded the time anticipated in getting into the settlements, and our provisions were nearly exhausted. It was proposed therefore that some one should go ahead and send back some relief, and about a dozen of us volunteered for that purpose. We reached the Mojave River the second day after leaving the camp, at a point not far below Barstow, as near as I can judge. We continued along the same old Spanish trail that we had been following up that river and across to the northern end of the Cajon Pass, where we arrived quite late the last day of January. Our provisions being exhausted and there being a moon, we concluded to venture through the pass that night instead of remaining over till morning. From my notes I quote: "I never shall forget this night's adventure in this wild mountain pass. We issued from the pass into the valley about four o'clock the morning of February the 1st. We halted at the mouth of the cañon until daylight, and then renewed our walk. If we hadn't been in a famished and exhausted condition we might have appreciated with pleasure the agreeable change in the country. Even yesterday we were traveling in a dry and barren desert; today we are treading on beds of beautiful flowers and wild clover, and the morning breeze is laden with their perfume."

We reached the Cucamonga Rancho about ten o'clock, February 1st. We found an American family here and were supplied with an abundance, including milk and butter—a rare treat, indeed, and a great change in the fare we had been accustomed to during the many months of our trip. A few days later we passed over to the Chino Ranch, better known among the immigrants of that period as Williams's Ranch. Colonel Williams, the owner, had, during that season, sent out many parties for the relief of the immigrants. The next morning Colonel



Williams, furnished me a horse and a guide to come into Los Angeles, as I had some letters and packages to deliver to parties here. On the way we stopped at Rowlands on the Puente and were treated in the same hospitable manner characteristic of all the ranch owners here.

In a week or ten days the other members of our Cleveland party came in with the train, and we had thus crossed the continent. We had consumed eight months on the trip—much longer than was anticipated when starting—still all arrived well and no one had been seriously sick on the way, though subjected to many hardships. This could not be said in regard to most of the overland companies of that year. The numerous graves along the road up the Platte and through the Black Hills were sad evidences that many a poor fellow had dropped by the way.

The year 1849-50 is memorable as one of early and heavy rains, as well as for deep snows in the Sierra Nevada. At the time our large party came from Salt Lake to this place, encumbered with ox teams and heavy wagons, and without any further inconvenience than the delay caused by the poor condition of the stock, nothing but a bird or an expert on snow shoes could have scaled the wall of ice and snow over the Sierra Nevada range. This fact of itself shows that this is the natural route for a railroad from Salt Lake to the Pacific. The grades are much lighter and trains could be run over it all seasons of the year without the necessity of forty miles of expensive snow sheds.

When we arrived here the season was at its best and the country charming in appearance. There was very little business carried on, however, aside from stock raising and matters incident thereto. The great body of immigrants, both by land and water entered California in the central part of the State. Even of those who came this way overland very few remained here; the upper portion of the State, where the mines were located, was the point of attraction.

While waiting for an opportunity to go north, I formed the acquaintance of several of the English-speaking residents of Los Angeles. Among those I particularly remember was Don Abel Stearns, as he was called, who was one of the leading men here. He had acquired large landed interests and married in one of the prominent Spanish families; had been alcalde and held other offices under the old regime, and was a member of the first constitutional convention. B. D. Wilson was another; he afterwards represented this county in the Senate. Benjamin Hayes, a lawyer from Missouri had just arrived here by the Gila route; had opened a law office already, and wished me to remain and go into practice with him. He was subsequently District Judge of this judicial district. This place at the time was still a small Spanish pueblo and gave no promise of much growth in the immediate future.

The great body of population drawn here by the discovery of gold settled in the central and northern portions of the State. The upper portion of the State was thoroughly explored, towns founded and cities built. Every branch of enterprise was developed—mining, commerce and agriculture—while these southern counties remained in nearly the same condition as before the acquisition of the State. Cattle and horses covered the plains, but the great resources of this section, in other respects, were undeveloped, and in fact its capabilities were not then realized. Nearly everything, aside from live stock, was shipped here from San Francisco. Owing to their meager population, these counties were hardly taken into account in the political conventions and other matters concerning the State. They were referred to as the "cow counties," not so much by way of derision as expressive of the pastoral pursuits of the people. This condition of things continued so long that it is difficult, even at this late day, for the old-timers of the upper portion of the State to realize that a change has taken place down here. However, it is beginning to dawn on them that this section has taken on a new life and is forging ahead in population, wealth and enterprise at a rate that threatens to catch up with them, and if they do not bestir themselves may outstrip them in the race.

One word in reference to the pioneers and this paper closes. So much of the Bret Harte style of flashy literature has been written concerning the early Californians that their true character has been misunderstood by those not acquainted with the real facts. It is true there were many adventurers and lawless characters as in other new states and territories, but in no greater proportion. The mass of the early population was composed of law-abiding and enterprising people. Most of them were well-educated and possessed all the elements that go to make up good citizenship. As is well known Congress failed to establish a territorial government here or even to pass an enabling act for the creation of a state government. The people were left, as it were, without any laws, and still, not only in towns but throughout the mining regions, life and property were as safe as in most older states. Of their own motion a constitution for a state government was framed and adopted, which in many respects was a model. State officers and a legislature were elected, laws passed and judges and other officers appointed and elected to enforce them. In fact, the whole machinery of a state government was put in operation before Congress came to our relief by admitting the state, which was not till the 9th of September, 1859. The land grants Congress had made to the newer states for the purpose of internal improvements was, by a provision in our constitution, diverted to the cause of education, which was ratified by the admission of the State into the Union. Provision was also made for the early founding of a State Uni-

versity. The laws of our early legislatures were, in many respects, far in advance of those of the other States, and have been since followed by many of them, for instance, laws in reference to the rights of married women, reform in judicial procedure, and many other questions. In learning and ability the early bench and bar ranked high. Many new and important questions arose in this State growing out of the mining industries and the Mexican and Spanish grants, and the decisions of our early courts in solving these and other questions compare favorably with those of the higher courts of the rest of the country. As merchants, business men, and in all the various walks of life, the early pioneers were not behind their brethren in other States. But their work in founding this State and shaping its institutions is their best eulogy; they need no other.



## NECROLOGY.

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The following members of the Society died during the year 1894:

### ANTONIO FRANCO CORONEL.

Antonio Franco Coronel was born in the City of Mexico October 21, 1817. He came with his father to California in 1834. In 1838, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of Tribunals of the City of Los Angeles. In 1838, he was made Judge of the First Instance. In 1844, General Micheltorena appointed him Captain and Inspector of the southern missions.

During the invasion of Southern California by the Americans in 1846 he was made Captain of Artillery and was present at the battles of Paso de Bartolo and La Mesa. In 1850 and 1851 he was County Assessor and made the first assessment of Los Angeles County. He was elected Mayor of the city of Los Angeles in 1853, and served ten years in the City Council. He was a member of the State Legislature, and for four years served as State Treasurer. In 1873, he was married to Dona Mariana Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. Coronel were intimate friends of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, and gave her great assistance in her study of Mission Indian life. She presented them the first copy issued of her famous story, "Ramona." Mr. Coronel, with the assistance of his wife, had gathered one of the largest collections of California curios in existence.

Don Antonio Coronel took an active part in the organization of the Historical Society of Southern California. Both he and his wife have been active members of the Society since its organization.

He died at his home in this city at midnight, April 17, 1894.

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### PIO PICO.

Pio Pico, the last Governor of Alta California under Mexican rule, was born at the mission of San Gabriel May 5, 1801. He died in this city September 11, 1894. (See sketch of his life on page 55 *et seq.*)

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### CHAS. MULHOLLAND.

Charles Mulholland was born in Ireland in 1839. He came to America in 1862. He entered the United States Navy and served as Assistant Engineer to the close of the Civil War. In 1880, he represented Plumas and Lassen Counties in the Assembly of the California Legislature. He was an enthusiastic admirer of California mountain scenery, and author of a number of papers on the scenery, resources, etc., of the Owens Valley country. He died at Independence, Inyo County, in July, 1894.

# SECRETARY'S REPORT.

1894.

Number of meetings held.....	10
Number of papers read.....	15

The following are the titles of the papers read :

## JANUARY MEETING.

Inaugural Address of President C. P. Dorland.

"The Riot Precipitated by Los Angeles Chinamen," by H. D. Barrows.

"The Chinese Massacre at Los Angeles in 1871," by C. P. Dorland.

## FEBRUARY MEETING.

"A Brief History of Conchological Researches in San Pedro Bay and Vicinity," by Mrs. M. Burton Williamson.

"Meteorological Myths and Superstitions," by J. M. Guinn.

## MARCH MEETING.

"The Old Tehunga Grove," by Emma Seckel Marshall.

"Men and Social Customs of California in the 30's," by F. J. Polley.

## APRIL MEETING.

"Great Earthquake of 1872 in Owens Valley," by C. Mulholland.

"Biographical Sketch of Don Antonio Coronel," by H. D. Barrows.

## MAY MEETING.

"Historical Debris," by J. M. Guinn.

## JUNE MEETING.

Elopement of Capt. H. D. Fitch and Dona Josefa Carrillo, and the Famous Ecclesiastical Trial of Fitch at San Gabriel," by F. J. Polley.

## JULY MEETING.

"California in the Thirties," by H. D. Barrows.

## OCTOBER MEETING.

"American Influence at the Battle of Cahuenga, 1845," by F. J. Polley.

## NOVEMBER MEETING.

"Pio Pico, A Biographical and Character Sketch of the Last Mexican Governor of California," by H. D. Barrows.

## DECEMBER MEETING.

"Recollections of the Old Court House and Its Builder," by H. D. Barrows.

The meetings of the Society have been fairly well attended. The papers read cover a wide range of subjects, but nearly all of them treat on some phase of California history. The work of the Society has been done by a few members. It is to be hoped that during the coming year the number of workers may be increased.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

**REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.**

*To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California :*

We, the undersigned members of the Committee on Publication, do respectfully report that, in accordance with the order of the Board of Directors, we have selected matter for, and have had printed, 500 copies of the Society's Publication for 1894. In the selection of papers for the Annual, we have endeavored to select those especially pertaining to the history of California. A number of valuable papers remain in the hands of the Committee, which, for want of funds, cannot be published this year. It should be understood that the papers in this and in previous publications of the Society set forth the views of their authors on the various subjects of which they treat. The Society does not hold itself responsible for the statements made nor the opinions expressed.

The By-Laws of the Society require that a copy of every paper read before the Society shall be filed with the Secretary. Several authors have failed to comply with this requirement. The titles of such papers do not appear in the list below.

UNPUBLISHED PAPERS IN POSSESSION OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1 "Annals of Los Angeles," by George Butler Griffin.
- 2 "Legal History of the First Protestant Church Organization in Southern California," by C. N. Wilson.
- 3 "History, and the Study of History," by Dr. Edwin W. Fowler.
- 4 "History of Tariff Legislation," by Fred H. Clark.
- 5 "On Looking Backward," by George Butler Griffin.
- 6 "Fragments of Local History," by J. M. Guinn.
- 7 "Memorial and Biographical Sketch of Hon. Henry Hamilton," by J. J. Ayers.
- 8 "Origin of the Historical Society of Southern California," by Noah Levering.
- 9 "Biography of Judge Volney E. Howard," by Gen. John Mansfield.
- 10 "Extracts from the Diary of a Pioneer of 1838," by J. M. Guinn.
- 11 "The Great Storm of February 22, 1891," by J. M. Guinn.
- 12 "History of the Ladies' Clubs and Societies of Los Angeles"—A series of papers written by representatives of the different clubs and societies; these were edited, compiled and bound into a volume by Mrs. M. Burton Williamson. They form a book of 172 pages of valuable historical matter.
- 13 "Relics of the Donner Party," by Emma Seckel Marshall.
- 14 "Reminiscences of the Bell Block and of Capt. Alex. Bell," by H. D. Barrows.
- 15 "The Historical Society of Southern California—Its Past, Present and Possible Future," by J. M. Guinn.



- 16 "The Financial Panic of 1857," by R. H. Hewitt.
- 17 "The Big Tejunga Grove," by Emma Seckel Marshall.
- 18 "The Riot Precipitated by the Los Angeles Chinamen," by  
H. D. Barrows.
- 19 "Meteorological Myths and Superstitions," by J. M. Guinn.
- 20 "Sketch of the Life of Don Antonio F. Coronel," by H. D.  
Barrows.
- 21 "John Charles Fremont," by A. W. Blair.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN,	} Pub. Com.
E. BAXTER,	
T. L. KELSO,	

## CURATOR'S REPORT.

Number of bound volumes (cloth or leather) in the library.....	700
Number of pamphlets and paper-covered books.....	3285
Number of daily newspapers received and filed for binding.....	6
Number of weekly newspapers received and filed for binding.....	26
Number of monthly magazines.....	3
Number of quarterlies.....	5

The Society has a large collection of curios, relics, pictures, photographs, autographs, maps, and manuscripts in Spanish; also files of Los Angeles newspapers, nearly complete, running back forty years.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

## TREASURER'S REPORT.

I submit the following report of receipts and expenditures;

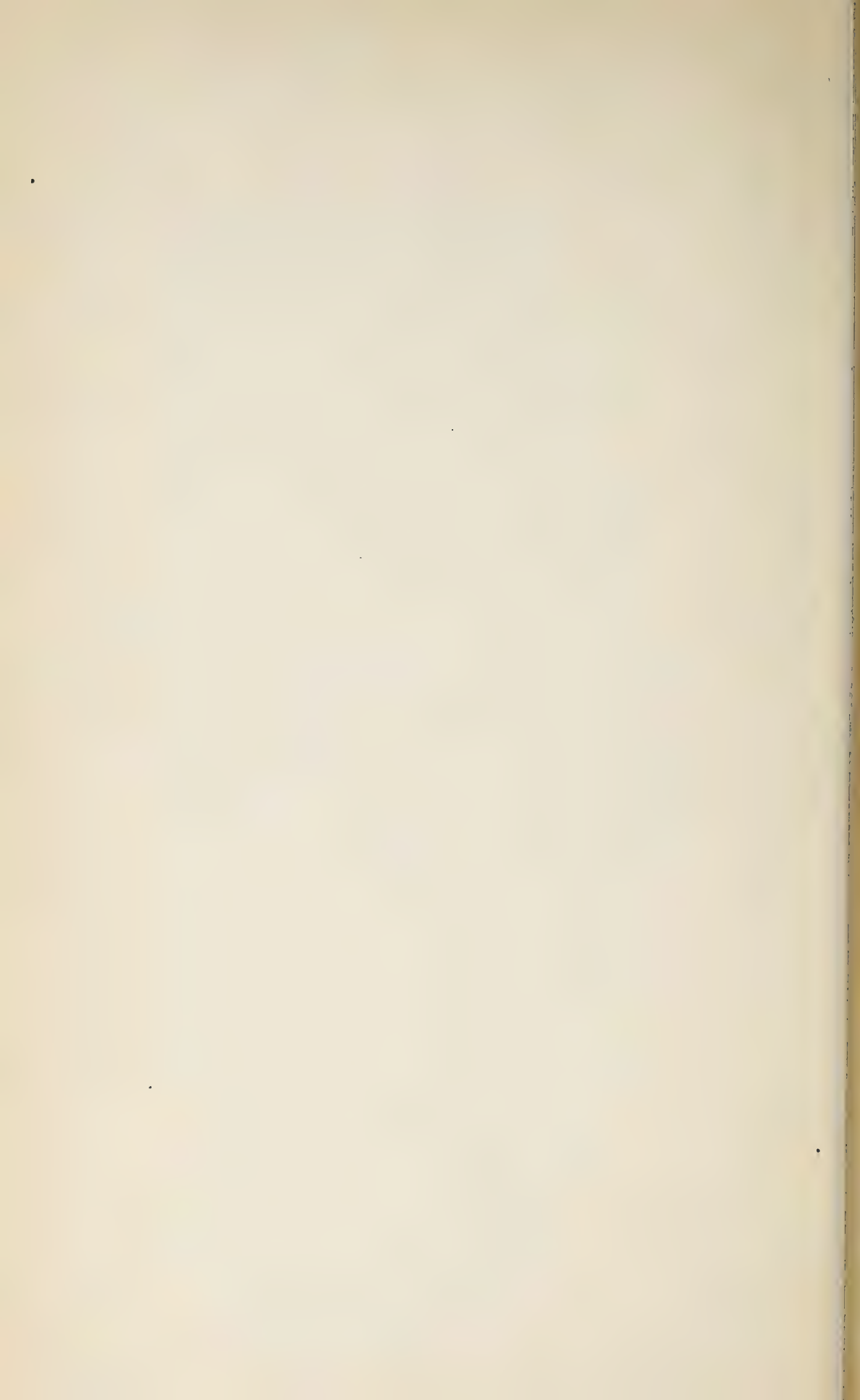
### RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand at the beginning of the year.....	\$ 5 30
Received from membership dues and fees.....	104 25—\$109 55

### DISBURSEMENTS.

Postage, cards and envelopes.....	\$11 25
Advertising and printing notices.....	3 75
Expressage on books.....	4 50—
Balance on hand.....	\$ 90 05

EDWIN BAXTER, Treasurer.



Organized November 1, 1883.

Incorporated February 13, 1891.

PUBLICATIONS  
OF THE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
OF  
**Southern California.**

VOLUME I.

(ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS OF 1884-86-87-88-89-90-91.)

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PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.





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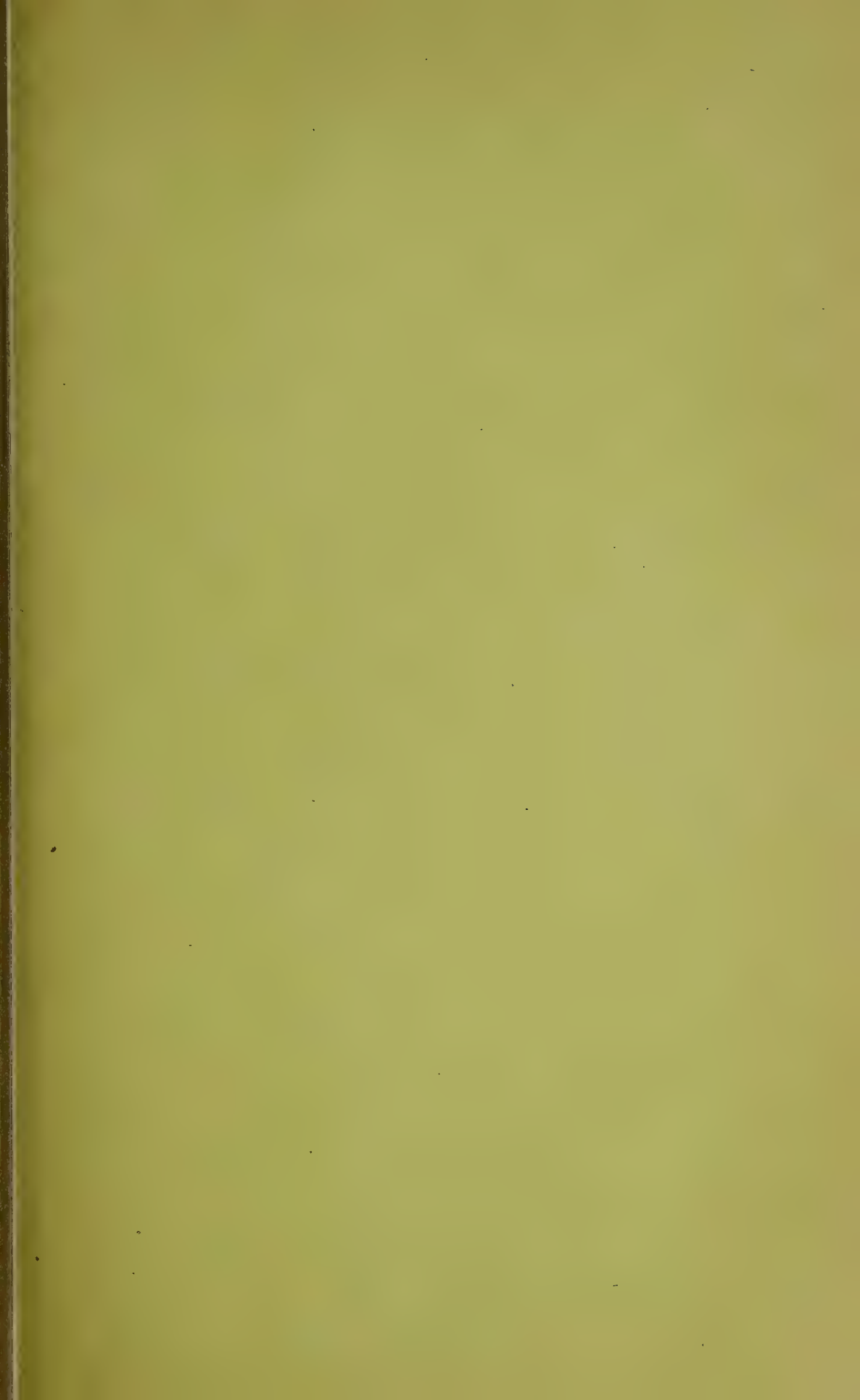
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Part 3.

Organized November 1, 1883.

VOL III

Incorporated February 13, 1891.

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

Los Angeles

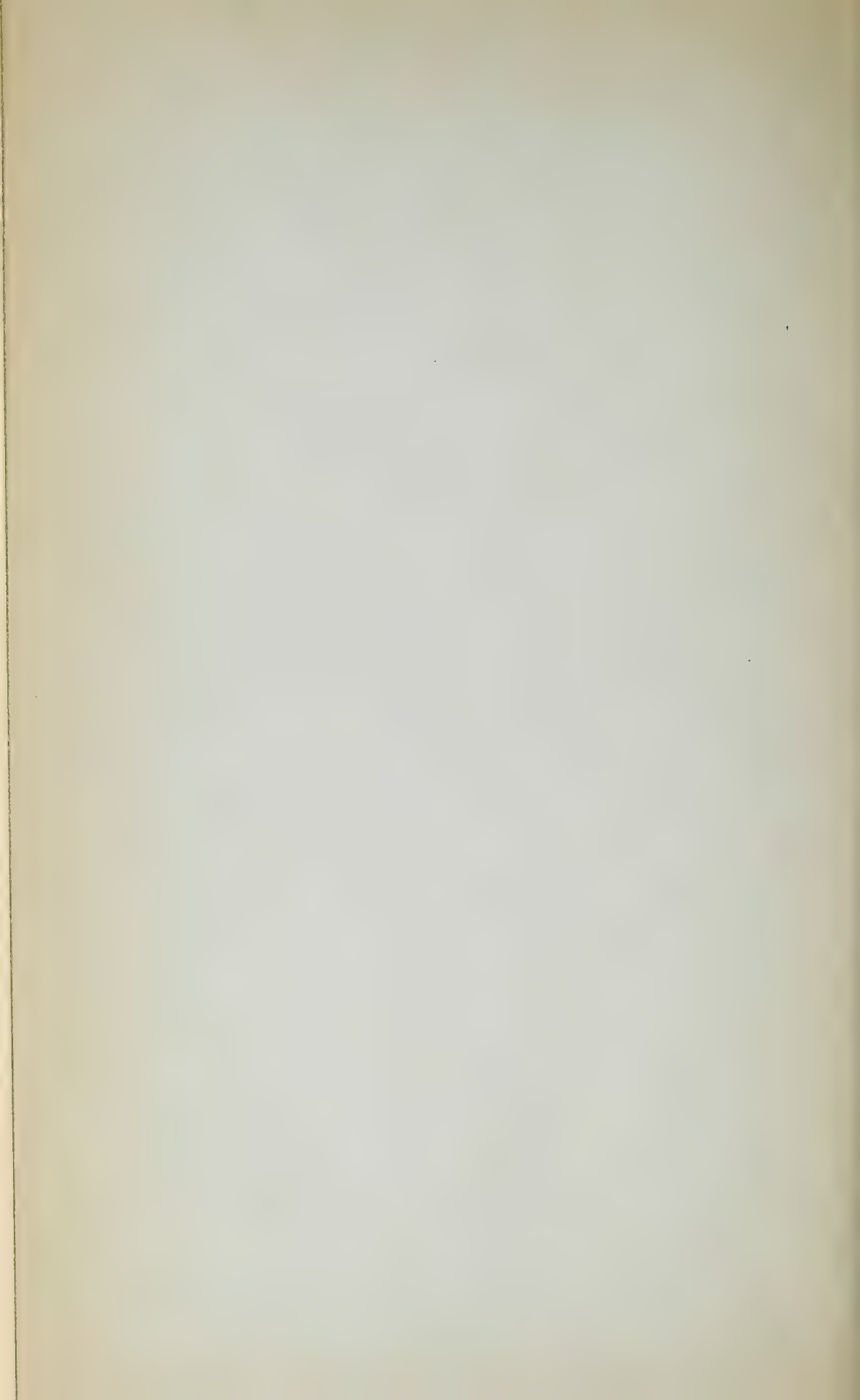
1895

Published by the Society

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
CALIFORNIA VOICE PRINT

1895





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# OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

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1895

## OFFICERS:

EDWIN BAXTER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON	-	-						First Vice-President
REV. J. ADAM	-	-	-	-	-			Second Vice President
H. D. BARROWS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN	-	-	-	-	-			Secretary and Curator

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

EDWIN BAXTER	J. M. GUINN
REV. J. ADAM	H. D. BARROWS
JOHN MANSFIELD	T. L. KELSO
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON	

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1896

## OFFICERS (ELECT):

FRANK J. POLLEY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON	-	-						First Vice-President
A. C. VROMAN	-	-	-	-	-			Second Vice-President
EDWIN BAXTER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN	-	-	-	-	-			Secretary and Curator

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# HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

---

LOS ANGELES, 1895.

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## PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

---

BY E. BAXTER.

---

[Delivered, January 7, 1895.]

*Fellow Members of the Historical Society of Southern California—*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is incumbent upon your president to present to you some suggestions, on assuming the duties of his office.

What I shall say to-night may not be different in its material features from what has been presented by my predecessors—only common place—neither original nor new.

Our constitution declares the objects of this society to be: "The collection and preservation of all material which can have any bearing upon the history of the Pacific coast in general and of Southern California in particular; the discussion of historical, literary or scientific subjects, and the reading of papers thereon; and the trial of such scientific experiments as shall be determined by the society."

The word "history" is said to be derived from a Latin word signifying a matter of record; or Greek words signifying knowing, learned; and, to inquire, explore, or learn by inspection or inquiry. History, therefore, includes, or treats of, almost everything we know, see, do or suffer, present as well as past.

Since our organization other societies have come into existence in this city, and in Southern California, among which might be mentioned the Scien-



tific Society, which, its name would indicate to be devoted more exclusively to the study and discussion of scientific subjects, and embracing questions not historical, aside from the facts it seeks to establish, the existence of which, when settled, properly becomes a matter of history. Among others also might be mentioned the Friday Morning Club—more exclusively for women.

These other societies deal mostly with subjects not necessarily pertinent to the line of our investigations, and which we may well leave out of our plans, recognizing the sister societies as co ordinate with ours, each having its own sphere and its own special work. But in so far as it is necessary to investigate the origin, formation or history of rocks, ores, shells, fishes, reptiles, beasts and birds, and even of man himself in many cases, from relics and fragmentary remains, by scientific knowledge, which points to certain eras in the world's existence, and again, by reflection, determine the eras by their present condition and sometimes by petrified particles, we cannot wholly separate history from science.

Some of our newer citizens, recently arrived on this coast, who naturally wish to join and take part with us, are persons who have been interested in the history of other parts of our country, east of the great "divide," and in scientifico-historical subjects there. Their minds have been actively trained on the very lines which will render them our most valuable members. These cannot write or speak with personal knowledge of the history, either animate or inanimate, of Southern California or of the Pacific coast. But they can give us instructive and exceedingly interesting essays or historical papers, regarding or concerning the localities where they have lived, and, in fact upon subjects affecting the whole country, which will tend to throw light on the history of this coast, or of its aborigines or earlier occupants; as, for instance, many of the eastern Indian tribes, their habits, occupations, tombs, etc., which will serve to show their relation or otherwise to those of this coast and locality.

For the benefit of any such, who have doubted their ability to assist us, and doubt their being able to derive any benefit from membership in our society, I deem it not amiss to say here, that we have always warmly welcomed and highly appreciated all well considered papers of that nature, though they only indirectly, or by comparison, affect the history of California. In fact, most of us are comparatively new residents, who came from localities distant from each other and from this coast. New comers, too, are inclined to seek old residents and ask questions. Information thus obtained is frequently new to older settlers.

It is neither necessary nor practicable that this society or its members or contributors confine their efforts to the discovery or record of events or facts, one hundred, fifty, thirty, twenty, or even five years in the past. True, we have members who know something of the more an-

cient history of our State, and this part of the State, by personal acquaintance with the former occupants who have gone from earth. Many more are not members who have retentive memories of the earlier times. The acquaintance of such should be cultivated and their store-houses unlocked whenever we can find them, that the more important facts may be recorded and given to the world.

It is well to record and preserve the record of the more recent events as they occur, or as soon after as they can be impartially weighed. The last two years have been eventful. A great financial panic has swept over the land. We should endeavor to put in brief, compact and concise form, its effect upon this coast and especially Southern California. The record of it in periodicals is smothered in chaff; we want only the wheat. This crisis has been followed by a year of almost unparalleled depression, stagnation of business and enforced idleness of thousands of people. Men have congregated in what seemed to be armies, and marched across the country to and fro. Traffic and travel and labor have been suspended by edicts from secret orders; and lawlessness has supervened in such proportions as to call out the military arm of the government. It is well known that the reports that went abroad and were published in the East, of the part that California and Californians, and Southern Californians enacted, were fearfully distorted, and even now have not been corrected.

So, also, locally we have the strange anomaly that, during the very "hardest" times, when thousands are on the verge, and many actually over the verge into the vortex of financial ruin, we have an era of building of costly and commodious blocks, business houses, and even of dwellings, that is phenomenal.

Some of us should crystalize these facts, briefly but not dryly.

The first impressions of new-comers, notes of things most noticeable, of what is, or was when they first came, written down and presented here, in future years, and even now, if read abroad as endorsed by this society, would be both interesting and valuable history. Such papers are sure to call attention to the distinctive features of Southern California. They would be the records of events, practically written on the spot. What *is* now, will be history of the past, next year.

doubtless most of us are usually impressed with the idea that our own experiences are all or nearly all, commonplace. But I apprehend there are few, if any, who do not regret that they did not put in writing and preserve the record of many events and facts known to them a score or more years ago, that then seemed trivial, but now seem very important. We all know that not all the history of a period, and seldom all the facts concerning a single event, can be written by a single individual, even though an eye-wit-

ness. Our society suggests perpetuity, and perpetuity is only obtained by continued activity. We are all engaged in other pursuits than writing or discovering history. Therefore each can only bring a fragment.

I made mention of the Scientific Society and others co-ordinate with ours. A suggestion has been made that an association of all the Historical, Scientific and Literary societies existing here be formed for mutual benefit. The several societies might thus, both help and relieve one another. I commend this suggestion to your attention.

There is one matter of business to which I will call attention. It is an evil which affects all volunteer societies. The entrance fee to this society is two dollars; the annual dues are three dollars, payable quarterly. This has been, so far, our only source of revenue. We are not only an association, but a corporation, of which every member is a part; and by signing the roll of members, every member pledges himself or herself to aid the rest, to bear a proportionate share of the burden and expense of the Society, at least to the extent of the annual dues, while the Society as a whole promises to each a share of the benefits. By signing the roll, a member assumes an obligation to pay his dues as fully as if he signed his promissory note for the amounts as they become due. But in looking over the list of members on the Treasurer's books, I find the names of more than forty members who, within nine or ten years—mostly since 1890—have been marked, "dropped for non-payment of dues." Some have never paid any dues, and none are thus marked who are not two years or more in arrears, except those who have refused—not simply neglected—to pay dues. The aggregate of dues thus lost to the Society is over five hundred dollars. This does not include those who have died or moved away before they were "dropped." And all these "dropped" might be restored on paying arrearages. The list includes perhaps a score of occupations, professions, etc., mechanics, physicians, teachers, professors, merchants, literary men, lawyers, and even judges, and some more or less prominent members of religious societies. The sums are usually so small that it would be expensive to collect them by suit. Some are "outlawed," and many of these non-paying members have no property; while others are well-to-do. Our Treasurer has no salary, and much time would be required, to collect, of those who are collectable, by persistent dunning. I simply lay the matter before you.

This Society is the owner of no abiding place and is not even able to pay rent for a room. The City permits us to hold our meetings in a court room and the County allows us to keep our valuables in the court house; but in each case we are tenants by sufferance. We should continually keep in view our need of a permanent home. We need all the money equitably due us, and if possible should devise some means to collect dues of those on our rolls. The Treasurer's report shows no surplus of money after paying for the annual publication. But there are many dues that will doubtless yet be voluntarily paid.

It is earnestly hoped that a greater interest may be awakened among those able to assist us, as well as our present membership, which should be continually increased; and that the Society may early be placed on a more solid and permanent basis.



# Origin of the Historical Society of Southern California.

BY NOAH LEVERING.

[Read November 1, 1893.]

Soon after my arrival in Los Angeles in May, 1875, I learned there was no historical society in the State. After I had spent several months in and about Los Angeles, and made the acquaintance of many of the leading citizens, from whom I learned much of the early history of California, I was thoroughly convinced that this was a grand field for historical work and that steps should be taken at once to gather up and preserve the unwritten history which would be prolific with interest to those who should come after us. I suggested to several persons the propriety of the formation of an historical society, and was as often met with the reply that the effort would be fruitless, as people would not take sufficient interest to accomplish the object. I could not make up my mind to abandon the enterprise. During the week of the county fair in October, 1883, I resolved to make a determined effort, by canvassing the city for volunteers to organize a society. I was soon convinced that it was much easier to secure volunteers to quell a rebellion than to preserve the history of the same. When I called upon one of the wealthy citizens of the city and, after stating my business, I was asked, "Is there any money in it?" I said no. The reply was, "Well, I want nothing to do with things that there is no money in." I was disappointed but not discouraged. Believing that there were men of larger souls and more liberal minds, I continued my efforts. The first man that I found who took an interest in the project was Prof. Marcus Baker of the National Magnetic Observatory, which at that time was located in this city, near the State Normal School.

Prof. Baker was the first to enroll his name in a little book that I had provided to obtain signatures in. With many kind words of encouragement and wishes for my success, he sent me on my way rejoicing. After considerable time spent in canvassing, I secured the following additional names: R. H. Hewitt, 37 Banning St., Los Angeles; Horace Bell, Los Angeles; G. W. Ingalls, Vacaville, Cal.; Thomas A. Gary, 917 Downey Ave., Los Angeles; H. Fuller, Alosta, Cal.; J. B. Niles, Los Angeles; Joseph D. Lynch, Los Angeles; Horatio Rust, South Pasadena; F. M. Palmer, Los Angeles; Ira More, Los Angeles; John Mansfield, Los Angeles; twelve names in all

Having secured enough signers to organize, I consulted Mr. Rust in regard to the time and place for the first meeting. The Normal School building was selected as the place, the exact date of the time set for the meeting I have forgotten. I saw Prof. Ira More and obtained his office, in the Normal School building, for the meeting. The professor said he would have it lighted and in readiness for us.

On the evening appointed, I repaired to the professor's office at about 7 o'clock only to find it as dark as lost hope. My spirits, which had indicated a point far above zero, now suddenly dropped as far below, and I seated myself upon the steps in front of the building and began whistling, like a boy passing through a graveyard in a dark night, to keep up his spirits. I realized that I was a lost mourner at the grave of my hopes. While thus contemplating the gloomy prospect, I heard a racket in the basement of the building, which revived hope, and I was soon tending in that direction where I found the janitor, who informed me that he knew nothing of the meeting but would light up, which he did at once. Soon after Col. Warner came in, a few minutes later H. Rust arrived, which were all that I now remember. Before adjourning we concluded to hold an adjourned meeting a few evenings later in the council chamber in Temple block, provided the room could be obtained. We resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole to make the necessary arrangements. The room was secured, I had a notice of the meeting inserted in each of the city papers and also personally notified a number of persons. Gen. Mansfield also interested himself in getting an attendance. On the evening of November 1, 1883, in the city court room, old Temple block, the following named gentlemen met for the purpose of organizing a historical society: Col. J. J. Warner, H. D. Barrows, N. Levering, Gen. John Mansfield, Prof. J. M. Guinn, Maj. C. N. Wilson, Ex-Gov. J. G. Downey, Prof. Ira More, J. B. Niles, A. Kohler, Don Antonio F. Coronel, George Hansen, A. J. Bradfield, Maj. E. W. Jones and Prof. Marcus Baker. Col. J. J. Warner was elected president; Maj. C. N. Wilson, secretary. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and from that evening dates the beginning of the Historical Society of Southern California. Its proceedings since then are all of record.

# CAPT. ALEXANDER BELL AND THE "BELL BLOCK."

BY HENRY D. BARROWS.

[Read February 6, and March 6, 1893.]

As I saw in December of last year, (1892), the work of demolishing the historic "Bell Block" on the old corner of Aliso and Los Angeles streets, to make room for the foundations of a new brick block covering the former site and extending forty or fifty feet, or more, westward to the new line of Los Angeles street, a flood of reminiscences came over me of persons, events and episodes connected with that locality, in the olden time.

I first saw that historic landmark, (for it was one of the few two-story adobe buildings in this then one-story adobe town), in 1854; though it was built nine or ten years before. My old friend Elijah Moulton, who is still a resident of this city, tells me that Capt. Bell was building the block when he, Moulton, arrived here in the year 1845.

The early archives in the Recorder's office of Los Angeles county, show that Don Luis Vignes, the very earliest pioneer of the French colony, whom I remember well, sold a lot to Capt. Bell in 1844, "contiguous to the Zanja (water-ditch) and fronting the house of Senora Teodocia Saiz, which extended 95 varas on the east, 105 on the west; Los Angeles street, about 292 feet; 80 varas on the north, or about 222 feet on Aliso street, and 88 varas on its south side," or adjoining Dona Teodocia's place, which was where the "White House" now stands.

The deed, which is written in large, fair hand, in the Spanish language (probably by Don Ygnacio Coronel, father of Hon. A. F. Coronel), is acknowledged before "Manuel Requena, Alcalde I<sup>o</sup> constitucional: Jues de I<sup>o</sup> instancia, y presidente del Yl. <sup>o</sup> Ayuntamiento de la ciudad de Los Angeles, etc., Abril 1, 1844." It was witnessed by Casildo Aguilar and Juan Domingo; and a note was appended that the instrument was written on common paper for lack of stamped paper.

Exactly how long a time was consumed in building the Bell Block, or "Bell's Row" as it used to be called, I do not know. The two-story portion of the building only extended along the Aliso street front; and a part of the Los Angeles street front. The balance of the latter to the south consisted of a one-story row of stores, which were occupied by small dealers for many years.

The upper story on the corner and fronting Aliso street was long the residence of Capt. Bell, and also, for a considerable period, of Mr. Francis Mellus. I remember very well attending a grand ball given there by the Melluses, I think in 1855 or '56.



Of the few persons whom I can now recall as being present then, (I was a comparative stranger and had not made as yet many acquaintances,) I distinctly remember Don Juan Bandini, ancestor of the Bandinis of Southern California and a prominent historical character, who was a fine dancer and a very vivacious and distinguished personage. Most of the principal families of the Pueblo were present.

There was a spacious area back of the block which included a small flower garden, orangery, etc., near the zanja.

In the latter part of Capt. Bell's life, he sold portions of the south end of his lot to, I think, Mr. Heinsch, and perhaps others.

As the portion of the block which he retained came to need repairs, and as the march of improvement seemed to demand a better building, he was in doubt whether or not he would tear down the adobe and replace it with a brick block. But, as I suppose, his available means would not justify so expensive an undertaking, (brick blocks in Los Angeles cost more then than they do now,) he finally put up a brick facing around the adobe walls of his block and made other improvements costing, I believe, about \$12,000 or \$15,000.

Of the tenants who occupied the corner store in early times (this was then a central and very prominent corner,) there were the dry goods merchants, Lazard & Kremer, (both still living and still residents of Los Angeles) Lazard & Wolfskill, S. Lazard & Co., Lazard & Eugene Meyer (the latter now being manager of the London, Paris and American Bank of San Francisco;) Kalisher & Wartenburg, (both deceased;) and later, for a number of years, this corner was occupied as a butcher shop by the Sentous Bros.

When I first came to Los Angeles, I remember very well that one of the small stores of the one-story "Row" on Los Angeles street, some distance south of the corner, was occupied as a book and stationery store by two Hellman brothers, one of whom was the late I. M. Hellman, who afterwards had a large dry goods store in the "Arcadia or Stearns Block" on the opposite side of Los Angeles street; and who later built the block extending from Main to Los Angeles street, now occupied by the Crystal Palace store; the Schlessingers, and if I mistake not, Louis "Chino" Phillips, now of Spadra, used to do business in this Los Angeles street "Bell Row."

The wide space between the Bell Block on the east and the Stearns property on the west side of Los Angeles street, and the Coronel Block now demolished, between Sanchez street and Negro alley on the north, formed quite a large public square or area, which was the scene of many interesting events and episodes, first and last. For many years the city scales were located on this square where the farmers and teamsters used to come to weigh their hay, grain, brea, (asphaltum), etc.

Sheriff Getman was shot and killed on this square, near the foot of Negro alley; and the Chinese riot of the early 70's took place mostly on this square.

At the Bell corner some time in the 60's, I saw a shooting affray between Col. E. J. C. Kewen and a man by the name of Fred Lemberg, well known at the time by the sobriquet of the "Flying Dutchman."

The latter, who was a thoroughly peaceable man, though he did not fear the face of man or devil, was a son-in-law of old man Bors, the miller, who owned, and I believe built the mill which was located on the site of the distillery east of the river on Macy street.

Kewen and the Flying Dutchman had previously had some difficulty.

At this time they met on the sidewalk on the west side of Los Angeles street, near Commercial, in front of the store now occupied by J. B. Cohn. They apparently had some words, and soon came to blows; whereupon the Dutchman, who was a rather slightly built but muscular man, promptly knocked Kewen down. The latter jumped up and made for his antagonist, who again knocked him *hors du combat* on the dirt sidewalk. (We had no cement sidewalks here in those days.)

Lemberg then went about his business, going up Commercial street and Kewen came towards our store, (next to Foy's harness store) where he met my partner, John D. Hicks, and myself and Tom J. Wiggins of El Monte. The latter had a six-shooter in his belt, and Kewen begged Wiggins to let him have his pistol, for, said he in tragic tones, "He struck me!"

Those of us who knew both parties well, and who saw the whole transaction, were of the opinion that if he had given no provocation, he would not have been "struck." Hicks asked Kewen to go back to the hydrant, in the rear of the store, and wash off the blood on his face, which he did.

He then tried hard to borrow Wiggins' pistol, but without avail, then. But he subsequently obtained a pistol from somebody, and, later in the day, as Lemberg came down Commercial street, across Los Angeles street, and passed along by the "Bell Row" towards Aliso, Kewen, who it appeared had been on the watch for him, crossed over from John Jones' store (now Harrison & Dickson's) to the Bell corner, to head him off, where he opened fire on the Dutchman, who promptly returned the fusillade. There was a big post on the corner, on the edge of the sidewalk, and around this post the battle raged.

Bang, bang! shot after shot was fired, till at last Lemberg fell, having received a ball in the groin, I believe.

As he fell, I remember Hicks ejaculated with intense feeling, "Oh! that is too bad! too bad!" And we all felt that it was a sad commentary on our civilization that a citizen should be driven into a fight, and then shot down (and, as we then supposed, killed) in that way.

The wounded man was taken to the east end of Bell Block on Aliso street, or to the next building, where I believe he and his family lived, where, after some months, in mid-summer, his wound finally healed. I recollect seeing Kewen come in town from San Gabriel one day not long after, or before Lemberg had entirely recovered, in his buggy; and I noticed that he had a double-barreled shot-gun by his side; and he also had a man in the buggy with him. But Lemberg did not disturb him then or afterwards.

The German and other friends of Lemberg contributed funds to aid him to go to Arizona or Sonora, where he had some mines which he proposed to work.

On the way, and on the other side of the Colorado river, I believe, he was waylaid and killed by highwaymen or Indians.

Kewen, I think, was afterwards fined lightly by the court, and thus the affair ended.

#### CAPTAIN ALEXANDER BELL

Having thus given an account of the Bell Block, it may be of interest to tell, in the same connection, something about Capt. Bell himself, and incidentally of others who resided, or did business, in the Block, or otherwise were intimately connected with him.

Mr. Bell was a native of Washington county, Penn., where he was born January 9, 1801, the same year in which Ex-Gov. Pio Pico was born, who is still living.

In 1823, when 22 years of age, Mr. Bell went to Mexico where he engaged in trade about nineteen years, or till 1842, when he came *via* Guaymas and Mazatlan to San Pedro and to Los Angeles, at which latter place he resided till his death, July 24, 1871.

In 1844 he married Doña Nieves Guirado. Don Manuel Requena and Don Santiago Johnson, each married sisters of Mrs. Bell; and Don Rafael Guirado, father of Ex-Gov. Downey's first wife, was a brother of these three sisters. All of these persons are now deceased. I knew every one of them, some of them quite intimately, except Mr. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell were my "Compadres," that is they were "padrinos" of my eldest child, and therefore sustained towards me that exceedingly near and pleasant relation of "Compadre" and "Comadre," so common in all Spanish countries, but which is almost unknown among Anglo-Saxons or Anglo-Americans, and for which, I believe, there is no equivalent term in the English language.

Those terms of "comadre" and "compadre," and of "padrino," (God-father,) and "madrina," (God-mother,) as well as their correlative terms, "Ahijado." (God-son,) and "Ahijada," (God-daughter,) are terms of endearment which bind millions of families together all over the world,



where the Castilian language is spoken and the Catholic religion prevails.

The standing as "padrinos" or God-parents at the baptism of a child, theoretically supposes that the God-parents (as in the administration of the same symbolic rite in the Episcopal church,) will look after the religious training of the child, in case of the death or neglect of its natural parents.

But whether this theory is carried out from the religious standpoint or not, the tender relations of "padrinos" and "ahijados," i. e. between God-parents and God-children, and the ties,—only second in nearness and eventually in genuine affection, to those of blood-relationship—of "Compadres" between the real parents and the God-parents, are firmly and permanently established, only to be severed by the death of one or other of the parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell had no children of their own; but they stood as sponsors for the children of a great many other people, whereby they became the "compadres" of the latter, and the affectionate "padrinos," or "foster-parents" as it were, of the former.

Whenever the parents and God-parents met, the salutations would be, "compadre" or "comadre," as the case might be; and the greeting of God parents and God-children would be, "padrino" or "madrina," and "ahijado" or "ahijada."

These relationships are beautiful and tender, and add a wonderful charm to life in Spanish-Catholic communities, to which English-speaking communities, as a rule, are almost total strangers.

In Mexican times Mr. Bell had a store on Main street, where the St. Charles hotel now stands, the building then being a one-story adobe.

When I came here in 1854, Mr. and Mrs. Bell lived in a two-story frame house on the east side of Main street, north of Arcadia, which he afterwards sold to Seignoret. Whilst they lived on Main street, Mr. Francis Mellus resided in the Bell Block, which, meanwhile, and for a number of years, was known as the "Mellus Block," or "Mellus Row." I believe Mr. Mellus bought the block of Capt. Bell and then sold it back to him again.

At the time of the change of government, Mr. Bell became captain of an American military company; and he took part in the engagement with Carrillo and Flores, near the Lugo ranch. Afterwards he went with his company to San Diego. A portion of his men returning with Capt. Hensley's command, took part in the affairs of "Paso de Bartolo" and "La Mesa." Some of these men were: Victor Prudhom, H. C. Cardwell, Jose Mascarel, John Behn, Daniel Sexton and John Reed. All of these were citizens of

Los Angeles city or county, and all of them I knew. All are dead except Mr. Mascarel, and possibly Mr. Sexton, who, the last I knew of him, lived in San Bernardino county.

When Frémont was here the first time, he made his headquarters at Bell's Block ; and while there he gave a grand ball which was largely attended.

Capt. Bell was an ardent republican, and was one of the four Frémont presidential electors for California, in 1856.

Capt. Bell was the owner of "La Providencia" rancho, on a portion of which the town of Burbank is located. This rancho joined the ex Mission rancho of San Fernando ; but the line dividing the two, in the Mexican title papers, was not very clearly defined. The United States court appointed two commissioners, with authority, in case they could not agree, to select a third commissioner, to run this line. The two commissioners appointed by the court were Col. J. J. Warner and H. D. Barrows. Capt. Bell represented the "Providencia," and Gen. Andres Pico, half-owner, (with Eulogio de Celis of Spain) of the ex-Mission rancho of 120,000 acres, represented the latter.

We met many times ; went onto the ground when necessary ; but it seemed next to impossible to agree on any division line which would conform to the terms of the grant, and which, at the same time, would at all satisfy the claimants. The question of water was the chief point on which they would not agree.

Whilst the commissioners might have decided the matter arbitrarily, they preferred to exhaust every means possible, to secure the assent of both parties in interest, to their decision, before they made the same final. Each meeting would end in a hot discussion between the two claimants, always courteous but without practical results.

At last, Matthew Keller was chosen as the third commissioner, and after numerous meetings, a dividing line reasonably satisfactory to the representatives of the two big ranchos, was agreed upon, and was embodied in a report to the Court, which finally approved the same ; and I suppose, it is the one which is recognized as the boundary line to the present day.

Capt. Bell, in after years, sold the Providencia rancho to Dr. David Burbank of this city, who, I believe, still retains an interest in it ; though in the boom, the rancho, or a portion of it, was sold to a syndicate, and the town of Burbank was laid out, on the line of the Southern Pacific railway.

The contiguous ranchos were, on the west, the ex-Mission rancho ; on the north, public lands ; on the east, San Rafael and Los Felis ranchos ; and on the south the top of the range of hills east of Cahuenga Pass.

The rancho is a valuable one.

Capt. Bell, my "compadre," came to me, sometime in the sixties, and asked if I would serve as one of the administrators of his estate in case he were to name me as such in his will.

As I could give no very valid reason why I could not serve, if he really desired it, he had his will drawn up accordingly, and brought it to me to be deposited in our safe, as there were no banks or safe-deposit vaults in those days. Two or three times, as he sold real estate, (the southern portion of his block, or his house on Main street, or the Providencia rancho,) he came to me to get his will, to make the necessary changes required by such real estate sales.

He made these several wills, and what their provisions were, of course, I never knew, as those were matters that did not interest me. His final will, made just before his death in 1871, by Mr. Glassell, I think, appointed John G. Downey, Solomon Lazard and myself, as executors and trustees of the estate during the lifetime of Mrs. Bell; giving one undivided half of the property to his grand-nephew, Jas. H. Bell, the other half going by operation of law, to his wife.

The three executors of the will, after the death of Mr. Bell, qualified and served about a year, when Gov. Downey and Mr. Lazard resigned. I served about nine years. Mrs. Bell died a few years ago. Mrs. Trudell, formerly the wife of Henry Mellus, and her niece, took care of Mrs. Bell during the latter years of her life.

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In jotting down these desultory reminiscences of my old "Compadre," Capt. Bell, and his "Block;" memories of many other persons and scenes and episodes of the "olden times" have been awakened; but I will close with a brief mention, (condensed partly from Bancroft's Pioneer Register,) of the two Melluses, who came here as boys or young men, from Boston; both of whom afterwards became prominent and respected citizens of this place; Henry Mellus having been elected mayor of this city in 1860; and his brother, Francis, having been for years a leading merchant.

Henry Mellus came to this coast in 1835, with Dana before the mast, on the *Pilgrim*. In the census of the Pueblo, taken in 1836, his name was included and his age give as 26 years. In 1837-8 he visited the United States, but returned in 1839, and made his home chiefly in Los Angeles.

In 1845 Henry Mellus formed a partnership with Capt. D. M. Howard, and this firm became the most prominent firm in San Francisco, buying the Hudson Bay Co's property there in 1846, and building the first brick store in town, and established branches at San Jose, Los Angeles and Sacramento. He became the owner of many town lots and a very rich man.



In 1847 he married Anita, daughter of James (Santiago) Johnson of Los Angeles, and in 1848 he made a visit to the East; and on his return he had a stroke of apoplexy, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered.

In 1850 he sold his interest to the firm of Howard & Mellus, and went East. Subsequently he lost a portion of his wealth in unfortunate business enterprises.

In 1859 he returned and settled in Los Angeles. I remember he lived with his family in the west portion of the second story of the Temple Block, which old Johnny Temple had just built.

Henry Mellus was elected Mayor of Los Angeles in May of 1860, but died in office in December of the same year. He left a widow and several children. Mrs. Mellus afterward married J. B. Trudell.

"Henry Mellus," as Bancroft says, "was a man of remarkable business ability, of good character and of courteous and pleasing manners."

Francis Mellus was a native of Boston, and he came to this part of the world on the *California*, in 1839, when he was fifteen years of age, as a clerk of A. B. Thompson of Santa Barbara. At a recent meeting of this society Mr. J. Guinn read an interesting account of Frank Mellus' first visit to Los Angeles, derived from his own diary, kept for a number of years after he left Boston. From January, 1849, he was a partner with his brother, in the firm of W. D. M. Howard & Co., of San Francisco; and from 1850 to '56, with David W. Alexander, he had charge of a branch of the business at Los Angeles, where he thereafter became a permanent resident.

In 1852-3 he was County Treasurer; in 1854 he was a member of the City Council; and in 1855 he represented the County in the Legislature.

He died in 1863, leaving a widow, Doña Adelaida, (daughter of Santiago Johnson,) and seven children. Doña Adelaida, who is still a resident of this city, after the death of her first husband, married D. W. Alexander, who died not many years ago at Wilmington.

There are now many descendants of the two Mellus brothers residing in Los Angeles county.

# A HISTORY OF UNIVERSITY TOWN.

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

[Read Oct. 7, 1895.]

As the question of annexing the suburban towns of Vernon, Rosedale, Pico Heights and University to the city of Los Angeles, has this month been put to ballot, a brief history of the little town of University may be of interest. Especially as the annals of our Historical Society do not contain a record of the inception and growth of this thriving little town.

As there is some confusion in the minds of many regarding what constitutes the town of University, some thinking the whole University precinct belongs to the town, a short explanation may be in order. "University Tract," "University School District," and "University Voting Precinct" are not one and the same in the amount of territory, University town being the smallest in size. University School District includes a larger boundary and University Precinct covers an area of land about two and a half miles wide to about three miles long. It begins at the city limits and extends to what is called "Baldwin's Ranch," west of Western Ave., on the west, and on the north begins at Adams street and, including the Harper tract, extends to Vernon Ave., on the south. These are all situated in "Ballona township." There are two Justices of the Peace in Ballona township, one of whom has an office in University town.

"University," received its name from the fact that at this place the college known as the "University of Southern California," is situated. The town at first was called "University Place. As the town owes its beginning and name to the college, a brief reference to the origin of the school may be worthy of record.

Before any college or school is erected it must first be conceived of and plans matured for its future. The question naturally arises, who conceived the idea of planting a college at this point?

A history of its inception was given in an address delivered before the annual council of the University, June 22, 1886, by its President, Hon. R. M. Widney. In this address which was afterwards published in the "Minutes of the First Session of the Annual Council," Judge Widney says: "The University in its origin was wholly disconnected from all other educational

schemes. The plan upon which it is organized has been maturing since 1868. The Hon. Don. Abel Stearns had with the writer (R. M. Widney), nearly matured a plan to put Laguna Rancho, embracing some 11,000 acres adjoining Los Angeles city, into a building and endowment fund for a University. Just before he left Los Angeles for San Francisco he came to my office and said that upon his return we would proceed and see if it could be put into a satisfactory and safe educational work. While in San Francisco sickness came upon him and death took away a grand and powerful man, and the educational plan remained in abeyance until the University was organized."

This was in 1868, and about eleven years afterwards, in 1879, Judge Widney and a number of shrewd business men, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held meetings with a view to building a Methodist College or University in or near Los Angeles city. They had faith that Southern California was on the "eve of a great rise in real estate." They considered that the location of an institution of learning upon any tract of land would more than double in value and therefore the owner could, for business reasons, afford to donate at least one half.

Various offers were made by property owners in East Los Angeles, Boyle Heights, Temple Street and West Los Angeles. A majority of the trustees of the University were in favor of West Los Angeles, as the town site of University was called. In July 1879, 308 lots in West Los Angeles were deeded in trust to the Trustees for an endowment fund for the Methodist College. The present deed of trust "for the University school," was, on July 29, 1879, executed by Ex-Governor J. G. Downey, O. W. Childs and I. W. Hellman to A. M. Hough, J. P. Widney, E. F. Spence, M. M. Bovard, G. D. Compton and R. M. Widney. In addition to these lots about 40 acres of land was also donated by adjacent owners of land."

In 1880 it was decided to sell 30 of these lots for \$200 each. "The market value of these lots was about \$50, each," but according to Judge Widney, "friends purchased the lots for \$200 each." The money that accrued from the sale of these lots was used in the erection of a frame building. This building is now the Music Hall of the College. Immediately afterward 243 lots were offered for sale at \$200 each, payable \$50 in cash, balance in five yearly payments, with interest at the rate of ten per cent. per year.

Of the first building of the University on the campus it is recorded that, "the unfinished building in the midst of an unoccupied, uncultivated plain was a lonely looking object to those who only saw the present." This was in 1880. One good Methodist brother told me how he was lost and wandered around the desolate region one night, being unable in the darkness to guide



his horse in the proper direction. For here the wild mustard grew for miles with an almost uninterrupted growth, a veritable thicket.

In the Autumn of 1886 the present four story brick building of the University was finished. It was situated on Wesley Ave., between 34th and 36th streets. At that time the little college town called "University Place" began to look quite like a little village, situated as it was, about four miles south of the business part of Los Angeles, and not easily accessible, many strangers built homes in the town in order to send their children to college. When the brick building was erected it was during the days of the "boom" and there was also built a neat little M. E. Church one block south of the college. The town had become a post office town in 1883 under the name of "University Place." A horse car line running along on Wesley avenue made trips to the city every ten minutes running out as far as Agricultural Park, about one half mile south of the college. At the Park the County Fairs were held, as well as unnumbered horse races that were considered by the inhabitants, the only drawback to the college town.

In the course of time University was extended, LaDow School District was divided and one part was called "University School District." This district built a good two-story frame building just west of University tract.

During the boom lots had "gone up" in value. For a good lot near the school we were asked fifteen hundred dollars, when we moved to University.

Then came the collapse of the boom when realty depreciated, and, today, the figures of the real estate frenzy have not been reached in University, although lots are rapidly rising in value. The building of the Grand Avenue car line three quarters of a mile from University, on Jefferson street, gave some impetus to the town, but the building of the electric car line with its closed car service connecting University with the heart of the city (Second and Spring streets) in twenty-five minutes, instead of forty minutes on the horse car line, was of the greatest benefit. It was at this time that all the streets running east and west were numbered to correspond with the numbers of Los Angeles streets, those in University continuing the numbers beyond those of the city. When the town was laid out in streets they had been named in honor of Methodist Bishops. For the most part the community is composed of Methodists, although on account of the college privileges members of other denominations have built homes in it. There is also a growing number of non-church goers dwelling in the village. Each year the town grows more varied in its inhabitants, but the morality of the town has never been questioned. Like most University towns the community is above the average in its intellectual activities.

Heretofore University town has depended for water upon numerous wells pumped by windmills, but now the Pico Heights Water company has carried its pipes out to University. Fires are almost unheard of, and the question

of fires in connection with the water supply, causes no uneasiness.

There are several good business houses in the town and new ones building; an enumeration of the stores in University town shows a preponderance of some lines of trade with a scarcity of other lines of business that would be found in it but for its contiguity to the city of Los Angeles. There are five groceries, combining crockery and hardware departments in most of them, two butcher shops, one bakery, two drug stores, one dry goods and general merchandise, shoe store, ladies furnishing, book and news stand, two barber shops, one shoemaker's shop; one tailor shop, millinery, two delicacy shops, a postoffice, three real estate and insurance offices, a justice's office with a constable, and, a livery stable just outside University tract. There is one block of stores with rooms for lodges above the stores. There are six doctors including three surgeons and a dentist, not a block from the town line. In the southern part of the town at what is often called "Park Station" on Santa Monica avenue, is the Southern Pacific depot with telegraph office, Wells, Fargo & Co's express office, grain warehouse, lumber yard, and a hall used for public purposes, also a grain mill and a planing mill. These are not far from Agricultural Park, which contains a fine race track. The Redondo depot is about three fourths of a mile from the college buildings.

The University Courier is published in the interests of the school with a local column for the community, and a University printing office for job work is now a feature of the town.

The University Public School is a large two-story building that contains six rooms, now full of pupils. There are six teachers in this school.

The University school has a college academy and music school all on the college campus, with a dormitory and boarding school for young ladies. The only church that is situated in the town of University is the Methodist, but a new church has been built two blocks north of the town site, close to the Harper tract, it is a Baptist church.

The number of physicians living in University may cause some surprise until the fact is known that these physicians do not depend upon the town patronage as there is a large area of country around the town. The same may be said regarding the presence of two drug stores in so small a place.

# MEMORIAL SKETCH OF COL. J. J. WARNER.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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[Read May 6, 1895.]

Since the last meeting of our Society, one of its founders and its first president, and also one of the American founders of this commonwealth, has passed away. It is fitting that the Society should preserve in its archives some record of his life and work.

The data on which the following brief sketch is based, are derived mainly, first, from a pamphlet of some fifty pages, printed in 1882, (a copy of which accompanies this sketch) entitled, "The Warner Family in America;" second, from a valuable manuscript, unfinished, "Reminiscence of Early California, from 1831 to 1846, by J. J. Warner of Los Angeles," (a copy of which is promised to our Society by his daughter); third, from a short biographical sketch in "The Golden Era" for October, 1890;" fourth, from Bancroft's Pioneer Register, vol. v. pp 767-8, and fifth, from the personal recollections of the writer hereof, whose acquaintance with Col. Warner extended over a period of forty years.

Jonathan Trumbull Warner, (or Juan José Warner, his middle name being changed to José, as Trumbull was not easily pronounced in Spanish—and it had no equivalent in that language) was born November 20, 1807, in Lyme, Conn. His father was Selden Warner, a graduate of Yale college in 1782, and several times a member of the Connecticut Legislature; and his mother was Dorothy Selden, daughter of Col. Samuel Selden.

The first American ancestor of the Warner family of Connecticut was Andrew Warner, a son of John Warner of Hatfield, Gloucestershire, England. He came from there to Cambridge, Mass., in 1630, and to Hartford, Conn., in 1635. His descendants of the same name and of other names by marriage, in Connecticut and other parts of the United States, are very numerous. Col. Warner's maternal grandfather, Samuel Selden, who was also the maternal great-grandfather of the late Chief Justice Waite of the U. S. Supreme Court, was a Colonel in the Revolutionary army; and being ill, he fell into the hands of the British in New York upon its evacuation by Gen. Washington, and died there.

It is believed that he was the Major Selden who led a force of Connecticut militia at the battle of Bunker Hill. The Warner and Selden



families at a very early period, purchased vast tracts of land from the Indians, twelve or fifteen miles above the mouth of the Connecticut river on which some of their descendants have lived ever since.

Col. Warner was the youngest of nine children, the eldest of whom was the father of Mrs. Waite, widow of Chief Justice Waite, now a resident, with her daughter, of Washington city. Before his death, Chief Justice Waite and daughter visited Col. Warner. Later Mrs. Waite came with her daughter to visit her uncle. She also assisted him in collating and correcting the history of "The Warner Family" referred to above. It was the pleasure of the writer to be invited to ride through the San Gabriel valley with Col. Warner and Judge Waite and daughter on the occasion of the visit of the latter, who seemed greatly to enjoy seeing their uncle, as well as this, to them, new and strange land.

Col. Warner left home an invalid in the fall of 1830, at the age of 23, in search of a milder climate in which to pass the ensuing winter. He had no set purpose at the outset, of coming to California, but, as he himself says, in his reminiscences, he "was swept westerly by the strong and uninterrupted current of humanity flowing in that direction until I arrived in St. Louis in November, with improved health." Smith, Jackson & Sublette, who constituted the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, had just arrived at St. Louis from the rendezvous of the company on the Yellowstone river with a wagon train of furs, which (because it was the first of that kind that had ever arrived there, and because of the great quantity and value of the furs brought down) caused quite a sensation. The next spring he joined a trading expedition bound for Santa Fe. He was impelled to do this partly from the novelty of going to the mountains, and partly from the hope of further improvement in health. The expedition, which consisted of 85 men and 23 wagons; hauled by mules or oxen, reached Santa Fe July 4, 1831. On the 6th of September he left the latter place with a small party of eleven men, under Jackson, Waldo and Young, bound for far-distant California, taking with them five pack mules laden with Mexican silver dollars to purchase mules for the Louisiana market. The party traveled down the Del Norte river, passing Albuquerque and the other towns along the Rioabajo and by the Santa Rita copper mines, the abandoned Mission of San Javier de Tubac, Tucson, then a military post and small town, the Pima villages, etc., crossing the river Colorado a few miles below the mouth of the Gila, reaching San Diego via San Luis Rey, in the early part of November, and Los Angeles, December 5, 1831. Here he remained with one other man, whilst Jackson, with the rest of the party, went north as far as the Missions on the southern shores of San Francisco bay for the purpose of purchasing mules and horses; Jackson returned in March with only 500 of the former and 100 of the lat-

ter, instead of 1500 or 2000 animals which he had expected to have secured. In May, the party which was to have returned East, embracing most of the men who came with Young and Jackson, left camp on the Santa Ana river with these animals, for the Colorado river, where they arrived in June and found the river, bank full. With great difficulty, and after twelve days of incessant toil in the burning sun of that locality and with considerable loss of animals from drowning and other casualties, the mules and horses were swum to the opposite shore; and Jackson, with about thirty men, proceeded East with them; whilst Young, Warner and three others of the party returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. Warner, with Young and a small party went on a hunting expedition on the Coast in the summer of 1832; and during the succeeding fall and winter, he was one of a party of fourteen who hunted beaver in Central and Northern California and Oregon. He finally settled down in Los Angeles in 1834, where for some time he engaged in merchandizing. His store was on Main street, between the present site of the St. Elmo hotel and Downey block.

It was here that an exciting episode occurred in 1838. A force of some fifteen Californians were sent down from Monterey to arrest and take north the Pico brothers and José Antonio Carrillo. These soldiers came to Mr. Warner's store and demanded to know where the Picos were, to which he replied that he knew nothing of their whereabouts; but they apparently suspected, but without cause, that one or both of the brothers were about his premises, one of the soldiers remarking that he, Warner, ought to be arrested and put in the guard-house. Warner immediately stepped back to an adjoining room and brought to the front a double-barreled shot-gun and asked the crowd where the man was who wanted to take him to the guard-house. No further attempt was then made to molest him; but shortly afterward, several of the soldiers gained entrance to his store and seized him unawares, and in his attempt to break away, he dropped his gun, thus leaving him unarmed. After further struggles to free himself, and an attempt by another man to shoot him with a pistol, he wrenched the pistol from his assailant, when he was struck with a broadsword across the arm, breaking the bone, whereupon William and John Wolfskill, who were working near by, rushed to Warner's rescue, William seizing his rifle and snapping it at one of the ruffians, but it did not go off. This demonstration caused the soldiers to desist from further attack, and Warner begged Wolfskill not to shoot, and so the incident ended.

In 1837 Mr. Warner married Anita Gale at the Mission San Luis Rey. Miss Gale was the daughter of Capt. Wm. A. Gale of Boston, who brought her to California when five years old and placed her in the family of Doña

Eustaquia Pico, widowed mother of Gov. Pio Pico, where she remained as a daughter and sister till her marriage. She died in Los Angeles April 22, 1859. There are three children living from this union.

In 1840-41 Col. Warner visited the Atlantic States, going and returning by way of Mexico. He delivered a lecture at Rochester, N. Y., in which he urged the building of a railroad to the Pacific, he being the pioneer advocate of this great national enterprise, though Stephen Whitney laid claim in after years, to that honor.

In 1843 he moved to San Diego, and, in 1844, having been previously naturalized as a Mexican citizen, he was grantee of *Agua Caliente*—widely known as "Warner's Ranch," where he lived with his family some thirteen years, or until he was driven off by an uprising of the Indians. In 1846 Col. Warner was the confidential agent of Consul Larkin for the United States. He was a State Senator from San Diego county in 1851-2, and a member of the Assembly from Los Angeles county in 1860. He settled in Los Angeles in 1857, where he resided permanently the remainder of his life. In 1858 he commenced the publication of the "Southern Vineyard" newspaper, at first as a weekly, and afterwards as a semi-weekly. Our co-member, Mr. Oscar Macy, was the foreman of his printing office, which was located in the adobe building that formerly stood on the site of the present Phillips block on Main street. Col. Warner was a warm supporter in his paper of Douglas for the Presidency. Till the breaking out of the civil war, he had always been a democrat. In this county, at that time, the democratic party, which was largely in the majority, was divided into two factions, the "Rosewater" party, led by J. Lancaster Brent, a very astute lawyer and politician, who afterwards went south and joined the Confederate army; and the "Plug Uglies" or "Short Hairs," the leader of which was the late Gov. Downey, who, though his faction was in the minority, in the local convention, secured in the State convention, the nomination as lieutenant-governor, to which office he was elected in 1859, and, as Milton S. Latham the governor, immediately on assuming office was elected United States Senator, Downey became governor. Col. Warner, both personally and in his paper, very efficiently supported Downey in his canvass. The contest in that political campaign, was extremely bitter. The county convention met in the United States court room, north of the Plaza, since demolished, which belonged to Downey; but it split wide open, or into two conventions, on organization. E. C. Parrish, still a resident of this county, was chairman of the "Brent convention," which claimed to have a majority of the regular delegates; and Wm. G. Ross, afterwards shot by Charley Duane in San Francisco, was chairman of the "Downey convention."

I remember as an independent outsider, I gave the San Francisco *Bulle-*



in a sort of free lance, and I suppose somewhat ribald account of the convention which made both Col. Warner and Gov. Downey very angry and the former pitched into me in his paper, somewhat rancorously, and for some time after, neither of them liked me ; but they both got over it, and we became, and remained till their death, good friends.

The war made Col. Warner a strong Union man ; loyal democrats and republicans formed the "Union party," which included all voters who were not "secessionists." When the war closed Downey and others returned to the democratic party, whilst Warner and other northern democrats thereafter affiliated with the republican party. At one period of the war Col. Warner was appointed Provost Marshal. He was a notary public in this city some fifteen years until his resignation in 1885 on account of failure of eyesight. He was joint author with Judge Benj. Hayes and Dr. J. P. Widney of the (1876) Centennial "Historical Sketch of Los Angeles county," a valuable publication, but now out of print ; his contribution covering the period from 1771 to 1847. He is recognized as one of the best authorities on early California history, and especially of the trading and trapping expeditions which entered the Territory whilst it was yet a province of Mexico. The unfinished manuscript reminiscences referred to above, contain much reliable and valuable data concerning these expeditions.

With a clear memory and a remarkable capacity for straight, logical thinking to the last, he was a veritable cyclopedia of early local annals, as well as of information on most subjects of human interest. Although modest and undemonstrative in his demeanor, he was a man of many sterling qualities and of a high order of intelligence. He made no claim or pretense to prominence, historically or otherwise, because, as he has himself said, "he had not figured in any great event upon which important changes in the government or geography of the country had hinged."

In person Col. Warner was tall and, till the infirmities of age caused him to stoop, erect, being six feet and three inches high, from which fact he was known as "Don Juan Largo" by many of the native Californians. The title of Colonel by which he was familiarly called for so many years, was not an official one, but was popularly bestowed on him partly as a compliment, and partly, it has been said, because of his prowess on a memorable occasion when his ranch was raided by a band of hostile Cahuilla Indians, numbering nearly three hundred. He had received warning and removed his family, and when attacked, demoralized his immediate assailants by killing four of the leaders, and effecting his escape on horseback during the panic which ensued.

When the Indians approached, there were several horses saddled and ready for instant mounting, and there were loaded weapons in readiness for

the attack, which was expected. When Col Warner went to the rear door of his house to look for his horses, he was greeted with a shower of arrows from two hundred Indians; only one horse was left and an Indian was untying that. A shot from Warner's unerring rifle put a stop to his movements. Two other Indians renewed the attempt to get away with the horse. They both fell beside the first. This so demoralized the Indians that Col. Warner was enabled to untie the horse, and strap two rifles and his pistols to the saddle preparatory to his escape. Tying a crippled Mulatto boy, servant of an army officer in San Diego, who had been sent to him for the benefit of the hot springs on his rancho, to the horse behind the saddle, Col. Warner mounted and rode away before the Indians had recovered sufficiently to again assume the aggressive. On reaching a village of friendly Indians, where his vaqueros (herdsmen) were quartered, he sent the boy on to San Diego, and gathering a band of his own men, he rode back to the rancho, where he met a stout resistance from the Indians, who, in overwhelming numbers, were luxuriating in the spoil of six thousand dollars worth of merchandise which he had in his store; and, as his own men could not be depended upon to keep up the fight he was compelled to ride away to San Diego and abandon his property to the hostile savages.

In looking back, from the standpoint of the present generation, one cannot help but admire that heroic first group of Argonauts who "blazed the way," as it were, to those far distant, and then almost unknown land bordering on that Pacific Ocean, or, as it was known to early English navigators, the "South Seas." This earliest group of pioneers, mostly Americans, who came about, (that is before or a little after) the year 1830, have, I believe, every one passed away, except Alfred Robinson, leaving very few indeed of the second group, who came a little before or a little after 1840. Of the former, I personally knew William Wolfskill, John Temple, Abel Sterns, Samuel Prentice, Michael White, Louis Vignes, John Domingo, J. J. Warner, Capt. Cooper, David Spence, J. P. Leese, Samuel Carpenter, John Ward, etc., and of the latter, William Workman, John Rowland, Francisco Temple, John R. Wolfskill, (still living,) Dr. Richard S. Den, Stephen Smith (of Bodega,) Jos. P. Thompson (living in San Francisco,) John Reed, B. D. Wilson, Henry and Francis Mellus, D. W. Alexander, Alexander Bell, etc.

Some of these I knew very well; and I have thought of contributing to the records of this society, brief sketches of each one of them including some personal recollections of each. For, as may be readily imagined, men who could traverse an untraversed continent, or come 15,000 miles or more by water to find a home and help found a State, must have been strong characters, whose lives were worth recording, whose memories are worth preserving. How few of the present generation have the standing to endure all the appall-

ing hardships which were endured by the earliest settlers of California, whether Americans or Spaniards.

During the latter part of Col. Warner's life, his sight failed till he became totally blind with this exception he enjoyed good health, both physical and mental, till the last. His home in this city for many years was located where the Burbank Theater now stands. In 1887 he moved to the University district, just outside of and south west of the city. Here, with his daughter Mrs. Rubio, and with his grandchildren, he lived till his death, which occurred April 11, 1895. Here, near his friend and "Padrino," Gov. Pio Pico to whom he gave shelter and asylum in his old age and misfortunes, his last years were cheered by the memories which each could recall of a friendship that had existed for more than sixty years, and of a history of California, covering that period, which they themselves had helped to make.



# FROM ARIZONA TO CALIFORNIA IN THE EARLY '70s.

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BY P. W. DOONER.

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[Read July 1, 1895.]

After experiencing the vicissitudes of frontier journalism in Arizona for a few years I found myself on board the California bound stage at the town of Prescott, in the month of April, 1872. My fellow-passengers for California were two disappointed mining operators and a very clever and enterprising gentleman who represented the United States in the capacity of Indian Agent for the Mojave Indians.

Those were the days of Indian raids, and our path led through many defiles and passes that were then, and I have no doubt are still, marked by the humble little stone heaps or mounds that overlie the final resting places of those of the Argonauts of the '60s and '70s who fell before the arrows or bullets of the savage Apache Indian of that period.

The Arizona stage of those days was a sort of improvised battery, and in our case the armament consisted of four repeating rifles carried obliquely across the laps of the inmates so that two muzzles should protrude from each side door. In addition to these more formidable weapons there was one revolver to each passenger and two or more of these latter were disposed about the person and seat of the driver.

Thus equipped for war we took our departure from one of the prettiest towns, in one of the most charming locations anywhere in the West, and were soon whirling away behind four spirited horses that were guided by a professional driver of the old school, whose peculiar skill seemed to consist in a rare ability to have his stage forever upon the point of capsizing without once involving the threatened catastrophe.

But it must not be inferred that our armament was by any means a mere ostentatious display. It was only a few months prior to the date of our journey that the tragedy which has gone down to history as the "Wickenburg Massacre" was enacted upon the route over which we were to pass within the next succeeding twenty-four hours, and that event was the third of a series of successful Indian raids upon travelers by this road within the period of eighteen months, or thereabouts.

This was the particular tragedy in which the California-bound stage with seven passengers was attacked by a band of hostile Apache Indians,

resulting in the death of four persons, among whom was Frederick Loring, a young Bostonian of extraordinary promise in the world of letters, as well as a man of very distinguished presence and most fascinating address. He had lately graduated from Harvard and was returning home after a protracted outing across the continent when he became a passenger by the ill-fated stage. The atrocity of this massacre sent such a thrill of horror through the country that it was, in all probability, the immediate cause of the inauguration of the new policy of force that soon thereafter culminated in the complete and permanent subjugation of the hitherto unsubdued Apache. And thus, however deplorable his loss and the manner of his death, Fred Loring had not lived and died in vain.

It will thus be understood that the measures which were taken to defend our conveyance were presumably necessary, and besides this they had the sanction of custom and were the usual precautions observed by travelers to secure their safety over this route in those turbulent times.

But our party was one of the fortunate ones, for our stage ran the gauntlet without any adventure save a small panic occasioned by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of the party which, of course, suggested an attack until the incident was hurriedly explained.

But notwithstanding the safe arrival of our conveyance beyond the most westerly hostile outpost toward the afternoon of the third day, it was still a great relief to look upon the turbid waters of the Colorado river at the town of Ehrenberg, a few hours later, and to feel that we were about to enter a Land of Promise. It was at this place that we bade good-bye to Dr. Tanner, the Indian Agent; and before I dismiss the Doctor, this evening, I will give his estimate of the "Noble Red Man" of the reservation as a reasonable or reasoning animal. Replying to my inquiry in this particular I was requested by the Doctor to draw my inference from his narrative, which was briefly as follows: The Indian Bureau had suggested the placing of the Yuma and the Mojave Indians upon a single reservation located in the traditional territory of the Mojaves; but the strong opposition of the Mojaves, in council, invariably thwarted this economic purpose. Upon being questioned by the Agent as to the nature of the deliberations of the Mojave Council that resulted in such sturdy opposition, the Chief gravely stated that the Yumas were not any braver than squaws, and that if they should be brought to the Mojave reservation they would be sure to fall into the river and that the brave Mojaves would have to go into the water to pull them out. And so, to maintain this position the Mojaves held themselves ready to revolt.

The traveler who at the present time crosses the Colorado desert in a palace car and yet breathes out invective against the zephyrs that agitate its atmosphere, (as I am reliably informed that some of them have been known

to do,) because those breezes are a trifle sultry, is, I fear, a most degenerate production of our modern pampered civilization. In those pre-railroad days of which I speak the tourist was dragged slowly across this sandy expanse at a rate of progression by which the hours of the railroad train were almost lengthened into days—and the traveler of that heroic period didn't grumble about it either, but calmly, at least, if not coolly, submitted to the desiccating process; and those travelers were not always of the male sex either, for women were frequently passengers by the trans-desert stages of those days, and they were never the first to betray a lack of fortitude under the hardships or dangers incident to the journey.

Toward the close of our first day hitherward from the Colorado river we reached Chucawalla. Chucawalla was then, and is now I believe, a station where refreshments and lodging are supposed to be furnished. The place was just about as classic in its surroundings as the jingle of its name would suggest. We came upon the scene at a moment when all the indications pointed to a recent domestic calamity. We were informed by the driver that the occupant was blessed by an Indian wife, taken according to Indian rites, and that unhappy differences of opinion had agitated the domestic hearth within the period of twenty-four hours, which had deprived the establishment of its mistress, and which would materially affect the accommodations of the place. A notice which had just been posted in a conspicuous place upon the outer front wall of the family hut gave the only other information that we could gather concerning the family trouble. This was scrawled in plain but uncouth letters—Roman and Script intermixed—and was carefully copied into my diary. It reads as follows:

"Notice:—An oldish squaw about 30 ; blind in one eye—the left one ; a slight halt in one leg ; a thoroughbred. She has abandoned the ranch, and anyone who will get her back will receive two sacks of mezquite beans."

We were detained here for some four hours, and up to the time of our departure no person had come to claim the proffered reward.

From Chucawalla westward was the usual desert journey, undisturbed by incident, but still an experience that must have been undergone in order to be appreciated. No words can convey an adequate conception of the desolation of the mid-desert region. The stillness and silence are unbroken by any motion or sound except it be the vibration of the palpitating air under the torrid heat, or the voice of the driver as he urges the weary mules to renewed exertion. In one direction the view is swallowed up in the mirage, or exhausts itself over an endless expanse of sand, and in the opposite direction a reddish-brown sandstone bluff rims the horizon. But indigenous life there is none at all—nothing but sky and sand and sweltering heat. One might reasonably suppose that the twilight hour would bring some relief



from the oppressive heat, but, while the temperature of the night may have been much lower than that of the day there was always some compensating influence in the atmosphere of the night that made such change hardly, if at all, perceptible. The night breeze, if such there happened to be, was invariably so warm as to make it much more comfortable to screen the face from its contact than to invite exposure to its biting influence; while, in a calm, the constant radiation of heat from the burning sands of the preceding hours of day maintained the atmosphere at a temperature always above the normal heat of the human body.

In the first week of May, 1872, we arrived at Los Angeles and were duly delivered over to mine host of the Bella Union, Dr. J. B. Winston. Only about twenty-three years have elapsed, and yet the transformation of Los Angeles is the evolution of a great, populous city, instinct with business and industrial energy, from a mere business corner centered at the little plaza in front of Temple Block. There was then practically no city west of Hill street or south of Fifth street, and the outlying habitations within these limits were quite suburban. The entire hill districts of the city, in whatsoever direction, were the homes of the squirrel, the rabbit and the burrowing owl. The dreamer had not yet slumbered whose sanguine visions were thereafter to take form in the cities of Pasadena and Santa Monica and Pomona and Santa Ana. The erstwhile mound that raised its summit where our magnificent Courthouse building now stands was still crowned by the ocean sediment with which it emerged from the ancient sea. Broadway came to an abrupt termination in a bluff at a point between First and Franklin streets, while almost immediately above the line of the southerly sidewalk on Temple street there arose the crest of a ridge to nearly the same elevation as the present site of the Bradbury residence. The intervening gulch or ravine having been filled in by the demolition of this ridge is now the site of shapely residences that give forth no hint of the foundation upon which they rest.

And now when we contemplate the future, and see in the distance the archæologist of the fiftieth century excavating at this point and turning up the tons of broken china and refuse kitchen and household utensils that were dumped into that ravine some twenty-five or thirty years ago, we are prepared to prefigure his report: He has unearthed the ancient city that was destroyed by the northern invaders in the dreadful sack and pillage of 1846. But as I do not wish to further anticipate the scientific gentleman of A. D. 5000 I will leave him to finish his great work upon this plan.

Of course no archæologist of the future can possibly fall into any such grave and ludicrous error if the City of Los Angeles, or the County of Los Angeles, or if both of these municipal bodies combined will take immediate action in the matter of furnishing suitable permanent quarters for the museum and records of the Historical Society; and we should see to it that this purpose be persistently urged, not merely as a matter of expediency, but as an urgent necessity to preserve the truth of history.

# SHIP BUILDING AT THE SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

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BY FRANK J. POLLEY.

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[Read March 4, 1895.]

The fact that a ship was constructed at San Gabriel and carried in pieces to San Pedro; there placed in position and properly launched, is generally overlooked in treating of the achievements by the mission fathers. The historians have almost nothing on the subject and the data left by old pioneers is distressingly meagre. The construction of this ship marked the beginning of a new era in Southern California's prosperity which later on many circumstances conspired to defeat.

The first ship ever constructed on the southern shores of the Pacific was built by the Jesuit Father Ugarte in 1719. A ship was needed for the coast survey. After traveling many miles in the mountains suitable timber was found at last. Its transportation to the coast presented difficulties considered almost insurmountable. Father Ugarte's ship for a time became a matter for joke. But his energy overcame all obstacles. He had the timber felled, hewn and dragged to the coast and there built a ship which he named the Triumph of the Cross. The recollection of this fact may have stimulated the priests of San Gabriel to a like achievement.

Father Sanchez was a priest of great executive ability. When called to San Gabriel the lowering clouds of secularization were in the sky, but the revenues and assets of the mission were still prosperous and in the present, the probabilities of the future were dismissed. The lands were well tilled, the stock had multiplied and the trade with coasting vessels had furnished a handsome profit for all concerned. The energy and executive ability of Father Salvidea, his predecessor in office, had given an impetus to the work at the San Gabriel Mission and Father Sanchez, if he was desirous of perpetuating his own fame, must have realized that it would be incumbent upon him to divide the honors by the origination of some plan that would direct a new channel of wealth to the mission coffers. The mission fathers by means of the coasting vessels and travelers, kept well informed of occurrences on the coast. There were large numbers of otter and they knew the business had already proven profitable at Clemente and Catalina Islands. In the journals of Father Peña and Crespi the Indians are described as dressing in the skins of the otter and the pelts seem to have been put to many uses by

the Indians. The old adobe owned by the mission fathers and situated on the San Pedro bluffs was then in a good state of preservation and was used as a warehouse. It would be a source of great financial gain to the mission if the warehouse could be filled with otter skins instead of hides and tallow. There was no question but that the supply of otter would not last long. Reports were current at Monterey and in the North of the reckless slaughtering of these valuable animals. About this time a small vessel had been built and launched near Santa Barbara for the purpose of engaging in this trade. Little is known of her. Practical shipwrights were exceedingly scarce on the Pacific Coast in the thirties. The Indians had no knowledge of the details of ship building. Many Indians were then on the main land who had formerly lived upon the islands. The early missionaries report them as possessing large canoes capable of holding a dozen or more, but though clever in many things they had not yet acquired the skill of constructing sailing vessels.

For nearly a year the matter of the ship must have been in abeyance at the San Gabriel Mission. Joseph Chapman was then living there doing odd jobs as a man of all work. He, alone, of all men there, seems to have been the only practical shipwright. After a remarkable career and an adventurous life he had apparently settled down to steady employment. He was married; had a family, and was especially fitted for the work in hand.

It is said a launch was constructed in 1824 at San Francisco by an Englishman. The Russians certainly brought their own boats and what the Californians had used previous to this time came from Mexico or were purchased from the Russians and Americans.

Los Angeles had a population of 1300 and ranked among the first towns in the state, but as a rule the people did not belong to the working class. The Spanish colonists did not come here with a desire to work. The Indians could do only menial tasks and the soldiers very seldom engaged in labor. The Indians regarded both them and their guns with a superstitious reverence and it was hardly consistent with their role of superior beings to be seen engaged in daily toil. Dana's indictment of the California people is well known to be true. He says—"as a rule they were shiftless; they had grapes and paid high prices for Boston wines; they had hides and paid exorbitantly for shoes made from California skins that had twice been around the Horn." Robinson and, in fact, all other travelers, bear testimony to substantially the same facts.

At the missions the priests produced some remarkable results though in the line of manufactured articles but little of the Indian work has come to us of any special value. The American element was just making itself felt at this time. They were slowly settling on large tracts of land, were marrying into good families, and becoming of social and political importance. Joseph



Chapman, especially, seems to have fallen into good hands. From the time of his capture among the Bouchard pirates he had had friends in the state. He was a favorite with Father Sanchez who kept him quite regularly employed at the mission posts. Being a sailor he was a jack of all trades and was the very man for the priest's purposes. Father Sanchez was, doubtless, stirred to renewed activity from the fact that shortly before this there had been much talk about secularization. The trading instinct in him had led to some peculiar transactions; as the result of which he had been charged with smuggling. Though not convicted he had felt chagrined and had asked for a pass to retire from the country only to be refused. All these matters made his tenure at the mission of uncertain duration; and meanwhile the slaughter of the otter meant their ultimate extermination; the small vessel built at Santa Barbara also meant opposition to the plans of the friar so from now on the project of a vessel to be used in otter hunting was pushed with all his characteristic energy.

Timber was available in the mountains. The priests were thoroughly conversant with every cañon and trail for miles around the mission. Indians were to be had in plenty for the labor of transportation, but it was important that the vessel when built should be manned by men experienced both as mariners and sailors. Prior Laughlan and Yount, who had recently come to Los Angeles, answered these requirements. The exact place from which the timbers were taken will, perhaps, always be a source of uncertainty. Tradition points to a number of such, but strict investigation is apt to dispel all theories. It was certainly a custom to cut large sticks of timbers in the mountains, haul them overland and by turning the logs from time to time partially smooth and plane them during the hauling. Some of the rafters in the San Fernando Mission were treated in this manner. It is also on record that on Christmas eve in 1828 or 9 the brig Danube of New York, with a party of twenty-eight men, dragged her anchors in San Pedro bay during a south-easter and went ashore a total wreck. The party were taken to the house of Antonio Rocha and doubtless some of these men were available for the project of Father Sanchez.

It is certain that Samuel Prentice afterwards was in the otter hunting scheme and at his death was buried on Catalina Island. Some of the older fishermen now engaged at the Island remember the otter hunting in the olden times, but the grave of Prentice is lost forever. The timbers and derelict of the brig Danube must have afforded material for Chapman and Father Sanchez. The most careful gleaning of history, memoirs and manuscripts will only yield vague rumors and isolated facts about the San Gabriel ship yard but it seems certain that the vessel was not completed for more than a year, and perhaps two, after this storm. It is also in evidence that parties from Santa Barbara visited San Pedro to gather material from the wreck.

Merchants who visited the coast in these years noted the schooner's construction and the wide spread interest it excited. Such an event would, doubtless, attract much attention. The men were a nation of riders who thought nothing of a trip from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles and doubtless there was not an idle cavalier in Southern California who had not interested himself in the acts of these Americans and the project of the Mission fathers.

Invitations were issued long before the expected launch took place. There is nothing in the California records about the license to trade; but it was a necessary prerequisite and if the difficulties experienced by those in Santa Barbara be a criterion, it dispels the mysterious delay in the construction and launching of the San Gabriel ship. The elaborate studies by Blackman in relation to the new institution of Spain have opened up a maze of errors, difficulties and senseless rules by which Spain crippled the domestic commerce of her colonies. Smuggling was fast becoming so fashionable that stringent measures were necessary for protection of revenue.

As before intimated Father Sanchez being there under the ban of suspicion and former associations, doubtless experienced all the vexatious trials and delays of the law. At Santa Barbara the governor stopped work on the vessel until a proper permit was obtained. After several weeks' delay this was granted; then more delays, and by the end of the year a license to trade was issued but with the restriction that it be only for one year, six men to constitute a crew and more than one-half of these must be Mexicans. Before even this permit could be granted it required several months' correspondence with the authorities in Mexico.

Our historians seem to have over-looked data for Father Sanchez' vessel. Bancroft does not know her name and in the three places she is mentioned the tonnage is given as 6, 60 and 99 tons. Col. Warner has about three lines devoted to its history. It is all the more surprising since it was a cause celebra as the first vessel of any importance to be launched in the Southern California waters. Father Sanchez did not live to see the vessel launched. Mission troubles bore heavily upon the old priest and his sudden death cut short his ambitious plans, but as the time drew near for the launch the vessel was taken to pieces and great carts were prepared for its overland transportation to the water. Invitations had been sent far and wide to guests. The carts used by the Californians were drawn by oxen and were rough, heavily made structures. The ordinary ones in use at the time consisted of a frame or platform about five feet by twelve set on a rough axle and a pair of wheels. These wheels were sawn from a solid block of wood two or three feet in diameter. They were about ten inches in thickness at the centre and tapered down to about five inches at the rim where they were sometimes bound with tires but more generally not. The yoke was fastened across the foreheads of the animals by means of raw-hide thongs placed below the horns. There were

generally outriders to such carts. The men mounted their fiery horses, swung their reatas and beat and urged on the oxen with loud cries. Probably in this manner the long, dusty miles from San Gabriel to the port were accomplished. The details of the launch rest upon the authority of Alfred Robinson who had received an invitation and was present. In his "Life in California" he says: "A launch was to take place at San Pedro—the second vessel ever constructed in California. She was a schooner of about 60 tons that had been entirely framed at San Gabriel and fitted for subsequent completion at San Pedro. Every piece of timber had been fitted thirty miles from the place and brought down to the beach on carts. She was called the Guadalupe in honor of the patron saint of Mexico and as the affair was considered quite an important era in the history of the country many were invited from far and near to witness it.

"Her builder was a Yankee named Chapman who had served his apprenticeship with a Boston ship builder. He was one of a piratical cruiser that attacked Monterey at which time he was taken prisoner and had lived in the country ever since. From his long residence he had acquired a mongrel language. English, Spanish and Indian being so mingled in his speech that it was difficult to understand him. Although illiterate, his ingenuity and honest deportment had acquired for him the esteem of the Californians and a connection in marriage with one of the first families of the country. Father Sanchez of San Gabriel used to say Chapman could get more work out of the Indians in his unintelligible tongue than all the mayor domos put together. I was present on one occasion when he wished to dispatch an Indian to the beach at San Pedro with his ox wagon, charging him to return as soon as possible. His directions ran somewhat in this manner: "Ventura! Vamos! trae los bueyes go down to the playa and come back as quick as you can puede."

San Pedro today is not so lively a place as it must have been at the time of this launch. On all important occasions crowds flocked to the beach, and Robinson describes the busy scenes both on sea and shore when vessels were in the harbor,—Boats flying to an fro; men, women and children crowding the docks, lining the bluffs and all taking in the general excitement; there were loaded crafts along the beach; men and Indians busily employed in their various duties; groups of individuals seated around little bon-fires upon the ground; there were horsemen rocing their animals over the plains. Thus the hours were spent, some arriving and some departing. Until long after sundown the dusty road leading across the plain to Los Angeles appeared a living panorama. After the launch had been successfully accomplished the vessel made a number of trips for otter.



Col. Warner saw her many times lying in the roadstead, but it is not known where she was finally wrecked, although the event happened only a few years after her launch.

The festivities at San Pedro and the first vessel of any importance ever constructed on the California coast, have passed away, and a cause celebre is now almost a myth in our local annals. The facts supposed to be known are: The vessel was named *Guadaloupe*; she was owned by the San Gabriel mission; built under the supervision of Joseph Chapman; constructed at San Gabriel, and about 1831 launched at San Pedro. Everything connected with this curious event in our forgotten local annals, when severally studied, is strongly dramatic. The advent of Chapman from Bouchard's pirate ship; his subsequent marriage, naturalization and employment as utility man at the mission; the wreck of the brig "*Danube*;" the struggle of Father Sanchez with mission troubles and ship building; the enlisting of the American pioneers in the labor of construction; the cartage to the beach and festivities among the populace; and, last scene of all, the wreck of the boat.

Every one of the pioneers, from Chapman to Prentice, made his mark on the history of our country, and, although the historians have sadly neglected this abortive attempt at domestic shipping, it is certain that its many scenes lingered long in the memories of our old pioneers, and by piecing together such narratives as are accessible, the faint outline of the story has been presented in the hopes that later research and more general interest in these matters may lead to the discovery of live matter with which to rehabilitate this antique historic skeleton.

# THE PLAN OF OLD LOS ANGELES

AND THE STORY OF ITS HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

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BY J. M. GUINN.

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[Read December 2, 1895.]

The history of the founding of our American cities shows that the location of a city, as well as its plan, is as often the result of accident as of design. Neither chance nor accident entered into the selection of the site, the plan, or the name of Los Angeles. All these had been determined upon years before a colonist had been enlisted to make the settlement. The Spanish colonist, unlike the American backwoodsman, was not free to locate on the public domain wherever his caprice or his convenience dictated.

The Spanish poblador (founder or colonist) went where he was sent. He built his pueblo after a plan designated by royal reglamento and decreed by the laws of the Indies. His planting and his sowing, the size of his fields and the shape of his house lot, were fixed by royal decree. He was a fief, a dependent of the crown. The land he lived on was not his own, except to use. If he failed to cultivate it, it was taken from him and he was deported from the colony.

The pueblo plan of colonization did not originate with the Spanish-American colonists. It was older even than Spain herself. In early European colonization, the pueblo plan—the common square in the center of the town, the house lots grouped around it, the arable fields and the common pasture lands beyond, appears in the Aryan village, in the ancient German mark, and in the old Roman praesidium. The Puritans adopted this form in their first settlements in New England. Around the public square or common, where stood the meeting house and the town house, they laid off their home lots, and beyond these were their cultivated fields and their common pasture lands. This form of colonization was a combination of communal interests and individual ownership. Primarily, no doubt, it was adopted for protection against the hostile natives, and secondly, for social advantage. It reversed the order of our own western colonization. The town came first, it was the initial point from which the settlement radiated; while with our own western pioneers the town was an afterthought—a center point for the convenience of trade.

The plaza is a an essential feature in the plan of all Spanish-American towns. It is usually the geographical center of the pueblo lands. The old plaza of El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora, La Reina de Los Angeles (the town of our Lady, the Queen of the Angels) as decreed by Gov. Felipe de Neve in his "Instruccion para La Fundacion de Los Angeles," was a parallelogram one hundred varas in length by seventy-five in breadth. It was laid out with its corners facing the four winds or cardinal points of the compass, and with its streets running at right angles to each of its four sides, so that no street would be swept by the wind. Two streets, each ten varas wide, opened out on the longer sides, and three on each of the shorter sides. Upon three sides of the plaza were the house lots 20x40 varas each, fronting on the square. One half of the remaining side was reserved for public buildings—a guard house, a town house, and a public granary; the other half was an open space. Around three sides of the old plaza clustered the mud-daubed huts of the pioneers of Los Angeles, and around the embryo town, a few years later, was built an adobe wall—not so much perhaps for protection from foreign invasion as from domestic intrusion. It was easier to wall in the town than to fence in the cattle and the goats that pastured on the ejidos or commons, outside the walls.

The area of a pueblo, under Spanish rule, was four square leagues of land, or about 17,770 acres, (a Spanish league contains 4444 acres.) The pueblo lands were divided into solares or house lots, suertes or planting fields, dehesas or outside pasture lands, ejidos or commons—lands nearest the town where the mustangs were tethered and the goats roamed at their pleasure; propios—lands rented or leased from which a revenue was raised to pay municipal expenses; realengas—royal lands, also used for raising revenue for the town government.

In 1786, five years after the founding of the Pueblo of our Lady of the Angels, Alferez José Arguello, aided by corporal Vicente and private Roque, put the nine settlers who had been faithful to their trust, in possession of their house lots and planting fields. Three of the pobladores originally recruited to found the pueblo had been deported for general worthlessness.

Lieut. Arguello spent but little time over surveys and probably set up no land-marks to define boundaries. The proprios were said to extend southerly 2,200 varas from the dam (which was located near the point where the Buena Vista street bridge now crosses the river) to the limit of the distributed lands. The realengas were located on the eastern side of the river.

The boundaries of the Plaza viejo or old plaza, as nearly as it is possible to locate them now, are as follows: The southeast corner of the plaza would coincide with what is now the northeast corner of Marchessault and Upper Main streets. From the said northeast corner of these streets draw a line



northwest one hundred varas (278 feet)—this line would constitute the east erly line of the old plaza. On this line construct a parallelogram with its opposite or westerly side one hundred varas in length, and its northerly and southerly sides seventy-five varas each. These boundaries will locate, approximately, as near as it is possible now to locate the plaza real or royal square of the old Pueblo of our Lady of the Angels.

At the founding of the pueblo, September 4, 1781, the plaza was dedicated with solemn ceremonies. A mass was said by a priest from the Mission San Gabriel aided by the choristers and musicians of that mission. There were salvos of musketry, a procession with a cross, candlesticks, etc. The standard of Spain, with the image of our Lady the Queen of the Angels, (the latter carried by the women) was borne at the head of the procession. This procession made a circuit of the plaza, the priest blessing the plaza and the building lots, and it is said that Governor Neve made a speech, the first ever made within the limits of Los Angeles. I have been unable to find any satisfactory reason assigned for the abandonment of the old plaza. The probable cause of the change was the location of the Church of our Lady of the Angels on its present site. The first church or chapel was a small building, 25x30 feet, begun in 1784, and completed in 1789. It fronted on the plaza. The new church was begun in 1814. By order of Governor Sola, in 1818, the site was changed to higher ground—its present location. The building was completed in 1822—forty-one years after the founding of the Pueblo. The open space in front of the church was part of the ejidos or commons, and was used for a place to picket mustangs while the owners were attending church. In course of time it became recognized as the plaza or public square.

Neve's streets that were to be free from the sweep of the winds, have disappeared. There are no land marks to show the location of the twelve house lots that clustered around the old plaza. Nor can we locate the boundaries of any one of the twenty-seven suertes or sowing fields that were laid off on the alluvial lands below the plaza. Time, flood, and the hated gringos have long since obliterated all ancient landmarks and boundary lines of the old Pueblo as effectually as did Neve's pobladores all traces of the Indian town, Yanga, that once stood on the site chosen for the Pueblo of our lady of the Angels.

As the town grew, it straggled off from its nucleus—the old plaza in an irregular sort of a way—without definite plot or plan. When a house was to be built the builder selected a site most convenient to his material—adobe. If his house did not conform to the lines of the street, the street must adjust itself to the house. Fifty years after the founding of the Pueblo there was not a regular laid off street within its limits. Indeed there was but little necessity for streets. There were no wheeled vehicles, save a few old screaming

carretas, used for hauling brea or asphaltum—the roofing material of the adobe houses. The caballero on his wiry and sure footed mustang, threaded his way among the scattered and irregularly built houses, and it mattered little to him whether the path zigzagged or ran in straight lines. Walking was a lost art to the native Californian. He was a centaur—half horse and half man—and only half a man, without his horse. As he never walked when he could ride, sidewalks he did not need.

With the growth of the town southward, the business center drifted from its first locality on Upper Main street, and for a time became fixed at the head of Los Angeles street where that street intersected with Aliso, Arcadia, Sanchez and Negro alley. At that point Los Angeles was then a very broad street probably two hundred feet wide; it narrowed as it ran southward and widened again at its intersection with First street. In the early part of the century it was known as Zanjo, (ditch) street. In the early thirties it had been dignified into the Calle Principal or Main street and with its continuation the Calle de Los Huertos—the street of orchards—(now San Pedro) formed the principal highway running southward from the center of the Pueblo; later on it was known as Vineyard street.\* First street at its intersection with Los Angeles and San Pedro was known as Broad street or Broadway—A misnomer now but appropriate enough in the days of cheap lands.

Under Spanish rule the absolute title of all the lands in California was vested in the King. The individual occupant held only a usufructuary title. It was his to use so long as he used it for the purpose for which it was given him. Possession then was ten parts of the law. The occupant could hold on but he could not let go of it. To cease to use his land was to lose it. He could not sell it, he could not even indulge in that privilege so dear to the American land owner, he could not mortgage it. The land passed from father to son by the law of primogeniture.

When California became a part of the Mexican Republic the title to pueblo lands became vested in the ayuntamiento or town council. When the Pueblo of Los Angeles became a city in 1835, there was not a land owner in it who had a written title to his lands. Under Spanish rule the military *commissions*, and under Mexican, the ayuntamiento made verbal grants. In 1836 owners was ordered to apply for written titles but little heed was given to the order. Efforts were made from time to time to induce the occupants of town lots to perfect their titles. But the easy going methods of the pobladores had been transmitted to their descendants. Land was cheap and plentiful. There was no inducement to land grabbing, consequently disputes over titles and

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NOTE.—For information in regard to the old names of streets I am indebted to C. C. Grove of the West Coast Abstract company, Los Angeles.

land boundaries were of rare occurrence and title deeds when given were loosely drawn. The more or less in a conveyance never worried the party of the second part. In the minutes of the ayuntamiento may be found the grant of a certain piece of land now known as the Requena tract which is described and deeded as that lot or tract on which the "Cows ate the apples."

On the 23rd of May 1835, Los Angeles ceased to be a Pueblo. The following is a translation of the copy of the decree erecting it into a city:

His excellency, the president ad interim of the United States of Mexico Miguel Barragan. The president ad interim of the United States of Mexico to the inhabitants of the Republic let it be known: That the general congress has decreed the following: That the town of Los Angeles, Upper California, is erected to a city, and shall be for the future the capital of that territory.

BASILO ARRILLAGA,	ANTONIO PACHECO LEAL,
President House of Deputies.	President of the Senate.
DEMETRIO DEL CASTILLO,	MANUEL MIRANDA,
Secretary House of Deputies.	Secretary of the Senate.

I, therefore, order it to be printed and circulated and duly complied, with. Palace of the Federal Government in Mexico, May 23, 1835.

MIGUEL BARRAGAN.

Although the Mexican Congress by decree had erected Los Angeles to a city yet to the Californians it was still the Pueblo. Even now after sixty years of city life, to the old time native Californian it is still the "Pueblo." The decree made it a city but it was ten years after, before it became the capital. The citizens failed to provide suitable buildings and the denizens of Monterey clung to the archives. The "Ciudad de Los Angeles" was a city of magnificent distances when it first took on metropolitan airs. The Departmental Assembly of 1834 designated the boundaries of the Pueblo of Los Angeles to be "two leagues to each wind from the center of the Plaza." This gave the Pueblo, when it was "erected into a city," an area of sixteen square leagues or over one hundred square miles. There was no survey of boundary lines, and the city fathers worried along ten years without knowing exactly where the city ended and the country began. In 1846, an attempt was made to fix the boundaries but all that was done was to measure two leagues "in the direction of the four winds from the Plaza church" and set stakes as boundary lines. Then came the American invaders.

At the time of the American occupation (1846), the city had skirted along the foothills as far down as First (or Primero) street with possibly a few scattering houses below that point.

The discovery of gold and the rush of immigration to the mines aroused the sleepy old "ciudad" of Los Angeles from its bucolic dreams. A stream of immigration, by the southern route, poured through its streets and gold



flowed into its coffers from the sale of the cattle that covered the plains beyond. With increasing prosperity the city became ambitious to make a better appearance. The ayuntamiento decided to have a portion of the mesa lying to the south of Calle Primero and west of Calle Principal surveyed and subdivided into city lots and sold to procure a fund to make some needed improvements.

In the city clerk's office is a copy of a map of the first subdivision of Los Angeles city lands made after the American occupation. It is entitled, "Plan de la Ciudad de Los Angeles, by E. O. C. Ord, Lt. U. S. A., Wm. R. Hutton, Asst., August 29, 1849." Ord's survey embraces all that portion of the city bounded north by First street and the base of the first line of hills, east by Main street, south by Twelfth street and west by Pearl street. Also that portion of the city north of Short street and west of Upper Main to the base of the hills. On the "plan" the lands between Main street and the river are designated as "plough grounds, gardens, corn and vine lands." The streets in the older portion of the city are marked but not named. The blocks, except the first tier, are 600 feet in length, and are divided into ten lots each, 120 feet front by 165 feet in depth.

Ord took his compass course for the line of Main street S. 24° 45' W. from the corner opposite José Antonio Carrillo's house which stood where the Pico House now stands. This lot was granted Carrillo by the Comissionado in 1821 and is one of the earliest transfers of which there is any record. On Ord's map, Main, Spring and Fort (Broadway) streets ran in parallel straight lines to Twelfth street. How Main street came to zigzag below Sixth street, Spring to disappear at Ninth street, and Fort to ignominiously end in Governor Downey's orange orchard, (subdivided in 1884), are things that as Lord Dundreary says, "No fellow can find out." Ord probably made an accurate survey but many of the blocks now are irregular, some contain an excess and others are short and some of the streets have drifted away from their original locations. This, in part, is due to the easy going methods of those early days. The ayuntamiento was to have placed permanent monuments to mark the corners of blocks, but neglected to do so. The corner stakes were convenient for picketing mustangs and were rapidly disappearing. The Council, a year or so after the survey was made, gave Juan Temple a contract to place stone monuments to mark the corners. He hired a gang of Mexicans to do the work. If they found a corner stake they placed a monument; if not, some one of the gang paced off the length of the block and set the corner stone. The excess in some blocks and the shortage in others might be accounted for if we could find out whether it was a long-legged or a short-legged paisano that did the stepping. The price of Ord

survey lots on Spring street in the fall of '49 and spring of '50 ranged from \$25 to \$50 each.

The names of the streets on Ord's plan are given in both Spanish and English; beginning with Main they are as follows: Calle Principal—Main street; Calle Primavera—Spring street, named for the season spring; Calle Fortin—Fort street; Calle Loma—Hill street; Calle Accytuna—Olive street; Calle de La Caridad—The Street of Charity (now Grand avenue); Calle de Las Esperanzas—The Street of Hopes; Calle de Los Flores—The Street of Flowers; Calle de Los Chapules—The Street of Grasshoppers (now Pearl street). North of the plaza church the north and south streets were the Calle de Eternidad—Eternity street, so named because it had neither beginning nor end, or, rather, each end terminated in the hills. Calle del Toro—Bull street, significant of the national pastime of Spain and Mexico—the bull fight. Calle de Las Avispas—Hornet street; an exceedingly lively street at times when the hornets had business engagements with the paisanos. Calle de Las Adobes—Adobe street, well named. The east and west streets were Calle Corta—Short street; Calle Alta—High street; Calle de Las Virgines—Street of Virgins; Calle del Colegio—College street, the only street that retains its primitive name.

The Calle de Las Chapules was for many years the extreme western street of the city. The name originated thus: On certain years, mostly during the dry or drouth years, myriads of grasshoppers hatched on the low grassy plains of the Ballona and Cienegas. When they had devoured all vegetation where they originated, they took flight, and, flying with the wind, moved in great clouds towards the east—like the locusts of Egypt, devouring everything in their course. When the destroying hosts reached the Calle de Las Chapules, the vinatero knew his grape crop for that season was doomed. The voracious hopper would not leave a green leaf on his vines, and the vineyardist considered himself fortunate if the destroying host did not devour the bark as well as the leaves.

Calle Primavera—Spring street, sixty or seventy years ago was known as the Calle de Las Caridad—the Street of Charity. The aristocratic part of the city in those days was in the neighborhood of the plaza, and on Upper Main street. Spring street being well out in the suburbs, its inhabitants were mostly peons and Mexicans of the poorer class, who were dependent largely upon the charity of their wealthier neighbors. There is a tradition, which I have not been able to verify by written record, that back about the beginning of the century, Spring street was known as Calle Cuidado—Lookout or Beware street, so-called because of the numerous washes and gulches cutting across it from the low foothills. The name would be

appropriate now, but it would be for other reasons.

Main street below the junction, about that time was known as Calle de Las Alegria—Junction street. The question is often asked why was Spring swung off on a diagonal to form a junction with Main? The historical facts of the case are that Main street forms a junction with Spring. That portion of Spring street between the junction and first, is the older street by many years. It is part of an old road made more than a century ago. It began at the old plaza and followed the present line of Main street to the junction. In Ord's "plan," this old road is traced from the junction north-westward. It follows the present line of Spring street to First street, then crosses blocks 2 and 4, diagonally, to the corner of Third and Broadway. It intersects Hill at Fourth street and Olive at Fifth street, skirting the hills it passes out of the city near Ninth street to the brea springs from which the colonists obtained the roofing material for their adobe houses. This road or street was used for many years after the American occupation and was recognized as a street in conveyances. Within the past three years the city council gave a quit-claim deed to a portion of this street to a lot owner in Block 11½ O. S. It has been, by some poetical historiographers, claimed that this road was part of the Camino del Rey, (the King's highway) of the olden times. "The King's horses and the King's men" may have galloped over it bearing royal mandates from pueblo to presidio, but creaking carretas, loaded with brea, were more common than the King's caballeros on this "royal road." On a map of the pueblo of Los Angeles, made in 1786, when Arguello surveyed the lands of the founders, there is a road marked as beginning at the southeast corner of the old plaza, from thence running southeasterly until it intersects what is now Aliso street; thence following the present line of that street it crosses the river and passes out of the pueblo to the southeast. There are traces of this road in the old records. It leads southeastward through the Paso de Bartolo, thence to San Juan Capistrano and San Luis Rey, to San Diego; then down the coast of Lower California to Loreto, near Cape San Lucas. This, in the days of King Carlos III, was the Camino del Rey, or Camino real. It was not like "the road from Winchester town, a good broad highway leading down," but rather a camino de herradura—a bridle path. Wheeled vehicles seldom traveled it. Although but the semblance of a road, yet time and again has this old highway echoed the tread of marching armies. In the troublous times of 1831-3, when Echeandia of the south and Zamarano of the north waged a bloodless warfare against each other and fired off sesquipedalian pronunciamientos as ferocious in the rhetoric as they were harmless in effect, down this old camino from Paso de Bartolo rode Echeandia's faithful adherent, Captain Barroso, at the head of a thousand mounted Indians intent



on the capture of the recalcitrant Pueblo of Angeles, but at the intercession of the beleaguered inhabitants, this modern Corilanus turned aside to regale his neophyte retainers on the fat bullocks of the San Gabriel Mission. And via the Camino real from Los Nietos rode Juan Gallardo, the cobbler, in command of his fifty Sonoran patriots, when, in imitation of the hidalgos of his native land, he essayed to play at the national game of Mexico—revolution. And by the same highway, he entered the pueblo in the small hours of the morning, and awoke its conscript fathers from their dreams of peace by the drum beat of war. And along the same Camino real, from Paso de Bartolo, marched the saxon conqueror, Stockton, with his invading army. On this roadway was fought the last battles of the conquest, when the boom of Stockton's cannon sounded the death knell of Mexican domination in California.

Going northward the Camino real, or main highway, crossed the river near the base of the hills and followed up its valley to the Mission San Fernando; from there westerly to San Buenaventura, then on to Santa Barbara and the missions beyond, to Monterey. In the waning years of the last century out from the capital, Monterey, on the first day of each month, rode a courier southward, gathering from each mission, pueblo and presidio its little budget of mail as he made his monthly trip to Loreto on the Gulf—a perilous ride of a thousand miles over the old Camino del Rey.

There was one street in the older portion of Los Angeles that is not named in Ord's plan, but which, in the flush days of gold mining from 1850 to '55, had a more wide-spread notoriety than any other street in the city. It was the Calle de Los Negros in Spanish, but Americanized into Nigger alley. It was a short and narrow street extending from the then termination of Los Angeles street to the plaza. In length it did not exceed 500 feet. Yet within its limited extent it enclosed more wickedness and crime than any similar area on the face of the earth. Gambling dens, saloons, dance houses, and disreputable dives lined either side. From morning to night, and from night to morning, a motley throng of Americans, Mexicans, Indians and foreigners of nearly every nation and tongue crowded and jostled one another in its dens and dives. They gambled, they drank, they quarreled, they fought, and some of them died—not for their country—although the country was benefitted by their death. In the early '50s there were more desperadoes, outlaws and cut-throats in Los Angeles than in any other city on the coast. In the year 1853 the violent deaths from fights and assassinations averaged over one a day. The Calle de Los Negros was the central point towards which the lawlessness of the city converged. It was, in its prime, the wickedest street on earth. With the decadence of gold mining the character of the street changed, but its morals were not improved by the change. It ceased to be the rendezvous of the gambler and the desperado and became the center of the Chinese quarter of the city. Even in its decadence its murderous

character clung to it. On this street in 1871 took place that terrible tragedy known as the Chinese Massacre, when eighteen Chinamen and one white man were murdered. The extension of Los Angeles street obliterated it from the plan of the city.

When the United States Land Commission, in 1851, began its herculean task of adjudicating the Mexican land grants in California, the city of Los Angeles laid claim to sixteen square leagues of land. The Hancock survey of 1853, had divided the city lands south of Pico street, to the Ranchos Los Cuervos (Crow Rancho) and the Paso de La Tijera, and on the west to the La Cienega, into 35 acre tracts known as city donation lots. The city limits on the south, (west of the river) extended nearly three miles below the present boundary line of the city, and on the west nearly two miles, to the Cienega. All the territory sought to be annexed to the city at the recent election was once within the city limits. The streets, south of Pico, were named after the presidents. Beginning with Washington, in regular succession followed, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Jackson streets. All these streets, except parts of the first three, have long since disappeared in the orange groves of Vernon and the market gardens of University and Rose-dale. The Mexican governors, after whom the north and south streets were named, have been more fortunate than the presidents. We still have Echeandia, Figueroa, Alvarado and Micheltoreno's streets, although considerably curtailed as to length. South of Boyle Heights and east of the river, the Ro. San Antonio curbed the city's ambition to expand in that direction. On the north and north-west the Ro. Los Feliz and the Verdugos encroached on the city's area and the hostile owners refused to be surveyed into the city. On the east, from the center of the plaza it was two leagues to the city line. The area of the city according to the Hancock (or Hansen) survey of 1855, was a fraction less than 50 square miles—a magnificent city on paper. The land commission in 1856, confirmed to the city a grant of four square leagues (about 28 square miles) and rejected its claim to all outside of that. After many delays, in 1875, nearly twenty years later, a United States patent was issued to the mayor and council—and then the greater Los Angeles of the early 50's, shrank to the proportions of Felipe de Neve's Pueblo of 1781,—"one league to each wind measured from the center of the plaza."

It was not to be expected that Neve's ease loving pobladores would long preserve in its entirety the musical but long drawn out name of the new born town by the Rio Porciuncula, El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora, la Reina de Los Angeles, was inconveniently syllabic for every day use; in 1787 it had been abbreviated and changed to Santa Maria de Los Angeles, later on to Santa Maria. It was at one time proposed to change the name to Villa Victoria la Reina de Los Angeles so that it might not be confounded with Puebla in

old Mexico. In the tumultuous days of '39 when the seditious and turbulent angelenos vexed the righteous soul of good old prefect, Cosme Peña, he was wont to speak of it as the Pueblo de Los Diablos—the town of the devils. In official documents, under Mexican rule, it was simply Angeles. It is to be regretted that the Americans after the conquest did not continue the custom and thus save posterity the necessity of speaking and writing the prefix "Los."

In almost every "write up" of the early history of Los Angeles appears this venerable fiction "The founders of the town numbered twelve adult males, all heads of families." "There were forty-six persons in all." "The men were discharged soldiers from the Mission San Gabriel." This fiction has not that merit of the old time novels, "founded on facts." It is all fiction. There were not twelve founders—Rivera enlisted fourteen pobladores in Sonora and Sinaloa, two deserted, one was left behind at Loreto \* in Lower California and then there were only eleven. There <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ not forty-six persons in all—only forty-four. Not a man of the eleven was a discharged soldier from San Gabriel. None of them had ever been at San Gabriel until they arrived with Zuñiga's expedition on the 18th of August preceding the founding. Of the twenty-two adults, two were Spaniards, nine were Indians and one mestizo (one was classed as a coyote—wild indian) and ten were negroes and mulattoes. Early in 1782, three of the founders, one of the Spaniards and two of the negroes were deported from the colony for general worthlessness and their property taken from them, and then there were but eight founders. In 1785, Sinova who had been a laborer in California for several years, joined the colony making nine heads of families, the number to whom Arguello distributed the house lots and the sowing fields in 1786. The founders left no lasting impress on the town. Not a street in the city bears the name of any one of them. Five of the Mexican governors have had streets named after them, but not one of the Spanish governors of California has been so honored. No street or landmark bears the name of good old Felipe de Neve, the real founder of Los Angeles. Nor have Portola, Fages, or Borica, men of honor and high standing been remembered in the nomenclature of its highways. Of the old Pueblo de Nuestra Señora, La Reyna de Los Angeles, so carefully planned and so reverently named by Governor Felipe de Neve only an abbreviation † of the name remains, and even the signification that that conveyed to the good old governor has been changed by the modern dwellers in the new city of The Angels.

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\* There is no evidence that he ever joined the colonists at Los Angeles.

† Los Angeles.



# THE RECENT ORIGIN OF MAN.

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BY STEPHEN BOWERS, A. M., PH. D.

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Recently the newspapers contained an account of the discovery of a skeleton in Colorado, by a Columbian college professor, which he was pleased to call the "missing link" between man and the apes. He gave this remarkable creature an antiquity of a million and a half of years. The friable bones were carefully wrapped in cotton and shipped east. But scarcely had the learned professor gotten away with his prize when certain cow-boys came forward and claimed the bones to be that of a pet monkey which they buried but a dozen years previously.

A few years ago the newspapers contained an account of the discovery of a human skull in the Carboniferous limestone of southern Kansas, by a teacher in the Osage Mission of that State. This was taking our race farther back into the misty past than the most sanguine believer in a high antiquity or man dared to hope. But like the well known story of the fossil man found in the Enningen quarries, who under the magic touch of true science proved to be but a fossil salamander, so this skull was pronounced by one of our savants to be but the body-whorl of a large cephalopod shell allied to the goniatites, and that which was found in the same spot and supposed to be portions of a "petrified haystack," were fragments of some kind of slag.

The proof upon which the theory of pre-Adamite man professes to rest is the trace of man's presence in the spots which he inhabited, and the soil upon which he walked. It is claimed that however savage he may have been he must have had some kinds of weapons of defense, and for procuring food, and that he must have left some scraps of clothing and some vestiges of his industry. We are also referred to "human bones buried in the earth and preserved by the means of the deposits of calcareous salts which have fossilized them; the intermixture of these bones with those of extinct animals, and that in geologic periods anterior to the present." Special appeal is made to certain ancient habitations in Europe, kitchen middens or "refuse heaps" in Europe and America, the deltas of the Mississippi, Nile, Po, Ganges, etc.; cave deposits, and human remains found in peat clay and in gravel beds, and in terraces in various portions of the globe.

Concerning the divisions of the periods of "pre-historic man," archæologists differ. Perhaps that of Lartet finds most favor amongst the advocates of a

remote antiquity for man. He divides it into two general periods, viz: The stone age, and the metal age. The first he divides into three epochs. 1. That of the extinct animals, such as the mammoth and the cave bear; 2. That of the existing migrating animals, which he calls the reindeer epoch; 3. That of the present existing domestic animals, which he denominates the polished stone epoch. The second age he divides into two epochs; 1. Bronze; 2. Iron.

We shall also find great diversity concerning the meaning of "pre-historic times." Sir Charles Lyell says: The first Olympiad "is generally regarded as the earliest date upon which we can rely in the past annals of mankind, about 776 years before the Christian era." Why this date is to be accepted and that of the birth of Moses, the hegira from Egypt or the building of King Solomon's temple are ignored, this eminent geologist fails to tell us. Mr. Lubbock styles his book "Pre-historic Times," but does not define the meaning he attaches to the term.\* He refers to Hesiod and speaks of Usher's Chronology. "He professes to write about 'pre-historic times,' says the London Quarterly Review, "and gives us an elaborate dissertation about unhistoric time-." Figuiet places the creation of man at an indefinite period in the past. He tries to reconcile his theory with the Bible as follows: "It was thought that the Old Testament stated that man was created 6,000 years ago. Now the fact is nothing of the kind can be found in the book of Genesis. It is only the compilers of chronological systems, and the commentators who have put forward this date as that of the first appearance of the human race." Lartet holds similar views. "In Genesis," he says, "no date can be found which sets a limit to the time when primitive mankind may have made its appearance." He then says that chronologists have differed more than 3,000 years in their calculations of the time between the creation of Adam and the birth of Christ. Baron Bunsen ignoring Hebrew chronology claims an antiquity for the human race of 20,000 years.

Baldwin, in his *Ancient America*, says: "Archæology and linguistic science, not to speak here of geology, makes it certain that the period between the beginning of the human race and the birth of Christ would be more accurately stated if the centuries counted in the longest estimates of the Rabbinical chronologists should be changed to millenniums." Foster says in his *Pre-historic Races*, "that man lived at a time far too remote to be embraced in our system of chronology, surrounded by great quadrupeds which have ceased to exist, and under a climate very different from what now prevails, has been so clearly demonstrated that the fact must now be accepted as a scientific truth. Revelations so startling have been received with disquietude and distrust by those who adhere to the chronology of Usher and Petavious. \* \* In tracing back the antiquity of man to the earliest monuments that indicate

his presence on the earth, the historic period forms but an inconsiderable part in the great cycle of events."

While quotations of this kind might be extended much further, those already quoted will answer our purpose. They show us that scientists are not agreed among themselves as to what is historic and what is prehistoric.

Some archæologists claim for man an antiquity reaching back in geologic time to the Pliocene period; but I hesitate not to say that facts do not warrant the conclusion. Concerning the now famous skull found in Calaveras county, in this State, which Prof. Whitney claims was procured at the bottom of a shaft 150 feet deep, under five beds of lava and volcanic tufa and four beds of auriferous gravel, "if authenticated" says Dr. Foster, "will carry us back to Pliocene times." But it has not been authenticated in the interests of high antiquity, nor can it be. I made a somewhat thorough investigation of this professed find, and am convinced that it was a trick practiced by several miners to deceive Prof. Whitney, whom they disliked because of his unwillingness to receive information from them, and his offensive reserve in their presence. This skull, with many others, was found near the surface in an old Indian rancheria, and was let down the shaft by the indignant miners, and covered with earth and gravel at the bottom, after which they brought it up and presented it to Mr. Whitney who was in the neighborhood. The whole thing was intended as a clever deception. This professed find is quoted by French and English savants to establish man's long residence upon the earth.

The London Quarterly Review says of the jawbone found in the gravel pits of Picardy by Boucher de Perthes, which so greatly exercised French savants, also the human skeletons which were found in the cave of Aurignac, but which were never seen by the English scientists, that they with many others were impositions of shrewd workmen. To these we may add the "holy stone" of Newark, and the "inscribed stone" from Gravel Creek Mound, Va., and other professed finds over which a vast amount of archæological learning has been expended.

Science is continually adding facts which greatly reduce the estimated years of geology. Mr. Lyell, after a somewhat careful examination of the delta of the Mississippi, estimated its formation to have required about 100,000 years, thus pushing the human remains found therein into a remote antiquity. But our government survey, by careful measurement, found that it advances into the gulf of Mexico at the rate of 262 feet in a year, at which rate it has required little more than 4,000 years in forming the whole. Several years ago a human skeleton was found near New Orleans at considerable distance from the river and buried sixteen feet below the surface. Drs. Nott and Dowler, and Mr. Gliddon decided that it belonged to the "aboriginal American" race, and from the strata of sand and earth that had formed over the skeleton they concluded that it had lain in that spot nearly 60,000 years. But near



by was found the gunwale of a flatboat, and the skeleton was that of an unfortunate flatboatman neither of which had lain there 200 years.

Mr. Lyell, and others, estimated the growth of certain peat beds in which stone implements have been found, to be so slow that at least 20,000 years must have elapsed since these works of art were deposited. But in these same beds the upright stalks of hazel and native alder are found, showing that the peat formed over and around them in the space of a few years instead of unnumbered centuries. The Earl of Cromartie records an instance of a dead forest, standing at the base of a high hill, near the seashore, in 1651, which before the close of the century had fallen and was turned into peat. This occurred in a single lifetime.

The "Stone Age" is divided by some archæologists into "Paleolithic" (old stone) and "Neolithic" (new stone.) In the first I have no faith whatever. It is folly to suppose that every flint chip and chert flake is the work of art, for their number is beyond computation. They form whole strata in some places. It is preposterous to believe that men continued making these "chips" for unnumbered ages without improving upon them, and that they produced them in such quantities that they may be traced for miles, in some places, in a stratum a foot thick!

In all deference to the learning and research of many archæologists, I must be permitted to say with Reclus, that the ability to doubt is "not the meanest attribute in genuine philosophy," and that I attach but little importance to the ages into which archæologists have divided it. Higher and lower states of the art seem always to have co-existed. And should we admit the successive ages claimed by them, in some instances we would find that the hands on the dial plate had gone backward. In North America the Mound Builders dwelt in cities and used copper and possibly iron. It was formerly believed that they were driven out by a race who used stone exclusively, but further investigation has led ethnologists to believe that the "Mound Builders" were our race of Indians. Living while men, as Major Powell, and others, have seen them erect mounds. They undoubtedly retrograded and went back to the use of stone.

History informs us that the people on the west coast of Greenland attained to the use of metal, but intercourse with Europeans ceased for about 300 years in which time they returned to the use of stone. Some tribes still use stone implements, while others have but recently exchanged stone for iron.

Joseph Shangaratta, a christianized Indian chief in Oregon, informed me in 1873, that he distinctly remembered when the tribe was in the "stone age," and used stone arrowheads, spearpoints, mortars, pestles, etc., and described to me the method of their manufacture. A year later I visited a tribe of Indians in Lake county, about 100 miles north of San Francisco, who

were still in the "stone age," manufacturing and using stone mortars, pestles and arrowheads. Two of their number manufactured arrowheads and spear-points in my presence, one very fine specimens and the other rude ones. I was the first to publish, as far as I know, the process of their manufacture. Since then white men in England and in this country have learned the method, and have become such adepts in the art as to deceive the most profound savants.

The finding of rude implements is not evidence of high antiquity. Nearly any rancheria on the Pacific slope, either ancient or modern, yields them in greater or less abundance. Amongst the tons of implements I found in the burial places of the Indians of Southern California were those of rude workmanship mingled with the finest forms.

In his explorations of Mycenea and Tyrens, Dr. Schliemann found some beautiful obsidian arrowheads, dating back about 1000 years B. C. Some had rounded and others indented base. He also found perforated discs in the old Grecian tombs. I sent him drawings of exactly similar specimens I had obtained from the burial places of the Indians in California, though differing nearly three thousand years in the age of their manufacture. The eminent explorer expressed his surprise at the fact that I could duplicate all the specimens of stone which he had found in the ancient Grecian tombs. It shows that the art of manufacturing stone implements has gradually traveled around the globe, closing perhaps with the California Indians.

The Pliocene period in geology affords no traces of human remains or implements, and we believe the same may be affirmed of the Post Pliocene which embraces the Glacial period and its subsidence.

Dr. Dawson, the eminent geologist of Canada, believes the time required for the Post Glacial period has been greatly exaggerated; that the calculations of long time based on the gravels of the Somme, on the caves of Tiniere, on the peat bogs of France and Denmark, and on certain cave deposits, have all been shown to be more or less at fault, and that probably none of these reach farther back than six or seven thousand years, which, according to Dr. Andrews, has elapsed since the close of the boulder clay deposits in America. Dr. Andrews' careful and elaborate observations on the raised beaches of Lake Michigan enables him to calculate the time when North America rose out of the waters of the Glacial period at between 5,500 and 7,500 years ago. Dr. Dawson says this fixes the possible duration of the human period in North America, though he believes there are other lines of evidence which would reduce man's residence here to a much shorter period.

That man appeared as cotemporaneous with certain extinct animals I think possible. But the juxtaposition of human bones and those of extinct animals is no certain proof of high antiquity. Many years ago Siberian hunt-

ers found a mammoth frozen in the ice and mud at the mouth of the Lena in such a state of preservation that they fed its flesh to their dogs. Some of the wool of this monster is still preserved in the museum at St. Petersburg. Since that time several other extinct mammals have been found in Siberia in a good state of preservation, in some instances even the blood corpuscles not being broken down, showing that they came to their death suddenly as if overwhelmed with annular matter. The remains of a mastodon were found in Orange county, N. Y., that had several bushels of pine and maple twigs in its stomach upon which it had made its last repast. Even the vegetable fiber between its teeth was well preserved. The remains of another was found in Indiana with the marrow so well preserved that the workmen used it for greasing their boots. The remains of a mammoth were found in a ditch of the Tez-cu-co-co road, the animal having doubtless perished after the Incas had excavated the ditch. The Indians of this country had a tradition that their fathers hunted a huge deer which had a hand on its face, and slept leaning against trees. The Indians of Alaska declare that the mammoth is still living in the interior of that country, and that they have seen it. The bones of the animal are found nearly or quite all over the territory of Alaska in such a fine state of preservation that it is evident it has but recently become extinct in that region. In the Quarternary formation at Ventura I found the remains of the mastodon, llama and "fossil horse" commingled. Evidently these animals have but recently become extinct.

During and after my connection with the U. S. Geological Survey, I exhumed several thousand skeletons of Indians on the islands of Southern California and on the mainland. In many of the graves I discovered fossil remains of shells and cetaceans. One shell known as *janira bella*, and the teeth of a shark *carcharodon rectus*, Ag. were common. I thought this shark extinct, but Prof. David S. Jordan informs me that an occasional example is still found in the Pacific ocean, but under another name. Instead of these forms having perished with the Indians, they had gathered them as fossils, as they had the vertebrae of whales, and deposited them with their dead. So of many of the fossil bones of extinct mammals found with the remains of man; he had collected and brought them together while living.

As to "prehistoric man," I doubt if such a being ever existed upon this continent, notwithstanding the fact that here, probably, appeared the first dry land. The books and traditions of the inhabitants of Central America and Mexico show that a race came from the south and gradually spread over the Mississippi valley until they reached the copper mines of lake Superior. It is intimated that they originally crossed from the old world on an elevated plateau known as Atlantis, and there is much to prove that they were of Egyptian origin. Afterward they were driven south by a race coming from the northwest, who were doubtless Asiatics, and the ancestors of our present



Indians. After many years they reached Mexico, and built a town called Tollanzinco, and later the city of Tullan. These were the Toltecs. When Cortez invaded Mexico he found the Aztecs in power. They had come from the south and subjugated the Toltecs. In his war with the Aztecs he found the former willing allies.

As far as I know all well informed archæologists accept these conclusions as the most probable theory respecting the race formerly inhabiting this continent, which leaves us without such a thing as "prehistoric man" in America.

I do not understand the Bible to represent Adam as the first human being created. It gives us a history of the Adamic pair and their prosperity from whom the Savior of the world was to spring. There may have been other centers of creation. Indeed it is difficult to interpret some references and declarations in the first chapters of Genesis on any other theory. This would not necessarily affect the oneness of human nature, says the learned Dr. Whedon, or the general destiny of man. It is my belief that the negro race began its existence as an independent creation, and possibly previous to the creation of Adam. The commonly received biblical chronology places the creation of the Adamic pair at a period dating back about 6,000 years. But Egyptian monuments dating back more than two-thirds of this time contain pictures of the negro which represent him exactly as he is today. The typical negro then possessed the receding forehead, crisp hair, tumacious lips, prognathus jaws, flattened nose, long femurs, etc., as that of the typical negro of the nineteenth century. Then if there has been no differentiation in the past four thousand years, there certainly could not have been in the one or two thousand preceding years, or even if we extend the creation of the white race back 10,000 years, to change him from a white man to a black man with his peculiar physiological characteristics.

We call the American Indian a red man, which is far from being correct. He undoubtedly belongs to the Mongoloid race, while the Anglo-Saxon is the red man as was our father Adam, which is signified in the name which his Creator gave him.

But in conclusion I desire to say, that while Hebrew chronology may possibly remove the origin of our race farther back by two or three thousand years than is indicated by Usher, yet in not one single instance have archæologists been able to produce human remains which they can show antedates the shortest biblical chronology. I have ever been willing to accept truth wherever found, or by whomsoever discovered, and have tried to carefully examine everything offered as evidence for a high antiquity of our race, but to this date have found nothing to establish a belief in the proposition put forth by zealous antiquarians. Turn the proposition in any way we

may and the response comes back that man began his existence upon this earth in comparatively recent times, and as a race we are in the spring-time of a vigorous youth.

The learned editor of *Les Mondes* spent nearly a whole year in studying the works of Evans, Lyell, Lubbock, Prestwick, Penngelly, Vogt, Buchan, Dessier, Marlot, De Martilet, and others, and he declares that not only has it not been proven that human remains have been found in any Tertiary formation, but that the so-called Quarternary, in which they are found, are nothing but moving deposits, moveable on declivities, as the eminent geologist Beaumont testifies; that the soils of the stalagmitic caves, which so exercised the British Association, have been overrun by water, or some other natural agent, so that the deposits of mud originally laid on the stalagmites have slipped below them, and thus afford no evidences of high antiquity.

## DATE OF THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

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In an article published in the San Francisco "Call" of October 8, 1895, entitled, "The First Discovery of Gold in California," I stated that the date of the discovery was still a subject of controversy. Col. J. J. Warner, who visited the placers shortly after their discovery, always maintained that the discovery was made in June, 1841. Don Abel Stearns, in a letter to the California Pioneer Society, gave the date, March, 1842. The date given by Stearns has been accepted by Bancroft and other historical writers. The following letter, called forth by the publication of my article, shows conclusively that Don Abel Stearns was mistaken, and that the year 1841 is the correct date of the discovery of gold in the San Feliciano placers, near Newhall, Los Angeles county. This was the first discovery of gold in California of which we have an authentic account.

J. M. GUINN,  
Secretary Historical Society of Southern California.

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OAKLAND, CAL., Sept. 8, 1895.

J. M. GUINN, Secretary Historical Society of Southern California—

Dear Sir: I read in today's San Francisco "Call" a communication from your pen concerning the first discovery of gold in California in which you quote from the account on that subject written by Col. J. J. Warner, for whose accuracy in historical fact you vouch, and very properly, as I think. This account gives the date of the discovery of gold in June, 1841. And you also quote Don Abel Stearns as giving the date of the discovery in March, 1842. Now it is about the latter date that has influenced me to send you these lines.

I was one of the party, in which Roland and Workman were perhaps the best known members, who came from Santa Fè to California in 1841, arriving in Los Angeles in the fall of 1841. Shortly after our arrival, Dr. Lyman, a member of that party, and myself, were invited to dine with Don Abel, as all the natives called him, and while in his house he showed us a quart bottle of gold dust containing about 80 ounces obtained about where Colonel Warner describes the placers located. Now how could Mr. Stearns place that date a year later?

We suggested the propriety of visiting that camp and engaging in mining but Don Abel thought the gold could not be found in paying quantities.

I should like to have written you more fully, but am within a few days of 82 years old and dislike to write much.

Very respectfully yours,

I. L. GIVEN.



## REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

*To the officers and members of the Historical Society of Southern California.*

The Publication Committee reports as follows:

We have selected from the papers read before the society matter for our Publication of 1895. In our selection we have aimed to select that the subject matter of which, pertains to the history of Southern California. For want of funds, quite a number of valuable papers remain unpublished.

The following are the titles of papers read before the society during the year 1895.

### JANUARY MEETING.

"Inaugural Address of President," by Edwin Baxter.

"John Charles Fremont," by A. W. Blair.

### FEBRUARY MEETING.

"Overland to Los Angeles by the Salt Lake route in 1849," by Judge Walter Van Dyke.

### MARCH MEETING.

"Ship Building at San Gabriel Mission," by F. J. Polley.

"John R. Wolfskill—A Pioneer of Sacramento Valley," by H. D. Barrows.

### APRIL MEETING.

"The Modern Trust in Application to Agriculture," by P. W. Dooner.

### MAY MEETING.

"Col. J. J. Warner," by H. D. Barrows.

### JUNE MEETING.

"Public Schools in California before the Conquest," by F. J. Polley.

### JULY MEETING.

"From Arizona to Los Angeles in the Early '70s," by P. W. Dooner.

### SEPTEMBER MEETING.

"The Grand Cañon of the Colorado," by Mrs. Mary E. Hart.

### OCTOBER MEETING.

"The History of University Town," by Mrs. M. Burton Williamson.

### NOVEMBER MEETING.

"The Recent Origin of Man," by Stephen Bowers, A. M. Ph. D.

"Don Alterdo Robinson," by H. D. Barrows.

### DECEMBER MEETING.

"The Plan of Old Los Angeles and the Story of its Highways and Byways," by J. M. Guinn.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, }  
H. D. BARROWS, } Committee.  
P. W. DOONER. }

## REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

### 1895.

To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California.

Your Secretary reports as follows:

Number of meetings held . . . . . 11

Number of papers read . . . . . 14

The meetings have been fairly well attended. The work of the Society, as usual, has been carried on by a few members.

The papers read cover a wide range of subjects, but nearly all of them treat of some phase of the history of the Pacific coast.

During the year past we have been compelled to give up our room on the fourth floor of the court house which we have had possession of since 1892. The increasing business of the county requiring more room, the supervisors could no longer allow us to occupy it. We have removed our collection to the balcony of Judge Van Dyke's court room on the third floor of the court house. On account of the limited space allowed us, we have been compelled to pack in boxes a considerable quantity of our books and papers, which renders them inaccessible for consultation or reference. Our means are too limited to secure more commodious quarters.

It is to be regretted that so many of our citizens who have become wealthy by the rapid growth of our city take so little interest in preserving its history. Our society was organized and has been built up by men of limited means. I doubt whether any other similar organization in the country has, with such limited means, done so much valuable work as ours has. During the twelve years of our existence as a society we have published nearly one thousand pages of historical matter, nearly all of it derived from original sources.

We distribute annually from three to four hundred copies of each issue of our yearly publications. These have a wide circulation in our own country. They are sent to historical, scientific and geographical societies, to public libraries, and to the leading colleges and universities. Our society has an honorable standing among the historical societies of the United States. We exchange publications with the leading historical and scientific societies in our own country, and have received applications for them from many foreign countries. Within the past year we have received requests for our publications from the Royal College of Belles-lettres of Stockholm, Sweden; from the Secretary of State, Dominion of Canada; from Sydney, New South Wales; from Auckland, New Zealand; and from Paris and London. All our publications previous to 1891 are out of print.

The work of packing and mailing our annual publications, sending notices of our monthly meetings, conducting the correspondence, receiving and labeling contributions, as well as keeping the minutes and records of the society, all devolve upon the secretary. These various duties take a great deal of time and labor for which no pecuniary remuneration is received or expected.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

## CURATOR'S REPORT.

1895.

## LIBRARY AND COLLECTIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

Whole number of bound volumes .....	750
Number of pamphlets and paper covered books .....	3500
Number of daily newspapers received and filed for binding ...	6
Number of weekly newspapers .....	25
Number of monthly magazines .....	3
Number of quarterly magazines .....	5

In addition to these we have a collection of photographs, maps, manuscripts in Spanish; also files of Los Angeles newspapers, nearly complete, running back forty-two years.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

## TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT.

1895.

H. D. Barrows, in account with Historical Society of Southern California.

1895.

DR.

Jan. 7	To Balance .....	\$ 90 05
Nov. 30	To admission fees new members .....	6 00
Dec. 1	Annual Publications sold .....	5 00
Dec. 31	Dues collected .....	94 20—\$195 25

1896.

CR.

Feb. 2	By cash paid printing Annual Publication 1894	101 00
Feb. 20	“ “ advertising “ meeting .....	2 50
May 14	“ “ postal cards for secretary .....	3 00
June 22	“ “ expressage .....	1 10
June 29	“ “ help moving collection, boxes etc., .....	17 50
June 29	“ “ “ sorting and filing newspapers .....	2 00
July 1	“ “ janitor's services .....	2 00
Dec. 2	“ “ postage on Annual etc., .....	4 90
Dec. 2	“ “ expressage .....	80
Dec. 14	“ “ mailing notices of dues .....	65—\$135 45
	Balance on hand Jan. 6, 1896. ....	\$59 80

Respectfully submitted,

H. D. BARROWS, Treasurer.







*Part 4*  
Organized November 1, 1883.

*Vol. III.*  
Incorporated February 13, 1891.

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

Los Angeles

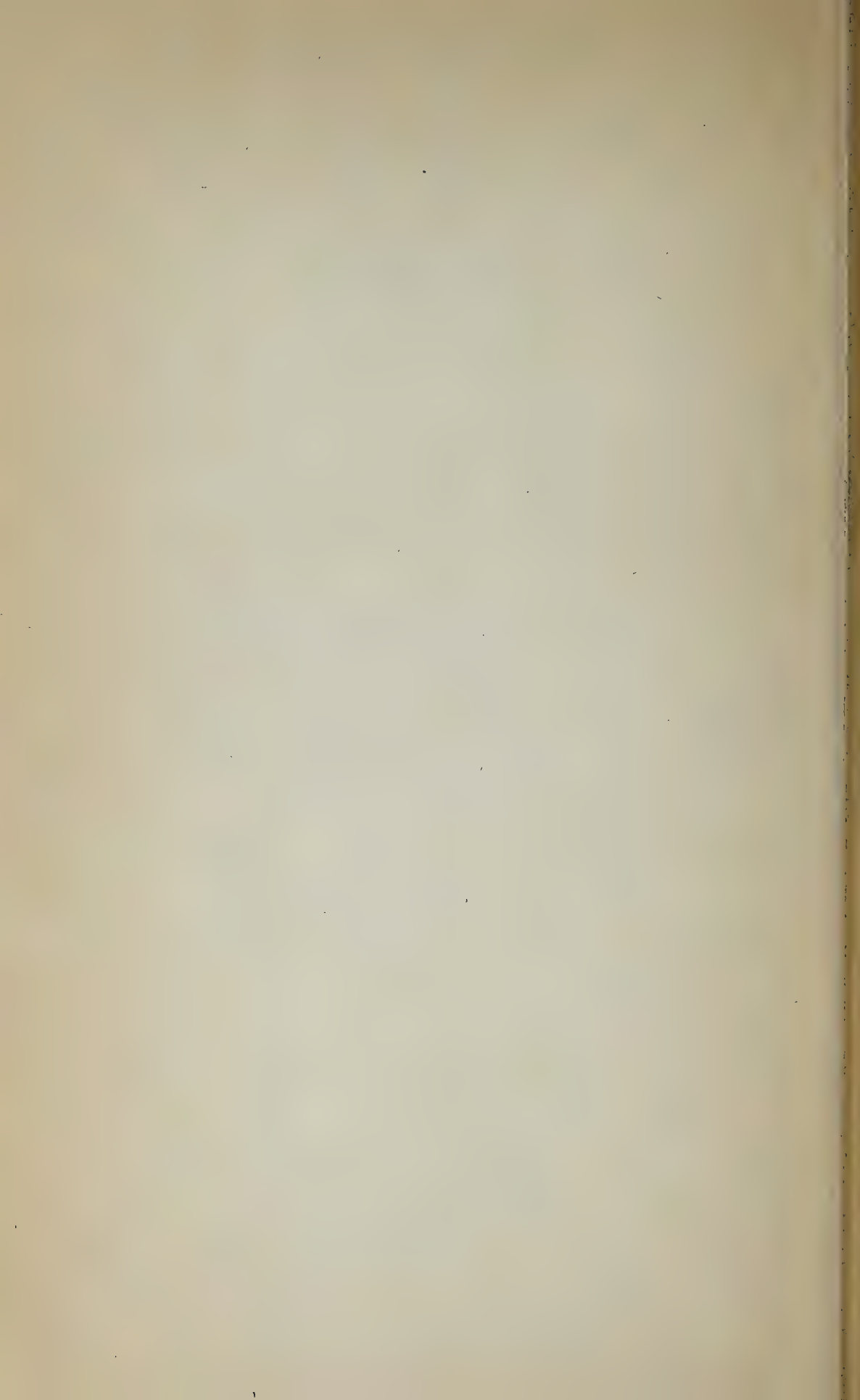
1896

Published by the Society

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
CALIFORNIA VOICE PRINT

1897





Organized November 1, 1883.

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ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

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OF

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Los Angeles

1896

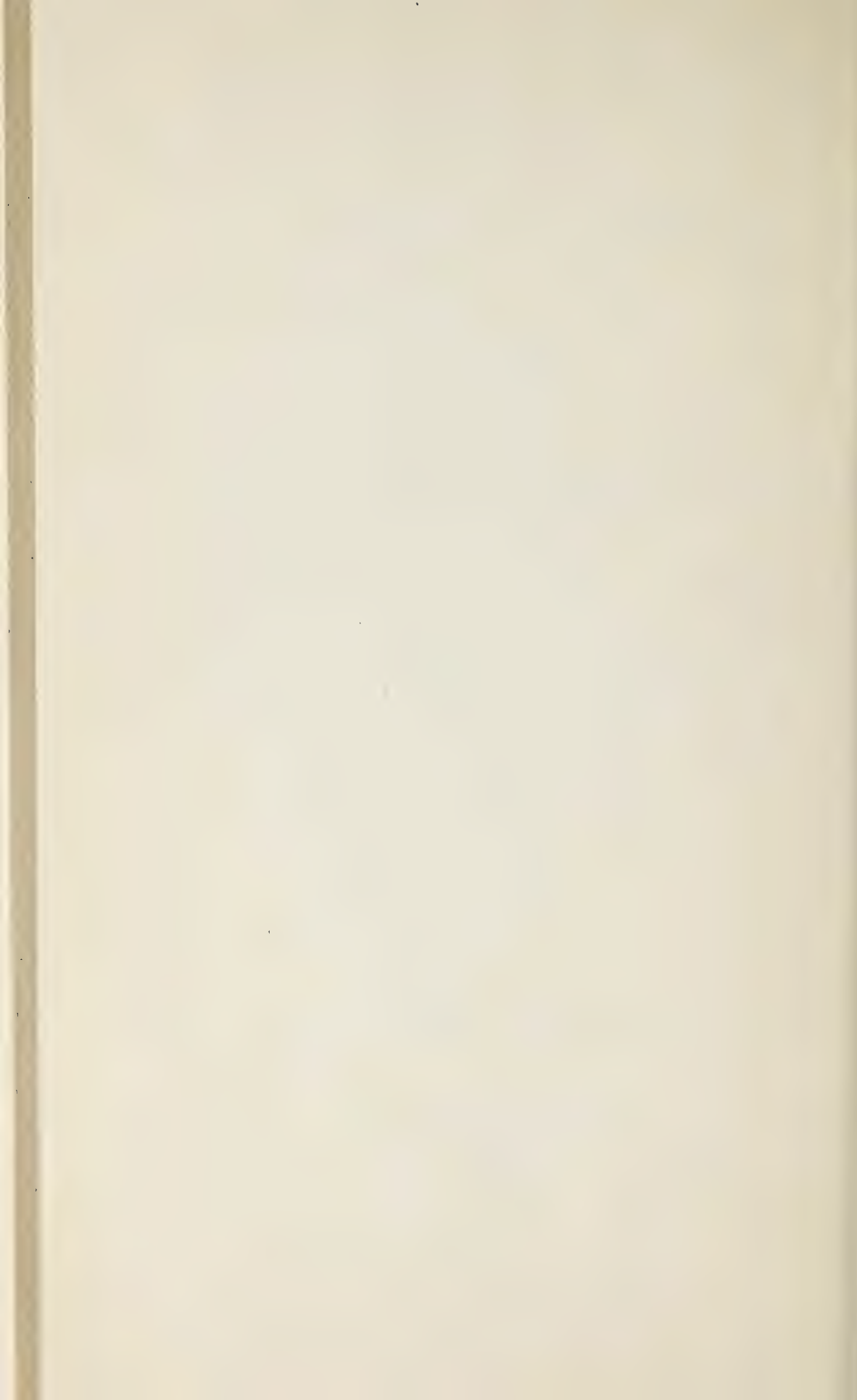
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Published by the Society

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
CALIFORNIA VOICE PRINT

1897





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## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

---

1896.

### OFFICERS:

FRANK J. POLLEY	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON	-	-	-	-	-	-	First Vice President
A. C. VROMAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Vice-President
EDWIN BAXTER	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Curator

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

FRANK J. POLLEY	J. M. GUINN
A. C. VROMAN	EDWIN BAXTER
REV. J. ADAM	H. D. BARROWS
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON	

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1897.

### OFFICERS (ELECT.)

J. D. MOODY	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON	-	-	-	-	-	-	First Vice President
E. W. JONES	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Vice-President
EDWIN BAXTER	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Curator

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J. D. MOODY	E. W. JONES
H. D. BARROWS	REV. J. ADAM
J. M. GUINN	EDWIN BAXTER
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.	

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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LOS ANGELES, 1896.

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## PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

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BY PROF. FRANK J. POLLEY.

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[Delivered January 7, 1896.]

*Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:*

In conformity with custom, I present in my inaugural the outline of work for the year as an incentive to active co-operation among the members of the society.

The society has existed and justified itself in the past, in the face of many difficulties. The lack of suitable room prevents its valuable collection from being used to the best advantage. The county's needs deprived us of the large room in the court house and we now occupy a balcony of Judge VanDyke's court room by a courtesy which the society deeply appreciates, though it regrets the necessity which calls for it.

We also suffer from a lack of funds, but have the creditable record of being free from debt and limiting our expenses to the measure of our purse.

We need more people in attendance at our monthly meetings. Many of our most earnest members are those who have reached an age where it is an effort to attend an evening meeting with its subsequent discomforts of the return at a late hour.

It is hard to secure active workers since those who approach the subject with moderate enthusiasm are appalled at the chaos into which local history has apparently fallen. The lack of a popular accessible state history is severely felt, and since the bulky volumes of Bancroft require an especial



training for their use, intending students are discouraged and retire from the work.

These facts make the need for our society. Our local history is one of the most fascinating and instructive in all the Union. The work already done has been productive of much good, more in the way of leaven than in outward demonstrations. Our publications are carefully distributed, and the fact of our being here furnished a center from which many good influences radiate.

There is a lamentable ignorance among many well educated citizens as to Southern California history, and our work should be among them. The school teachers of the county and public officers of all kinds would be much benefited by an active interest in our society and it is in centers like these rather than to the people as a mass, where most good can be done.

Owing to the lack of printed history relating to our country a more generous contribution of papers from our older members would be very acceptable. It is a duty they owe, that matters of personal note should not die with them. Through their acquaintainship throughout the country, many diaries, memoirs and papers could doubtless be obtained.

The society could also do a good work by furnishing a small bibliography for use of students who desire light in dark places.

An history guide to our city is also among the possibilities that other societies like ours have realized for cities in the East.

The rarity of the Centennial pamphlet and its permanent value offer a practical example in this line. The society as a body needs to keep itself before the public in all legitimate ways upon all public occasions and show that its interest is not alone for the past.

Guests of note should be with us more frequently, and an informal reception tendered to one or more old citizens would be productive of much good.

The society can do no better work than to aid in breaking down the prejudice that makes a racial barrier between the old regime and the new.

The old Californians feel keenly the treatment formerly accorded them and it is time that such misunderstandings should vanish in the light of better times when each have grown to know the other better.

By a little care the program committee can secure the active co-operation of many members who are now dormant through diffidence, and if each member of the society will interest himself to interest others and secure them to our membership, our usefulness will be extended and prosperity proportionally increased.

The good accomplished in the past makes me hopeful in the future, especially since we begin a new year with harmony among all our members and a clean record before the country at large.

## THE OLD TIME SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS OF LOS ANGELES.

BY J. M. GUINN.

[ Published in the Los Angeles Daily Times, May 22, 1896.]

The recent meeting of the Southern California Teachers' Association in this city, at which 1200 educators assembled, and the prospective meeting this summer in some other city of the 12,000 or more members of the National Educational Association, whom we had hoped to welcome here, is evidence in disputable that the "schoolmaster is abroad in the land," and is evidence, too, that at times the schoolmistress is not at home.

In looking over the assemblage of teachers in the Normal Hall at a recent meeting of the association, I was led to compare this association with the first teachers' institute or association ever held in Los Angeles.

October 31, 1870, just a little over a quarter of a century ago, the writer assisted in organizing the first teachers' association held in our city. At that institute the entire teaching force of the city and county of Los Angeles, including the area now in Orange county, was just thirty-five teachers. Now in the same area there are 900. Then there were but six High Schools in the entire state, not one of which was in Southern California, now there are that many in Los Angeles county alone. If I were asked for some single standard by which to measure the rapid, but at the same time permanent growth of Los Angeles, I would answer the increase of our public schools.

The first community want the American pioneer supplies is the schoolhouse. Wherever the pioneers from the New England and the Middle states planted a settlement there at the same time they planted a schoolhouse. The first community want that the Spanish pobladores (colonists) supplied was a church. The schoolhouse was not wanted, or if wanted was the long-felt want that never was satisfied.

At the time of the acquisition of California by the Americans (1846) seventy seven years from the date of its first settlement, there was not, to the best of my knowledge and reasearch, a public schoolhouse owned by any pueblo or city in all California. The few schools that did exist were kept in rented buildings, or the schoolmaster furnished the schoolroom as part of the contract.

The first school in California was opened in San Jose in December, 1794, seventeen years after the founding of the Pueblo.

The pioneer teacher of California was Manuel de Vargas, a retired sergeant of infantry. The school was opened in the public granary. Vargas in 1795, was offered \$250 a year to open a school in San Diego, and as this

was higher wages than he was receiving, true to the instincts of the profession, he took it, and thus became the pioneer teacher of Southern California. José Manuel Toca, a gamute, or ship-boy, arrived at Santa Barbara on a Spanish transport the same year, 1795, and was employed as schoolmaster at \$125 a year. Thus the army and the navy pioneered education in California. In 1797 Toca was ordered to report for duty on his ship, and José Medino, another gamute took his place as schoolmaster. Vargas, the pioneer pedagogue, seems to have been somewhat of an educational tramp. We find him in 1798-99 teaching in Santa Barbara. With the close of the century he disappears from the educational field.

Gov. Borica, the patron of the public schools, who, with such material as he could command, had made an earnest effort to establish a system of public education, resigned in 1800, and was succeeded by Arrillaga. Gov. Arrillaga, if not openly hostile, was indifferent to the education of the common people. He took life easy, and the schools took a vacation of fifteen years. Gov. Sola, the successor of Arrillaga, made an effort to establish public schools, but the indifference of the people discouraged him.

There seems to have been no school opened in Los Angeles during Borica's rule. Los Angeles being neither a maritime or presidial town, there were probably no soldiers or sailors out of a job who could turn their attention to school keeping. With the revival of learning under Sola, the first school in Los Angeles was opened in 1817, just thirty-six years after the founding of the Pueblo. Maximo Piña, an invalid soldier, was the pioneer schoolmaster of Los Angeles. His salary was \$140 a year. Where his schoolhouse was located, the record does not tell. Probably, like Vargas, he held forth in the public granary, which was located on the east side of the old plaza.

The Spanish and Mexican Governors made spasmodic efforts to establish public schools, but with little success. The people took but little interest in them, the school terms were short, the vacations long. There were well educated and intelligent men among the wealthy class of Californians, but the common people were ignorant of book learning. A few of the wealthier rancheros sent their sons to Mexico to be educated. The girls picked up what little education they got at home.

The old soldier schoolmasters were tyrants, and their school government a military despotism. The course of instruction in their schools and their discipline was modeled after Pete Jones' alliterative formula: "Lickin' and larnin'; no lickin' no larnin'." The following graphic description of the old-time schools and schoolmasters of California is found in a compilation by Bancroft from the writings of Gen. M. G. Vallejo, one of the ablest and most liberal-minded men California has produced. It is, no doubt, a cor-



rect portraiture of the pioneer school and schoolmaster of Los Angeles:

"The room itself was long, narrow, badly lighted; unadorned walls, save by a huge green cross or the picture of some saint generally the virgin of Gaudalupe, suspended over the master's head or to one side of his table; dirty everywhere and in places dilapidated. There was a rude platform at one end on which was placed a table, covered with a dingy black cloth. Behind this table was seated, in a greasy dress of fantastic fashion, an inviolated old soldier, of ill-tempered visage and repulsive presence.

As the scholars reluctantly entered the chilling atmosphere each walked the length of the room, kneeled before the cross or saint, recited aloud the *beadito* and crossed himself. His devotions finished, he trembling, approached the master, saying, "*La Mano, Señor Maestro,*" thereupon, that grave functionary, with a sort of a grunt or bellow, gave his hand to kiss.

Here is a description of a recitation from the same source: "If learning to write, the boy placed some heavy, black lines, called a *pauta*, under the paper, which he ruled with a piece of lead, afterwards taking the paper and a pen to the master, who, sharpening the latter with his knife, set him a copy according to his grade, of which there were eight, ranging from coarse marks and pothooks to fine writing in the old-fashioned round hand. The sheet completed, the child took it to the master. 'Here is a blot, you little rascal' 'Pardon, *Senor Maestro*, tomorrow I will do better.' 'Hold out your hand, *sirrah*!' During the time devoted to the examination of copies the *ferule* had but little rest. But on the black cloath lay another and far more terrible implement of torture—a hempen scourge, with iron points—a nice invention, truly, for helping little children to keep from laughing aloud, running in the streets, playing truant, spilling ink, or failing to know the lessons in the dreaded *doctrina Christiana*—the only lesson taught, perhaps, because it was the only one the master could teach; to fail in the *doctrina* was an offense unpardonable. This very appropriate inquisitorial instrument of torture was in daily use. One by one each little guilty wretch was stripped of his poor shirt—often his only garment—stretched face downward upon a bench, with a handkerchief thrust into his mouth as a gag, and lashed with a dozen or more blows until the blood ran down from his little lacerated back."

When such brutality was practiced in them it is not strange the schools were unpopular.

School supplies were scarce in those days. The *habilitado* (paymaster) furnished the writing paper from the government stores. When it was well covered over with pot-hooks and choice round-hand extracts from the Catechism and *doctrina Christiana*, it was returned to the soldiers to be manufactured into cartridges. So, when poor Lo went on the warpath it sometimes happened that he was converted into a good Indian by having a choice extract of the Catechism or *doctrina* shot into him.

Maximo Piña, the pioneer pedagogue of Los Angeles, taught during the years 1817 and 1818. Then the schools took a vacation of nine years, probably to allow the pupils' backs to heal. During the vacation, the government changed from the monarchical domination of Spain to the republican rule of Mexico. In the first forty six years of its existence, if the record is correct, the Pueblo of Los Angeles enjoyed educational facilities just two years. There was no educational cramming in those days.

Mexico did better for public education in California than Spain. The school terms were increased and the vacations shortened.

Luciano Valdez, the successor of Pina, taught in 1827-28-29-30. Joaquin Botiller in 1831, Vicente Morago in 1832, Cristoval Auguilar in 1833, and Francisco Pontraja in 1834. In 1836 the ayuntamiento petitioned the governor to detail an officer of the army for a schoolmaster, as no one qualified for the position could be found in the town. Ensign Guadalupe Medina was granted leave of absence to act as perceptor. He seems to have been a very efficient teacher. In 1838 Ignacio Caronel and his daughter opened a school on the Lancasterian plan and kept it open till 1842.

Guadalupe Medina taught in 1843, and the early part of 1844. Luisa Arguella in 1844. Ensign Medina again resumed the birch in 1845, but laid it down in a few months to take up the sword. Los Angeles was having one of its periodical revolutions. The schoolhouse was needed for barracks. The pupils were given a vacation—a vacation, by the way, that lasted five years. The gringos conquered California the next year and when school took up the country was under a new government.

The first public school opened in Los Angeles after the American acquisition, and the last one taught in the Spanish language, was kept by Francisco Bustamente. There is a contract on record made June 21, 1850, between him and the president of the city council, Don Abel Stearns, in which Bustamente agrees "to teach the scholars to read and count, and so far as he is capable, to teach them orthography and good morals"—Compensation \$60 a month, and \$20 for rent of school-room to be paid out of the public funds. The pioneer English school was opened in 1850 by the Rev. Dr. Weeks and John G. Nichols. This was a private school. Between 1850 and 1854 there were several private schools. Miss Julia Dalton taught a primary school in 1852-53. T. J. Scully in 1853 and M. A. Hoyt in 1854. The genial J. Frank Burns taught a subscription school in a large tent near San Gabriel in 1853-4. Later on he was county superintendent of schools. In 1854 the erection of the first school building owned by the city was begun. This was "School-House No. 1," located on the northwest corner of Spring and Second streets; on the lot now occupied by the Bryson block and the police station. It was a modest two-room structure built of brick. (Later on it was enlarged to four rooms.) Unpre-

tentious as it was, it was the pride of the city, and the finest school building in Southern California at that time.

School was opened in it March 19, 1855. William A. Wallace in charge of the boys' department and Miss Louisa Hayes in charge of the girls' department. Coeducation of the sexes then and for many years after was not tolerated in the public schools of Los Angeles. This schoolhouse then was well out of town, the bulk of the inhabitants residing north of First street.

The Los Angeles Star of March 17, 1855, in an editorial urging the planting of trees on the school lot, says: "The ground to be enclosed is sufficiently large for play grounds, and the trees, if they flourish, will afford grateful shelter from the sun's heat. But this is not all, for when the feasibility of growing trees upon the naked plain is fairly tested the owners of lots in the neighborhood will imitate the good example and thus not only secure a great comfort to themselves but a claim to the gratitude of those who may hereafter travel our dusty streets." "Naked plain" around the corner of Spring and Second streets sounds antediluvian now.

Wallace, after a few months' teaching, laid down the birch and mounted the editorial tripod. The tripod seemed to be an uncomfortable seat for him. He got off in a short time. Of his subsequent career I know nothing. William McKee, an educated young Irishman, succeeded him in the school. McKee was a successful teacher. The school grounds had been inclosed by a Mexican picket fence—a structure made of willow poles for pickets, intertwined with rawhide thongs. The shade trees grew, but when the green feed on the plains around dried up, the innumerable ground squirrels that infested the mesa made a raid on the trees, ate the leaves and girdled the branches. McKee, to protect his trees, procured a shotgun, and when he was not teaching the young idea how to shoot he was shooting squirrels. There was one man who did not appreciate McKee's efforts to grow shade trees on the "naked plain" around the schoolhouse; and he was the "hombre" that had the contract of supplying the school with water. There was no water system then and water for domestic purposes was supplied by water carriers from carts. McKee used water from the school barrel to water the trees. The paisano who supplied the water reported to the trustees that that gringo "maestro de escuela" (schoolmaster) was wasting the public water in trying to grow trees on the mesa, where "any fool might know they wouldn't grow." The trees did survive the squirrels and the waterman's wrath. The older residents will recollect the black locusts that shaded the Spring-street front of the school lot. They were cut down in 1884. McKee long since laid down the birch. He now resides in San Francisco, a hale and hearty old bachelor. The late Thomas J. Scully was the Nestor of Los



Angeles teachers in length of service in the county. Scully was a graduate of the Toronto Normal School and was probably the first normal graduate to teach in our schools. He began teaching in the city in 1853, but soon turned his attention to the country schools. There were only three districts in the county then and the amount of public funds received by each was small. Scully would teach in one until the funds were exhausted, then move on to the next and so on until he had made the rounds. In this way he was enabled to give all the schools of the county a uniform system and no change of teachers. Scully, in his pedagogical peregrinations, reached a certain district where, not heeding the advice of the late Samuel Weller, "beware of vidders," he was captivated by the black eyes and winning smiles of a little widow. Scully laid down the birch, married and turned his attention to cultivating his wife's vineyard and making wine. He found a home market for a considerable quantity of his wine crop and domestic infelicity followed. A social eruption threw Scully outside of the family circle. He laid down the wine cup, reformed, took up the birch and waved it successfully until his death, which occurred last December. He taught in the county over thirty years. He was a genial, whole souled man and was well liked by all who knew him.

At the close of the schools in June, 1856, forty years ago, the first public school examination ever held in the city was conducted by William McKee and Miss Louisa Hayes. The boys declaimed and read compositions, and Michael Sansevain performed some feats in mental arithmetic. "The young ladies in Miss Hayes's department were elegantly dressed, and formed an assemblage as remarkable as well for beauty as for intelligence," says the bachelor editor of the *Star*. "A number of well-written compositions were read in a graceful and effective manner. Where all were excellent, it may seem invidious to mention names, but we think the following young ladies were conspicuous for general proficiency: Misses Mary Wheeler, Lucinda Macy, Margaret Brody, Louisa Hoover, Natividad Aguilar." At the close of the examinations several susceptible young gentlemen present, charmed with the proficiency of the young ladies, "chipped in" and raised a donation of \$122 to buy maps and globes for the school. Some of those susceptible young gentlemen, now gray and grizzled grandfathers, may, if they should chance to read this, recall that gala day in the schools of Los Angeles long ago.

The schoolhouse north of the Plaza, known as schoolhouse No. 2, was completed and occupied early in 1856. It was a two room building, located on Bath street, now North Main. It was demolished when the street was widened and extended. Two schoolhouses for a number of years supplied the educational needs of the city. The schoolhouse north of the Plaza was more centrally located than the Spring street building—the Plaza at the time being the center of the population of the city.

The first teachers' institute was organized in this building, October 31, 1870. It was held there because the school building on the corner of Spring and Second streets was too far out of town then. There were no hotels then south of First street, and the business center of the city was on Los Angeles street, between Arcadia and Commercial. The officers of the institute were: William M. McFadden, County Superintendent, president; J. M. Guinn and T. H. Rose, vice-presidents, and P. C. Tonner, secretary. All these have long since laid down the pedagogical birch. The entire teaching force of the city schools consisted of five teachers; of the county, thirty (which included the area now in Orange.)

The institute was pronounced a decided success by those who participated in it. One small schoolroom held the members and the audience, and still there was room for more. Hon. O. P. Fitzgerald, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, now Bishop Fitzgerald of the M. E. Church South, of California, was present. An amusing episode occurred at this institute, which I have no doubt the bishop has laughed over many a time, "for he's a jolly good fellow." A certain ex-pedagogue known as Prof. B., read an essay on "Scolding." Scarcely had he taken his seat when a lady arose and began to soundly berate the professor. Superintendent Fitzgerald, who was presiding, at first supposed she was giving an object lesson in scolding, to illustrate the subject of the essay, but when, with vehement utterances she denounced the professor as a thief—"He stole my well," Superintendent Fitzgerald, in his blandest tones, remarked: "Madame, I do not find your exercise down on the programme, and I shall have to call you to order." We all regretted that Superintendent Fitzgerald did not ask her to explain the professor's feat in physics, the carrying off of her well—a hole in the ground. The disputants have long since gone to heaven, where we hope all is "well" with them. The trouble between them had grown out of disputed land boundaries, a fruitful source then of neighborhood quarrels.

In early times the schoolmasters had the profession to themselves. As late as 1868 the male teachers were in the majority in the county, the count standing, schoolmasters, 17; schoolmistresses, 10. In all the years since then the masters have steadily gone down in relative numbers and the mistresses have gone up, until now the lords of creation in the profession are reduced to the condition foretold by the old prophet: "When seven women shall lay hold on one man," the relative numbers in the profession standing about seven female to one male teacher, outside of the high schools.

Dr. Wm. B. Osburn was the first superintendent of the Los Angeles city schools. He was appointed by the city council, June 4, 1855. Osburn was postmaster at the time of his appointment. No doubt the council selected him because he was a man of letters. In addition to the duties of

postmaster and school superintendent he conducted an auction house. He seems to have been a man of versatile genius. He was successively physician, postmaster, justice of the peace, councilman, auctioneer and horticulturist. Possibly at some subsequent period in his checkered career he may have waved the pedagogical birch. Among his duties as superintendent he was required to examine teachers, grant certificates, visit the schools monthly and hold public school examinations yearly.

All city school reports of late years give Dr. Wm. T. Lucky as the first superintendent of city schools. This is an error. Osburn filled the office nearly twenty years before Dr. Lucky's time. The Rev. Dr. Elias Birdsell also filled the office for some time. The office was abolished in 1867, and created again in 1873, when Dr. Lucky became superintendent.

The High School was organized in 1873 by Dr. William T. Lucky. It was the first, and for a number of years the only High School in Southern California. It met with considerable opposition at first, on account of the additional expense, but prospered, all the same. Times were changing. There was a "new heaven and a new earth" in Southern California, and "old things were passing away and all things were becoming new."



# GOV. GASPAR DE PORTOLA;

OR THE STORY OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF ALTA CALIFORNIA.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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[Read Nov. 9, 1896.]

Notwithstanding the fact that California was discovered by Cabrillo, a navigator sailing under the Spanish flag, more than 350 years ago, no serious attempt was made by Spain to take possession of Upper or Alta California till 1768. It was during this year that in pursuance of orders from the King, Carlos III, a movement was set on foot in Mexico or New Spain, as the country was then known, by the Viceroy de Croix, having for its object the colonization of the territory lying between the Peninsular and the British possessions. This movement was on a somewhat extensive scale, and an account of its progress and final success, and of the more prominent actors who took part in the same, should not be without interest to the members of this society. Some of those persons were striking and unique characters. One of these was Don Josè de Galvez, an intendente of the royal army, Visitador General of New Spain, and member of the "Council of the Indies," who had come to Mexico from Spain in 1761.

De Galvez was a native of Malaga. Being a man of great ability and decision of character, he performed very efficient and valuable services for the crown in the new world.

Being invested with practically unlimited powers in New Spain by the king and by the viceroy, el Marques de Croix, de Galvez in order to carry out the known policy or positive directions of the Spanish government, devised and set on foot the expedition from la Baja California, having for its object the occupation of San Diego and Monterey. There were already several flourishing missions on the peninsula at that time. This expedition consisted of four divisions, two of which went by land and two by water. The latter were conveyed north from La Paz and Cape St. Lucas, on two vessels, the San Carlos and the San Antonio, which were brought, by order of de Galvez, from San Blas for the purpose, under command of Captains Vila and Perez of the royal navy, both experienced seamen.

The land divisions were respectively under Gaspar de Portolá, (at that time Governor of Baja or old California,) and Captain Rivera y Moncada, who collected such supplies at the mission of Santa Maria on the northern frontier, as could be furnished by the various missions of the peninsula. An extra military force of 25 Catalan soldiers from Guaymas, under Lieut. Pedro Fages, (the same who afterwards became governor,) was ordered to join the sea division.

Another prominent person accompanying the expedition, and who in after years became eminent in the ecclesiastical annals of the new province,

was the father president, Junipero Serra, besides whom there were several other priests, including Padre Juan Crespi, etc.

Church furniture, vestments, etc., were also taken, as missions were to be established at several points, especially at San Diego and Monterey.

By the wise forethought of Visitador de Galvez, many kinds of domestic animals, and useful seeds and plants were taken to the new province, where, until then they were wholly unknown, but where, in after years, they so multiplied, under favorable conditions of soil and climate, as to make the new missions, which were established for spiritual or religious purposes, independently rich in material wealth in spite of themselves.

The first land party under Capt. Rivera y Moncada set out from Velicatà in March 1869, for San Diego where it arrived in the following May.

The second section by land under Gov. de Portolà, arrived in the latter part of June. They found that both the San Carlos and San Antonio had been in port some time, and that a great portion of their crews were sick, or had died from the scurvy, which had broken out in violent form. Of the ninety sailors and soldiers, etc., of the two ships, more than two-thirds died. The surgeon, Dr. Pierre Prat, (a Frenchman,) attended the sick, who were moved on shore and placed under the protection of tents or other temporary shelter.

Meanwhile the first land party opportunely arrived, and greatly assisted in the care of the sick; all the well were kept busy caring for the sick until the arrival of Gov. de Portolà and president Serra, with the second land party, toward the last of June.

The Governor kept a diary of this journey, which in MS. is still extant.

After celebrating a thanksgiving mass, in which about 125 persons took part, of the 200 and upwards, who had started from la Baja, Gov. de Portolà and Capt. Vila concluded to dispatch the San Antonio to San Blas for supplies and for sailors to reman both the vessels; whilst an expedition headed by the Governor proceeded north by land to Monterey. The San Antonio sailed south July 9, and Gov. de Portolà's party started on their northern journey, July 14. There were about sixty men in the party, including besides the Governor, Captain Rivera y Moncada, and Fages, Lieut. Ortega, Friars Crespi and Gomez, engineer Costansó, etc.

This expedition went as far north as San Francisco bay, but failed to recognize Monterey bay from the data in its possession, (as described from the seaward by the early navigators,) and it returned to San Diego, January 24, 1870. Gov. de Portolà, discouraged by the many hardships and severe sickness of the colonists, was inclined to abandon San Diego. But the arrival in March of the San Antonio with abundant supplies, thus relieving

the pressing necessities of the little colony, changed the aspect of affairs for the better, very materially. Besides, fresh orders came from the Viceroy and from de Galvez to continue the occupation and settlement of the country.

Accordingly the Governor in April sent the San Antonio northward, and set out himself with a party of twenty-five or thirty men, including Fages and Friar Crespi, to renew the search for Monterey, which he found in May. The San Antonio, with the father President Serra, Costansò, Dr. Prat, etc., arrived a few days later.

On the 3rd of June, 1770, Gov. de Portolà, after the priests had said mass, took formal possession in the name of the king of Spain. A cross still standing near the edge of the waters of the bay, on which is inscribed: June 3, 1770, is supposed to mark the spot where Father Junípero Serra celebrated mass over 126 years ago, which also is supposed to be the identical spot where the Franciscan friars who accompanied Viscaino's exploring expedition in 1602 celebrated mass—almost three centuries ago. Having thus formally taken possession of the country, and established a military post or presidio, and mission, with Father Serra in charge of the latter as minister, and Father Crespi as associate minister, Gov. de Portolà turned the government of the new establishments at Monterey and San Diego over to Capt, Pedro Fages in pursuance of previous orders from de Galvez, and then embarked on the San Antonio, July 9, for San Blas, where he arrived August 1.

News of the occupation of Monterey reached the City of Mexico in August and caused great rejoicing at the capital. De Galvez and Viceroy de Croix received congratulations in the name of the king for their successful extension of the Spanish dominions.

Of the personality and after career of Gov. de Portolà and of his more prominent co-laborers in the occupation and colonization of Alta California, a few words should be added: Gov. de Portolà, who had been a captain of dragoons in the Spanish army, and who was the first governor of Baja as well as of Alta California, made a record as a faithful, honest official of fair ability. Nine years after he left California, he was Governor of Puebla, after which nothing is known of his career or of the date of his death.

The Viceroy de Croix, who co-operated with De Galvez, supporting all his measures, died in 1786, at an advanced age, but he was relieved as viceroy of New Spain in 1771, and was succeeded by Bucareli, whose term as viceroy continued from the latter date to 1779, and under whose wise administration the new settlements were prosperous.

It is not an easy matter for the Californian of these last years of the nineteenth century to picture to himself the California which presented itself



to those first settlers of San Diego and Monterey, a century and a quarter ago. They did not find a single white man in this hitherto unexplored region. Instead, there were scattered throughout the various valleys traversed by them in their journey northward from San Diego to the bay of San Francisco, many thousands of half-naked, degraded Indians. There was probably not a single human habitation throughout the entire territory that civilized people would dignify by the name of "a dwelling house" fit for man to live in. Neither is it probable that the new settlers found in this then utterly wild region, either ganada mayor or menor, that is to say horses, horned cattle, mules, sheep, goats or swine. Useful grains and vegetables, fruit trees and grape vines, excepting a few wild vines, were unknown to the native wild Indians till they were brought hither by the Spaniards or Mexicans.

Of the wild animals, such as deer, antelope, elk, bear, and coyotes, wolves and California lions, wild geese, ducks and quail, etc., there was an abundance.

No wonder, when the supplies brought by the two small vessels of the colonists fell short, that the scurvy should have raged virulently and with such fatal results, for where, on shore, could proper shelter or adequate remedies be found?

Of course, as soon as the vegetables and fruits and useful grains brought by the settlers, could be grown, there was abundance. But till then the deprivations of the new-comers must have been very severe.

The country was then almost treeless, presenting a very different appearance from what it does now, or has done since the introduction of the eucalyptus tree from Australia in recent years.

The colonists at first could only communicate with the aborigines whom they found here in such large numbers, by means of signs. The latter had no written language, and hardly even a history that was worth preserving, for nearly all the tribes were of a very low order of intelligence, scarcely, if at all, above the beasts of the field.

Considering the mission establishments from an economic standpoint, they may be accounted a success; for every one of them became rich. But there may be differences of opinion as to their success in civilizing the Californian Digger Indian, i. e., in developing in him even a low grade of citizenship or capacity of self-government, albeit the good fathers labored faithfully in his behalf for more than sixty years. Unlike the Aztecs and other tribes of Mexico, and Central and South America, he showed, during that long period, but little capacity for civilization, either high or low. But this phase of the question I leave for others to discuss.

# MICHAEL WHITE, THE PIONEER.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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One of the earliest English-speaking settlers of the Los Angeles valley, was Michael White, or "Miguel Blanco," as he was known by the native Californians. Mr. White, whom I knew well, and from whom I obtained the data on which this sketch is based, in 1881, was born in the Kentish town of Margate, England, February 10, 1801. He left home at the age of 14, on a whaler, the "Perseverance," Wm. Mott, master, and came out to the far-away Pacific ocean. He first touched the California coast at Cape St. Lucas, in 1817. He sailed, on different vessels along the Mexican coast, etc., till 1826, when he went to the Sandwich Islands the second time, having gone there in 1816. In 1828, as captain of his own vessel, the "Dolly," he engaged in the coasting trade, visiting Bodega, then occupied by the Russians, and from thence coming to San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Pedro and San Diego, and then back to Santa Barbara, where he went ashore to stay. Here he bought sixty-four horses, which the "Dolly," in charge of the mate, took to the Sandwich Islands. Mr. White stayed some time in Santa Barbara, and then left for Los Angeles, arriving there the last day of the year 1829. There was a revolution that year, headed by Solis, an officer at Monterey, against Gov. Echeandia. Solis and about sixty followers, came down as far as Santa Barbara, where they were compelled to surrender to the regularly constituted authorities. The trouble was that Solis and his adherents could not get their pay for services, etc., Echeandia, they said, having gambled away the money that should have come to them.

Mr. White told me that the only English-speaking foreigners he found here when he arrived, were John Temple, George Rice and Joseph Chapman. Temple and Rice had a store then near where the Downey block now stands. Mr. White said that Los Angeles at that time was a comparatively small place. There were only a few scattered houses besides the church, near the Plaza, with a few "huerteros" or persons having gardens here and there on the lower or irrigable lands; the San Gabriel Mission being then, and for several years after, the center of population and activity.

Vicente Sanchez and José Antonio Carrillo were prominent Californians. Guillermo Cota and Alvarado each had houses north of First street, between Main and Los Angeles streets. Juan Ballesteros lived nearly opposite and west of the property formerly occupied by the Sisters of Charity, on North Alameda street. Palomares lived just below the "Toma" or dam. The bottom lands of both the Los Angeles and San Gabriel rivers at that time, were like a "Monte" or "Bosque;" and as very little water was taken out of either river for irrigation, willows extended along their channels to a much greater extent than at present. Bears and wolves, as well as coyotes, were then very plenty in the valley.

Mr. White said that he was told that the Los Angeles river changed its course a few years before he came, from Alameda street to its present channel, and that many years ago, as he was informed, it used to empty into the Cienega, and find its outlet into the ocean in winter freshets, by way of Bal-lona creek.

Mr. White informed me that at the time he came here the San Gabriel Mission was one of the richest in California, in cattle and vineyards, and in money.

There were also large numbers of Indians under its control. He said that it employed over one hundred Indian vaqueros to brand its cattle. Padre José Sanchez, a native of Spain and a very well educated friar, had charge of the mission at that period, and until his death in 1833. All accounts agree that Padre Sanchez was a very good man, and a wise manager of the extensive establishment under his charge, which had been planned and built up largely by that other historical character, Father Salvidea. The mission then had several large vineyards and orchards, and it made wine, brandy, olive oil, and many other things for the use of employ- s and neophytes. It also owned the mill, (el Molino) in after years owned and occupied by Col. Kewen, and now I believe the property of Col. Mabery. This mill was built by Antonio José Rocha, a Portuguese, for the Padres.

Mr. White thought the Padres of San Gabriel mission moved from the old to the new mission, about five years after the founding of the old, (in 1771.) But they used a chapel or "capilla" at the new location, and did not build the present church edifice till years after, or, as he thought till four or five years before he came, which would have been about 1824. But Gov. Pio Pico told me that he thought it was built in 1820.

The "capilla" or chapel was on the north side of the square. The present mission church was built on the southeast corner of this square. On the east and south sides of the square, there were rows of adobe buildings, which were used as dormitories or as store-houses for wine, oil, etc. The fathers lived in those on the south side and adjoining the church.

When Mr. White came, he said there was a half-breed Indian by the name of José Maria living at what is known as the Chino ranch. He was there in charge of the cattle belonging to the mission. As he had curly hair he was called "el Chino," and that is how his place came to be known as the place or the rancho of "el Chino," a name that it retains to this day. "Cuca-munga" was an Indian word. The ranch by that name was granted to Tiburcio Tàpia. Victor Prudhomme married his daughter and became the owner. Col. Isaac Williams was the former owner, and I believe, grantee of the "Rancho del Chino;" at his death it went to his heirs, and was by them sold to Richard Gird.



Mr. White obtained a concession of 500 varas square, just north of the mission which contained inexhaustible springs of living water. This grant was just west of the Titus and Rose properties. Mr. White went there with his family in 1843, and lived there many years. He married in 1831 a daughter of Sergeant Guillem, who had been an officer under the King of Spain, stationed at San Diego, and Doña Eulalia his wife. The latter was the person who was reported to be the oldest woman in the world at the time of her death a few years ago, and about whom there was much talk in the papers. I knew Doña Eulalia very well, as I used to see her at one period almost daily, some thirty-five or forty years ago. From various data I believe she was not over one hundred years of age at the time of her death. Col Warner, who knew her well, and also knew many persons, as I did, who had been acquainted with her when she was a comparatively young woman, agreed with me that she could not have been much if any over one hundred years old. I remember that for some years before her death she sewed without glasses. She was of a kindly genial disposition and was respected and beloved by all who knew her. There must be many of her descendants now living in Southern California. Mr. White said he did not get any letters from his people in England for about eighteen years after he left home. The Californians in those times only heard from the outside world by the occasional Boston trading ships which used to come here "hide-drouging," and by whalers that would sometimes stop at some port on the coast, on their way down from the North in the fall of the year.

Mr. White sold his vineyard and orchard several years ago to Mr. L. H. Titus, and moved to Los Angeles, where he lived with his family till his death, which occurred February 28, 1885.

# THE RENEGADE INDIANS OF SAN GABRIEL.

BY FRANK J. POLLEY.

[Extracts from Unpublished MSS. of the late B. D. Wilson.]

[Read June 1, 1896.]

(Benjamin Davis Wilson was born in Nashville, Tennessee, December, 1, 1811. He came to California in 1841 by way of New Mexico. He took a prominent part in public affairs, both under Mexican and American rule. He was the first County Clerk of Los Angeles county after the organization of the State. He was Mayor of Los Angeles city, and served two terms as State Senator. He was appointed Indian agent of the southern district of California by President Fillmore and assisted Gen. Beale in forming the reservation at Fort Tejon. He died, March 11, 1878.)

J. M. G.

The fact renegade Indians existed, *prima facie* presupposes their ill-treatment by the Mission fathers. It has been so charged and denied since the time of La Perouse. The full truth is yet unknown. No rule can be given other than that of caution; many men at different times and places act differently, and so each case ought to be solved from the testimony pertinent thereto. Only a few facts are capable of proof. It is known that several of the renegade neophytes became locally celebrated. In times of excitement the priests enforced strict discipline in the exercise of judgment and ranch men were called in to assist in recapturing those who led in raiding stock.

Prior to the introduction of evidence it is well to remember the mission, presidio and pueblo governments, and how they often clashed. The soldiers and colonists were not always to the priests' choice; and there are instances of earnest remonstrances by the priests at the scandalous acts of many who came in contact with the Indians.

A converted Indian lost caste with his tribe; he was under the spell of the church and therefore to break from it and win the regard of his tribesmen required some decision of character. Such men made enemies to be feared by the white men.

Instances of Indian revolts and attacks on the missions may be easily collected from the books. Therefore no citations are given nor effort made at present towards a more graphic note and what follows is offered and is to be taken only as a contribution to the general subject. The quotations have not appeared in print and yet they were prepared by Mr. Wilson, of San Gabriel, for publication. It is not safe historic criticism to assume the Indians cowardly. The Cahuillas attacked the Irving party, maintained a

cavalry duel all day and towards evening drove the desperadoes into a blind ravine, from which only one man returned alive. Judge Benjamin Hayes took the testimony at the inquest. The verdict was: "Edward Irving and other white men, names unknown, were killed by the Cahuilla Indians, the killing was justifiable."

The particulars of this celebrated case are easily accessible. Undoubtedly the verdict was correct.

Wilson's testimony as to their bravery is similar. He was an old and experienced Indian fighter and assisted the authorities at San Gabriel in recapturing runaway and renegade Indians. He is not ashamed to recount that several times he and all the men he had in assistance between here and the present Riverside county, were badly defeated.

The first extract from his MS. is about the renowned Indian desperado Joaquin.

Wilson had been in search of the tribe harboring the renegades, when suddenly upon emerging into an open plain he discovered a small number of Indians.

"The leading man of the four happened to be the very man of all others I was seeking for. The first marauder, Joaquin, who had been raised as a page of the church in San Gabriel Mission, and for his depredations and outlawry bore on his person the mark of the mission, i. e., one of his ears cropped off and the iron brand on his hip. This is the only instance I ever saw or heard, of of that kind; and that marking had not been done at the Mission, but at one of the ranches—El Chino, by the mayor domo. While in conversation with Joaquin the command was coming on, and he then became convinced that we were on a campaign against him and his people. It was evident before that he had taken me for a traveler. Immediately that he discovered the true state of things he whipped from his quiver an arrow, strung it on his bow, and left nothing for me to do but to kill him in self-defense. We both discharged our weapons at the same time. I had no chance to raise the gun to my shoulder, but fired it from my hand. His shot took effect in my right shoulder and mine in his breast. The shock of his arrow in my shoulder caused me to involuntarily let my gun drop, my shot knocked him down disabled, but he discharged at me a tirade of abuse in the Spanish language such as I never heard surpassed..

I was on mule back, and got down to pick up my gun, by this time my command arrived at the spot. The other three Indians were making off over the plains, I ordered my men to capture them alive but the Indians resisted stoutly and refused to the last to surrender, and wounded several of our horses and two or three men, and had to be killed. Those three men actually fought eighty men in open plain till they were put to death.



During the fight Joaquin laid on the ground uttering curse and abuse against the Spanish race and people. I discovered that I was shot with a poisoned arrow and rode down some 500 yards to the river. Some of my men on returning and finding that Joaquin was not dead, finished him. I had to proceed immediately to the care of my wound. There was with me a Comanche Indian, a trusty man who had accompanied me from New Mexico to California. The only remedy we knew of was the sucking of the poison with the mouth out of the wound, indeed there is no other remedy known even now. I have frequently seen the Indians prepare the poison and it is nothing more than putrid meat or liver and blood poisoned by rattlesnake venom, which they dry in thin sticks and carry in leather sheaths.

When they went on a hunting or campaigning expedition they wetted their arrows with the sticks and when it was to dry they softened it by holding it near the fire a little while. By the time I got to the river my arm and shoulder were immensely swollen all over. My faithful Comanche applied himself to sucking the wound which was extremely painful. He soon began reducing the swelling and in the course of three or four days it had entirely disappeared and the wound was in a fair way of healing. It never gave me any trouble afterward although there was left in the flesh a small piece of flint which I still carry to this day. As I was unable to travel while the wound was healing, I kept with me five men of the command and ordered the rest to proceed down the river on the campaign till they found the Indians." \* \* These men after several days returned, they found the Indians fortified in the rocks and attacked them. They fought them a whole day and finally were obliged to leave them in their position, and come away with several men badly wounded. "I had to abandon the campaign as beside the wounded men the command had all their horses worn out."

This tired band arrived at Wilson's home and there some deserted; fully twenty men returning to other pursuits.

The narrative then gives the recruiting of a new force and its successful expedition.

He had met some American trappers who promised assistance. He also wrote Don Enrique Avila who promised ten men. "He came with us and we started 21 strong." Some seven or eight days' march brought them to the rendezvous near the Mohave river, Wilson says:

"We discovered an Indian village and I at once directed my men to divide in two parties to surround and attack the village. We did it successfully, but as on the former occasion the men in the place would not surrender and on my endeavoring to persuade them to give up, they shot one of my men Evan Callaghan in the back. I thought he was mortally wounded and commanded my men to fire. The fire was kept up until every Indian was slain.

I took the women and children prisoners, and we found we had to remain there over night on account of the suffering of our wounded.

Fortunately the next morning we were able to travel and we marched on our return home bringing the women and children.

We found that these women could speak Spanish very well, and had

been neophytes, and that the men we had killed had been the same who had defeated my command the first time and were likewise Mission Indians.

We turned the women and children over to the Mission San Gabriel where they remained. These campaigns left our district wholly free from Indian depredations till after the change of government.

'Our march this time was through the San Gorgonio Pass where the railroad now runs. Our object being this time to capture two renegade neophytes who had taken up their residence among the Cahuillas and corrupted many of the young men of the tribe with whom they carried on constant depredations on the ranchmen of this district.

At the head of the desert in the place called Agua Caliente we were met by the chief of the Cahuillas whose name was Cabezon (big head) with about 20 picked followers, to remonstrate upon our going upon a campaign against his people for he had ever been good and friendly to the whites. I made known to him I had no desire to wage war on the Cahuillas as I knew them to be what he said of them but that I had come with the determination of seizing the two renegade Christians who were continually depredating on our people. (The chief urged there was no water or grass in the country. Wilson seized him, placed him under arrest and told him a white man who had had long experience could go wherever an Indian could.) "I then told him that there were but two ways to settle the matter. One was for me to march forward with my command looking upon the Indians I met as enemies till I got hold of the Christians, the other way was for him to detach some of his twenty men and bring the two robbers dead or alive to my camp." (He protested but finally arranged that if Wilson would release his brother and some others he and others would remain as hostages, and Adam his brother would bring the malefactors to him if Wilson would wait where he was in camp.)

"I at once accepted his petition and released Adam and the other twelve, and let them have their arms. I told them to go on their errand but asking how many days they would require to accomplish it. They asked for two days and nights. We stayed there that night and all the next day with the most oppressive heat I have ever experienced. It was so hot that we could not sit down but had to stand up and fan ourselves with our hats. The ground would burn us when we attempted to sit. Late the following night the chief called me, and asked me to put my ear to the ground, stating that he heard a noise and his men were coming. I did as he desired and heard a rumbling noise which at every moment became clearer. In the course of an hour we could begin to hear the voices and the old chief remarked to me with satisfaction that it was all right, he could tell by the singing of his men that they had been successful in the errand. I ordered

thirty men to mount their horses and go to meet them to see if it was all right as it was impossible those Indians were coming with hostile views. In due time the horsemen came back and reported that they believed all was right. I had my men under arms and waited the arrival of the party which consisted of forty or fifty warriors. Adam ordered the party to halt some 400 yards from my camp, himself and another companion advancing each one carrying the head of one of the malefactors which they threw at my feet with evident marks of pleasure at the successful results of the expedition. Adam at this same time showing me an arrow wound in one of his thighs which he had received in the skirmish that took place against those two christians and their friends.

Several others had been wounded but none killed except the two renegade christians. By this time, day was breaking and we started on our return. The campaign being at an end we left the Indians with the two heads. We took our departure from Aqua Caliente after giving them all our spare rations which were very considerable as they had been prepared in expectation of a long campaign."

Thus the old mission days passed away and many an Indian heart burned itself out with slow fires of hate. Among the thousands there it would be a miracle, were it not so and yet the strange part of it is that writers and historians seemed to have almost entirely overlooked the renegade element, or if not, they have under estimated its strength. Surely it is picturesque and dramatic enough even in the fine illustrative cases I have presented. Think of the night when the Lugos lay in wait in the dark cañon and a straying team carrying two ghastly corpses over our fertile plains, of the armed men facing each other in savage sullen silence in the court, the night ride and gathering of the Indian clans, the battle and calvary skirmish and the massacre and the carrying away of the remnant of the party thus exterminating a village, and the long homeward procession drawing near to our old Mission to deliver the remnant of the women and children within the walls that there enclosed the grounds, of a half savage Indian lying mortally wounded on the bare earth and cursing his life away in torrents of rage as his followers fight to the death against the foe, of what must have taken place on the two days' journey that resulted in the returning band of singing Indians as they bore the heads of the renegades in proof of their success and thereby to obtain the ransom of their chief who had stood and suffered in the camp of the white men during the awful heat, think of the runaways and captures, of the branding and cropping, of the plots and trials, the daring endeavors, the night raids of stock, the ambush for the travelers, the long journeys for help and organization of marauding bands, the councils and the laconic eloquence; and a picture arises of a part of the mission life that is strangely at variance from



the popular acceptance and causes the traveler who revisits these locations to pause and gaze upon the ruined structure of mission, ranch and village with feelings in which admiration, pity and regret are strangely mingled.

# DON ANTONIO MARIA LUGO;

A PICTURESQUE CHARACTER OF CALIFORNIA.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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(Read May 4, 1896.)

Among the native Californians of the olden time who were of families, and who were were also prominent citizens in their day, was Don Antonio Maria Lugo, who was born at the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, of Alta California, in 1775, and who died at his rancho of San Antonio, near the present town of Compton in this county, in 1860, at the age of 85 years.

He was one of the largest land-owners and stock-raisers outside of the Missionary establishments in the Californians. The writer of this knew him well; and he remembers vividly his striking appearance as he rode into town on horse back erect, with his sword strapped to his saddle beneath his left leg, he then being an octogenarian.

He told me at his rancho in 1856, that when he was still a young man, after having served as a soldier under the king of Spain, he obtained permission to settle where he then lived, in 1813.

He said he took a few head of horses and cattle there, and engaged in a small way, in the business of stock-raising, and that afterward he received a concession in legal form of, I think, seven leagues of land, which has since been known as the San Antonio rancho. The grant extended from the Dominguez or San Pedro rancho, one of the four most ancient grants in Alta California, nearly to the low range of hills separating it from the San Gabriel valley, and from the eastern Pueblo boundary to the San Gabriel river. It was one of the finest cattle ranges in the Territory; there was abundance of water on it, and on both sides of it, as the Los Angeles and San Gabriel rivers were not then taken out for irrigation, and there were lines of live willows extending along their banks to near the sea. When I was at his house in '56, there were two large spouting natural wells near by, that discharged immense quantities of water, accompanied by a roaring noise, that could be plainly heard some distance away.

No wonder that cattle and other animals thrived and increased in numbers wonderfully, and that eventually he had more stock than he knew what to do with. So, as his boys grew up, he obtained a grant in their name of the rancho of San Bernardino which included a considerable portion of the rich and fertile San Bernardino valley; and a part of their cattle and horses were moved to the new grant, where they continued to increase in numbers, as they had done on the home rancho.

The flocks and herds of the venerable Don and of his sons, like those of the patriarchs of Scripture, ranged over "a thousand hills;" and probably

their owners did not know themselves, how many cattle they had.

Don Antonio named over to me, all the governors of California, down to the coming of "Los Americanos," nearly every one of whom except of course, the first three, he knew personally.

The town home of the old gentleman, where nearly all of his large family of children were born, was on the east side of the street, afterwards known as Negro alley, situated on the eminence overlooking the valley, which was then a very desirable place of residence; it had not then been made the resort of low gamblers, nor as it is today, a vile den of heathen Chinese.

The following passage, written by Stephen C. Foster in 1876, \* refers to an episode which occurred during Don Antonio's occupancy of this home, and incidentally it describes his personal appearance at that period, and also gives exquisite touches of customs that were practiced here in the good old Spanish times. "In 1818 the pirate Bouchard had alarmed the inhabitants of this coast, and "Corporal Antonio Maria Lugo received orders to proceed to Santa Barbara with all the force the little town could spare;" for it was expected that the pirates would land at or near that place, which they did, at Ortega's ranch, where several of their crew were captured, including Joseph Chapman and a negro named Fisher, for whose safe keeping, Lugo became responsible. Some two weeks afterward he started with Chapman for Los Angeles, where says Mr. Foster, "Dona Dolores Lugo, (wife of Don Antonio,) who, with other wives, was anxiously waiting, as she stood after nightfall in the door of her house, which still (1876) stands on the street now known as Negro alley, heard the welcome sound of cavalry and the jingle of their spurs as they defiled along the path north of Fort Hill. They proceeded to the guard-house, which then stood on the north side of the Plaza across upper Main street. The old church was not yet built. She heard the orders given, for the citizens still kept watch and ward; and presently she saw two horsemen mounted on one horse, advancing across the Plaza toward the house, and heard the stern but welcome greeting, "Ave Maria Purissima," upon which the children hurried to the door and kneeling, with clasped hands, uttered their childish welcome, and received their father's benediction. The two men dismounted. The one who rode the saddle was a man fully six feet high, of a spare but sinewy form, which indicated great strength and activity. He was then forty-three years of age. His black hair, sprinkled with gray, and bound with a black handkerchief, reached to his shoulders. The square-cut features of his closely shaven face indicated character and decision, and their naturally stern expression was relieved by an appearance of grim humor—a purely Spanish face. He was in the uniform of a cavalry

\* See Thompson & West's History of Los Angeles County, page 24.



soldier of that time, the *cu ra blanca*, a loose fitting surtout, reaching to below the knees, made of buckskin, doubled and quilted so as to be arrow proof; on his left arm he carried an *adargi*, an oval shield of bull's hide, and his right hand held a lance, while a high-crowned, heavy vicuna hat surmounted his head. Suspended from his saddle were a carbine and a long straight sword.

The other was a man about twenty-five years of age, perhaps a trifle taller than the first. His light hair and blue eyes indicating a different race, and he wore the garb of a sailor. The expression of his countenance seemed to say, "I am in a bad scrape; but I reckon I'll work out somehow."

The Señora politely addressed the stranger, who replied in an unknown tongue. Her curiosity made her forget her feelings of hospitality, and she turned to her husband for an explanation.

"Whom have you here, old man?" (*viejito*) "He is a prisoner we took from that buccaneer—may the devil sink her—scaring the whole coast, and taking honest men away from their homes and business. I have gone his security."

"And what is his name and country?" "None of us understand his lingo, and he don't understand ours. All I can find out is, his name is José and he speaks a language they call English. We took a negro among them but he was the only one of the rogues who showed fight, and so Corporal Ruis lassoed him, and brought him head over-heels, sword and all. I left him in Santa Barbara to repair damages. He is English, (or speaks English) too."

"Is he a Christian or a heretic?" "I neither know nor care. He is a man and a prisoner in my charge, and I have given the word of a Spaniard and a soldier, to my old comandante for his safe keeping and good treatment. I have brought him fifty leagues, on the crupper behind me, for he can't ride without something to hold to. He knows no more about a horse than I do about a ship, and be sure and give him the softest bed. He has the face of an honest man, if we did catch him among a set of thieves, and he is a likely looking young fellow. If he behaves himself we will look him up a wife among our pretty girls, and then, as to his religion the good Padre will settle all that. And now good wife (*esposita mia*) I have told you all I know, for you women must know everything, but we have had nothing to eat since morning; so hurry and give us the best you have.

Mr. Foster adds that Lugo's judgment turned out to be correct; his Yankee prisoner, Joseph Chapman, who was the first English speaking settler of Los Angeles, (these events occurred in the year 1818,) soon after helping Lugo to get out timber in the mountains for the construction of the church; and a few years later, after he had learned enough Spanish to make himself understood, and could ride a horse without tumbling off, Lugo

accompanied him to Santa Barbara, where he helped him to find a wife in the Señorita Guadalupe Ortega, daughter of old Sergeant Ortega, Lugo standing as sponsor at the wedding; after which the three set out on horseback on the long road from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles, Chapman and his bride riding the same horse.

In after years Señor Lugo planted a vineyard on the east side of San Pedro street, on land now bisected by Second, and at present owned in part by his grand daughter Señora Montes de Oca, formerly Mrs. Woodworth; and for some years his town home was in the long adobe house, still standing, just north of the Woodworth residence.

One of Mr. Lugo's daughters, and I believe the only one of his numerous children now living, Doña Merced, married first, José Perez, and after his death, Stephen C. Foster, formerly Alcalde, and afterwards, Mayor of this city. Mrs. Foster's great-grandchildren, namely the children of J. J. Woodworth, Mrs. Albert Rimpau and Mrs. C. E. de Camp, are the great-great-grandchildren of the deceased patriarch, Don Antonio María Lugo. Thus it has been the lot of the writer to know five generations of this family. Another daughter, Jesus, married Col. Isaac Williams the old time owner of the magnificent rancho of "El Chino." The descendants by this line included Mrs. Jesuron, formerly Carlisle, and Mrs. Carrillo, formerly Rains, and their children and grandchildren, also to the fifth generation. Of the sons of old Don Antonio and their numerous descendants extending to the third, fourth and fifth generation, and, by marriage acquiring other names, I cannot undertake to give an account, because I am not well enough acquainted with them to do so. Don Felipe Lugo, one of the best known of these sons lived for many years on the ranch which bore his name, near to and south of the city and east of the river.

A brother of Don Antonio was Don José Ygnacio Lugo, the grandfather of the Wolfskills on their mother's side. He died in 1846. Doña Maria Antonia, wife of old Sergeant Vallejo—"Sarjento distinguido"—mother of General M. G. Vallejo, was also a Lugo, and a sister of Don Antonio.

From all of which it would appear that there must be a good deal of Lugo blood scattered about in various parts of California. Take it all in all, as exemplified both in the earlier and later generations, it has some pretty good qualities.

In 1795, Don Antonio married Dolores Ruis, by whom he had ten children. After her death, he married as his second wife, Maria Antonia German, by whom he had several children.

Don Antonio was Alcalde of the Pueblo for some years prior to 1815.

There are several portraits of him extant. I think Mrs. Foster has one;

Wallace Woodworth who married one of his granddaughters had one, and his son Vicente had another.

Mr. Stephen C. Foster has recorded some interesting incidents which reveal striking peculiarities in the character of Señor Lugo. Mr. Foster had been elected as one of the delegates to represent the Los Angeles district in the first Constitutional convention which met at Monterey in 1849; and desiring a letter of introduction to Don Antonio's sister, who lived there, he says: "I then had a consultation with my old father-in law, (Don Antonio Maria Lugo,) on the subject. He said: 'So the Mexicans have sold California to the Americans for \$15,000,000, and thrown us natives into the bargain? I don't understand how they could sell what they never had, for since the time of the king we sent back every governor they ever sent here. With the last they sent 300 soldiers to keep us in order, but we sent him with his ragamuffins back too. However, you Americans have got the country; and must have a government of your own, for the laws under which we have lived will not suit you. You must go, and you can stop with my sister, Doña Maria Antonia, the widow of old Sergeant Vallejo.' 'But you must give me a letter to her.' 'A letter?' was the quick reply; 'I can't write and she can't read, for we had no schools † in California when we were young. They tell me the Americans will establish schools where all can learn. I tell you what I'll do: I will make José, (one of his sons,) loan you el Quachino;' (the name of a notable horse which had been used by Lugo's sons to lasso grizzly bears that had attacked their stock on their San Bernardino rancho, and which besides the brand had the marks of a grizzly's claws.) 'My sister knows the horse, for I rode him to Monterey three years ago, and she knows my son would lend that horse to no man in California except his old father.'

'I will tell you how I happened to ride to Monterey at my time of life: In 1845, when Don Pio Pico became governor, he established the seat of government in Los Angeles, as the Mexican government had directed in 1836; but there was no government house, so I made a trade for a house for \$5000, for which drafts were given on the custom-house in Monterey, and like an old fool I went security for their payment.' (The house stood on the lot which extends from Main to Los Angeles streets, and from Commercial street north, to and including the present St. Charles Hotel.) 'The owner was pushing me for the payment; so I had to go to Monterey to see if that hopeful grandson of my sister, Governor J. B. Alvarado, then in charge of the custom-house, would pay them.

'I found him and Castro preparing to come down and deprive Pio Pico of the governorship, and they had use for all the money they could get; so I had my ride of 300 leagues for nothing. Plague take them all! with their pronunciamientos and revolutions, using up my horses and eating up my



cattle, while my sons, instead of taking care of their old father's stock were off playing soldier.

'The Americans have put a stop to all this, and we will now have peace and quiet in the land, as in the good old days of the king.'

'When you get to Monterey, you go to my sister and tell her for me, by the memory of our last meeting, to treat you as I have ever treated her sons and grandsons, when they visited me.'"

The circumstances of the "last meeting" referred to between Antonio Maria Lugo and his sister at Monterey three years before, are thus described :

"In March, 1846, Doña Maria Antonia Lugo de Vallejo was seated on the porch of her house, which commanded a full view of the town and the southern road, accompanied by one of her granddaughters. Three horsemen were seen slowly turning the point where one coming from the south can first be seen. The old lady shaded her eyes and gazed long and exclaimed: 'There comes my brother!' 'O, grandmother (abuelita,) yonder come three horsemen, but no one can tell who they are at that distance. 'But, girl,' she replied, "my old eyes are better than yours. That tall man in the middle is my brother, whom I have not seen for twenty years. I know him by his seat in the saddle. No man in California rides like him. Hurry off, girl, (hijita,) call your mother and aunts, your brothers, sisters and cousins, and let us go forth to welcome him.'

The horsemen drew near and a little group of some twenty women and children stood waiting with grandmother at their head, her eyes fixed on the tall horseman, an old, white-haired man, who flung himself from the saddle, and, mutually exclaiming, 'brother!' 'sister!' they were locked in a warm embrace.'

Don Antonio Maria Lugo was, in most respects as thoroughly a Spaniard as if he had been born and reared in Spain. He looked upon the coming of the Americans as the incursion of an alien element, bringing with them as they did, alien manners and customs, and a language of which he knew next to nothing, and desired to know less.

With "los Yankees," as a race, he, and the old Californians generally, had little sympathy, although individual members of that race whom from long association he came to know intimately, and who spoke his language, he learned to esteem and respect most highly, as they in turn, learned most highly to esteem and respect him, albeit, his civilization differed in some respects radically from theirs.

It is related of him that on seeing for the first time an American mowing-machining in operation, he looked on with astonishment, and, holding up one long bony finger, he exclaimed: "Los Yankees faltan un dedo de ser

el Diablo!" The Yankee only lacks one finger of being the Devil!

To rightly estimate the character of Señor Lugo, it is necessary for Americans to remember these differences of race and environment. Although he lived under three regimes, to wit: Spanish, Mexican and Anglo American, he retained to the last the essential characteristics which he inherited from his Spanish ancestors; and although as I have intimated, he had as was very natural, no liking for Americans themselves, as a rule, or for their ways, nevertheless, he and all of the better class of native Californians of the older generations did have a genial liking for individual Americans and other foreigners, who, in long and intimate, social and business intercourse, proved themselves worthy of their friendship and confidence. Indeed, I may say, and I take pleasure in saying to the members of this society, that one of the pleasantest features of my more than forty years' acquaintanceship with native Californians, not only in Los Angeles, but in San José and Monterey, has been this universal friendship and respect on their part, for those foreigners, comparatively few in numbers, who by alliance in marriage, or by sympathetic and honorable dealings have won their confidence.

How warm, how genuine, was the esteem in which native Californians of the better class held such honorable men, and ever wholly trustworthy friends as "Don Benito" (Wilson,) "Don Ricardo" (Dr. Den,) "Don Juan" (Dr. Griffin,) "Don Guillermo" (Wolfskill,) "Don David" (Alexander,) etc.; and others up country, like "Don Alfredo" (Robinson,) "Don David" (Spence,) etc., etc.

The Spanish Californians are naturally a warm-hearted race; and withal they are, and always have been, lovers of liberty. They welcomed the men I have named and others, as equals, merely conceding that these new-made but true friends, were only superior to themselves, in this, that they had traveled more than they, and had doubtless seen more of the outside world; and furthermore, that they had had, what they Californians had not had, namely the benefit of schools. For California, half or three-quarters of a century ago, was pretty effectually shut off from the rest of the world, and was without schools, or materials, to wit, teachers, wherewithal to establish them. For the rest, the Californians and Americans, both of the better class met on an equal footing, and as a consequence, the sincere friendship which grew up between them, rested upon an enduring basis.

To justly appreciate the older generations of Californians we should consider their surroundings, their almost absolute isolation, and the civilization which they as citizens of "New Spain," had inherited, and then imagine, if we can, how we would have acted if we had been placed in their stead.

# A DEFENSE OF THE MISSIONARY ESTABLISHMENTS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA.

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BY THE REV. J. ADAM, V. G.

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(Read Nov. 9, 1896.)

There is no institution on earth, no matter how beneficent in its purpose, or how divine in its principles, that can escape the criticisms and prejudices of the multitude.

Among the sublime actions which can not and do not fail to attract the attention and commendation of mankind, surely the sacrifices of the missionary deserves to be placed in the foreground. And yet some will ask what did the natives of California gain by the labors of and the missionaries, and what service have those friars rendered to the world in general. Such a question is asked by Mr. Alexander Forbes, the historian of Upper and Lower California, on page 231 of his book. It is my purpose tonight to answer some of the objections I find in Mr. Forbes's book, and to vindicate the systems of the missions by so doing. I hope to suggest some argument by which we can defend these venerable establishments called The Missions of California.

What is civilization? According to Walker's Dictionary, to civilize, is "to reclaim from savageness and brutality," and Webster defines civilized, "to be reclaimed from savage life and manners, to be educated, to be refined." We claim that the missionaries of California did reclaim from savageness and barbarism the native inhabitants of this part of the Pacific coast. Mr. Forbes allows that the old Padres domesticated the Indians, but he can not grant to them the glory of having civilized them. On the contrary, on page 121 of his work, he declares openly "that the system of the missions frustrates all prospect of true civilization and all rational improvement." He seems to put very little trust in religious instruction and to believe that to civilize men, it is enough to teach them mechanical arts, agriculture, and that which adds to the comforts of life. We answer him that the old Padres did teach these arts to the Indians, and gave them besides religious instruction. We cannot agree with him when he asserts "that men might be more easily reclaimed from a savage, barbarous or semi-barbarous state by other means than by that of religion." I would like he would give us an example of any tribe or nation that has been rescued from barbarism by any other means than religion, first of all. He does not exclude religious instruction, but imagines that laymen ought to be the first to teach to those savages the arts and comforts of life by degrees. We would ask Mr. Forbes where could we find these wonderful laymen that



would leave the comforts of life, and wife and children, and go among savage tribes to teach the mechanical arts? Why did not he try it himself and expose his life? He replies that they would come amongst them armed to the teeth, and that they would force their submission. If this is the kind of way that Mr. Forbes would civilize the Indians, we have to thank God that the old Padres ignored such civilization and conquered the Indians not by force but by persuasion, and by enticing them through the mission system.

I must confess in justice to Mr. Forbes that he never doubts the sincerity and honesty of the religious missionaries, he only criticizes their system. In fact he has said so much in favor of the first missionaries, that from his own history of California, I borrow the arms to defend the missions.

The first inquiry to be made is, what was the condition of the savages on the arrival of the missionaries? Did they belong to those noble red men of the northern forest in whose eyes sparkle intelligence and sagacity, or did they belong to that low class, which seems to be more imbued with the groveling instincts of the brute creation, than by the noble qualities of reasonable beings?

Mr. Forbes, himself, tells us that "they are acknowledged by all to be a timid and feeble race."

Father Venegas says: "Even in the most unfrequented corners of the globe, there is not a nation so stupid, of such contracted ideas and weak both in body and mind, as the unhappy Californians." Their characteristics are stupidity and insensibility, inconstancy and blindness of appetite, and excessive sloth and abhorrence of fatigue."

Mr Forbes allows us to know that much, and we deduce from his assertions the remainder.

We are told that the fathers used to bring the Indians to the mission by force. While I resided in Santa Cruz from 1868 to 1883, I had occasion to converse more than once with a man by the name of Ramon Rodriguez, who had served as a soldier during the time the mission system was in its vigor. He told me that the so-called "conquesta" consisted in sending during the summer a few soldiers and some christianized Indians to the Tulares to try to induce those roaming Indians to come to the mission and see what a happy life their companions were enjoying there. Some would follow them, others would refuse, but none were forced to go. It is true that after an Indian who had been once received into the mission fold, he was not free to go back to his former life. The same rule is observed in the present reservation method of the United States; and cannot be different; otherwise, one or two ringleaders would cause mutiny and a general uprising.

Enough credit cannot be given to the missionaries that in less than half a century they taught these stupid and wretched Indians to love labor, and

instructed them in the first rudiments of education. They taught the Indians how to till the soil, to capture wild animals and so on. The red men relinquished their savage customs, and having become christians they wore clothes. These were happy settlements in those days, peace and plenty, religion and morality went hand in hand.

We are grateful to Mr. Forbes, when he assures us "that there are few events in history more remarkable on the whole, or more interesting, than the transformation on the great scale wrought by the Jesuit Fathers and Franciscans in Paraguay and California." What was that transformation? According to our view, it was to recall the savage from his ignorant and degraded condition to that of a sedative life around the missions, in order to teach him how to love God and to provide for himself the necessities of life. According to Mr. Forbes "it consisted in transforming the aborigines of a beautiful country from free savages into pusillanimous, superstitious slaves." He adds: "It is no wonder that Prouse found the resemblance painfully striking between their condition, and that of the Negro slaves of the West Indies." However, the same Prouse tells us that in 1786, ten missions had been established, and that the number of converted Indians was 5143.

It seems impossible to me, that in the short space of seventeen years so many thousands of low natives could be made to conform to the habits of industry and religion.

Let us again hear Mr. Forbes describe the kind of life at the missions, and then judge for ourselves if it is fair or not to compare the mission Indians to the Negro slaves of the West Indies.

"In the intervals of the meals and prayers," says Forbes, "the Indians are variously employed according to their trade or occupation, that is to say either in agricultural labors or in the store room, magazines and laboratories of the mission. He describes the women as being much occupied in spinning, and other little household duties, the men in combing wool, weaving, melting tallow, or as carpenters, shoemakers, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and so on. One of the principal occupations of the missions is the manufacture of a coarse sort of cloth from their own sheep, for the purpose of clothing the Indians."

The principal object of the Franciscans was the conversion of the aborigines, to instruct them in the christian religion.

The soldiers that accompanied the missionaries were few, and could not by force subject so many thousands of roaming savages, but the Indians were conquered not by force but by persuasion, by enticing them to the mission life.

There were only four soldiers and a corporal in each mission to protect the lives of the fathers. The missions were hundreds of miles apart,

one from another, and yet we do not read of any rebellion or uprising of the Indians against the Mission Fathers. The missionaries came well provided with trinkets, abundance of provisions, seeds to plant, agricultural implements, tools and machinery. By various means they endeavored to draw some of the natives to the spot selected for the mission. After gaining their confidence, the fathers and soldiers would set to work and commence to bake adobes and with the help of the yet unconverted Indians to erect spacious buildings. After their manual labor the fathers did not seek rest, but set themselves to work to teach them Spanish in order to initiate them into the rudiments of the christian religion.

The Indians were given every year two suits of clothes, each contribution amounting in all to \$60,000; besides the singers and missionaries got a neat dress for the principal feasts. This does not sound much like the life of a negro slave.

That some abuses may have been committed, I am not prepared to deny; still I maintain that the fathers were not responsible for them. The same Mr. Forbes asserts that "it would be injustice to tax the fathers with openly sanctioning much less directing the more severe of these means." Some Indians were appointed to rule over a certain number of their less intelligent companions, and some times perhaps they applied the riata or whip—here we must remember that, at all times, the worst of tyrants has been a slave set at liberty, and with some power in his hands. I have no time to describe the flourishing condition of the missions where thousands of cattle were roaming over the plains, where store rooms were filled with provisions, where beautiful orchards were attached to each mission; and all these not to enrich the fathers, but to provide for the welfare of their adopted children of the forest. If you have a chance some time to speak to any of the few old mission Indians, you can convince yourselves of this truth, that the Indians speak yet in love and respect of the old Padres, and that they cried bitterly when the missions were secularized, and the old Padres were obliged to abandon them.

"The best and most unequivocal proofs of the good conduct of these fathers," says Mr Forbes, on page 23, "is to be found in the unbounded affection and devotion invariably shown toward them by their Indian subjects. They venerate them, not merely as friends and fathers, but with a degree of devotedness approaching to adoration." Indeed if ever there existed an instance of perfect justice and propriety of the comparison of the priest and his disciples, to a shepherd and his flock, it is in the case which we are treating of. So far, Mr. Forbes and others after him will continue to criticize, and condemn that system which brought the Indians from a savage life to one of industry, and attached them so affectionately to their tutors.



History tells us what was the sad result when the mission system was abolished and a new plan tried. Captain Beechy, in 1827, after a few months trial found these people indulging freely in those excesses which it had been the endeavor of these tutors to repress, and that many having gambled away their clothes, implements and even their land, were compelled to beg or plunder in order to eke out an existence. They became so obnoxious that the padres were requested to take some of them back to the mission, while others were loaded with shackles and put to hard work; and remember that Captain Beechy was not favorable to the missionaries. I finish these few pages in the words of Mr. Bartlett, an officer of the United States sent by the government to settle the boundary line between Lower and Upper California. He expresses himself very favorable to the mission system, while he alleges that the present system of reserves causes more expense and produces less benefits. "How did the missionaries civilize the Indians," he asks, "not with sword in hand, not by treaties, not by Indian agents who, without scruple or remorse, sacrifice these poor creatures for a vile gain." "The Indians," he continues, "under the padres were taught christianity along with several of the arts of civilized life, and a desire to sustain themselves by their own work. With these simple means they did more to ameliorate the condition of the Indians than the United States Government has done since it established its agencies and with infinitely less expense than what we now pay to the agents, leaving aside the millions which annually are paid for damages, bribes," etc.

Mr. Bailey, special agent of Indian affairs in California, declared openly that the early missionaries fulfilled faithfully their task of civilizing and providing the Indians with all things necessary. He confesses that at present (this was in 1858) the reservations for Indians are only houses of beneficence of the government where a limited number of Indians are insufficiently fed, and scantily clad, and all these at an expenses far disproportionate to the benefit realized."

In 1864, I clipped from the "Visalia Delta," the following: "Last July, of this year, about 900 Indians were removed from Owens river to the ranch of 'El Obispo.' They were left alone to provide for themselves. These Indians are represented as destitute of clothes. "You could see at any time of the day," says the correspondent, "dozens of women almost naked eating the grass and clover in the field, side by side with the mules of the government, while their provisions and clothes have been stolen by the very persons paid by the government to provide them with these necessities."

I wish that Mr. Forbes, Cornise, Tuthill and others, who have criticized so much the system of the fathers, would read these facts, ponder upon them, and tell me which system was the best; that which provided amply for the Indians, or the modern one which lets them starve in the midst of plenty.

## A TWO THOUSAND MILE STAGE RIDE.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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(Read at a Pasadena Meeting, Feb. 4, 1896.)

Thirty-five years ago it was the good fortune of myself and wife to ride over the Butterfield route, which was, I believe, the longest and best conducted stage route in the world. The distance from San Francisco, by way of Los Angeles, El Paso, Fort Chadbourne, Fort Smith, to St. Louis, as indicated by the schedule of stage stations, was 2881 miles, or from Los Angeles, 2391 miles. I bought our two tickets for \$400, gold, at the overland stage office, which was located where the Roeder Block, on Spring street now stands; and we boarded the delayed stage, (delayed by heavy rains and a snow storm in the Tehachape mountains,) from San Francisco, which arrived at the Bella Union, now the St. Charles Hotel in this city, at about 10 o'clock Monday night, December 17, 1860.

We traveled day and night by stage for about eighteen days and five hours, arriving at Smithton, Missouri, the terminus of the railway, to St. Louis, on the morning of January 5, 1861; and at St. Louis, on the evening of the same day. Of course the journey was somewhat tedious, but this was more than compensated for by the incidents and variety of scenery of the vast stretch of country passed through, and really, the weariness of stage travel was less disagreeable, than sea-sickness, etc., by water, as we had occasion to realize on our return trip, by way of the Isthmus. Prior to the establishment of the overland stage route, a trip from Los Angeles to the Atlantic States usually occupied about four weeks; it could not be made in much less time, even with close connections by steamer. But by the stage and rail route, including a stop of two days at St. Louis, we were enabled to see the great tragedians, Booth and Charlotte Cushman, in Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, twenty-three days after we left Los Angeles. About twenty days traveling time across the continent, and mostly by stage, we thought then, was not bad time.

Encouraged and subsidized by the United States Government for the carrying of the mails, John Butterfield of Missouri, a veteran stage man, with others, established the overland stage line between St. Louis and Memphis, and San Francisco, via Los Angeles, in 1858, making trips at first twice weekly, each way; and subsequently six times a week, receiving, I believe, from the government, under the later contract, \$1,000,000, annually. The first stage from the East, (Memphis,) arrived in Los Angeles, October 7, 1858. A driver and conductor accompanied each stage, and they always went armed through the hostile Indian country. The

stations were usually ten to fifteen miles, and occasionally twenty to twenty-five miles apart.

A condensed summary of the itinerary of our journey may not be without interest.

Leaving Los Angeles, Monday, we reached the Colorado river on Thursday, meeting a stage from the East on the desert, and one about every two days thereafter. At first it was not easy to get much sleep, but after a couple of days out, we could sleep without difficulty, either day or night. At Fort Yuma, we took on a through passenger, Lieut. McCaul of the regular army, who went to Tennessee, and afterwards, I suppose, into the Confederate army, though we never heard from him after we parted. Friday morning at daylight we passed the locality where the Oatman massacre occurred. Near here we met a large herd of American cattle bound for California; and soon after we overtook a band of mounted Indians, who at first we thought might be Apaches, but our conductor soon recognized them as friendly Maricopas. They turned out of the road for us to pass them, and returned our greeting in a friendly manner. At Gila Bend, Sutton's ranch, we saw a dead Apache Indian, tied in a standing posture to a tree. He had been shot by Sutton's son, a lad of about fourteen. Mr. Sutton told us that he had come there with sixty head of American cattle and a lot of horses and mules. He had been obliged to send off most of his family to save their lives; the Apaches had cleaned out nearly all his stock, and had done their best to clean him out; they would come around in the night in bands of forty or fifty, and shoot arrows into his house, (which like all the stations and corrals of the stage company in the hostile Indian country were made of stockades, or posts set endwise in the ground, close together;) whilst he and his boys and hired men would pop them over with a rifle ball whenever they could get sight of them. He had expended about \$7,000, he said, in digging a canal from the Gila, in order to get in a crop. Since the Indian had been killed by his son, they had not been so bad. But the heroic old frontiersman was finally compelled to abandon the field. In after years I used to know him and his Indian-fighting son as citizens of El Monte, in this county. It took many years and cost many precious lives, before Crook and Miles made it possible, by the removal, (out of the world or, to another part of the country,) of the bloodthirsty Apaches, for white people to live in safety in any part of Arizona and New Mexico.

On the Saturday after we started, we arrived at Tucson. Here we took on two more through passengers, Mr. Hiram Stevens, afterwards delegate to Congress from Arizona, and his wife, Doña Petra, who were bound for his native place somewhere in Vermont, and they traveled with us as far as Toledo, where we parted for our several destinations. Sunday we went through Apache Pass, where we saw several Apaches about the station; they



were tall, savage looking fellows, dressed mostly in buckskin, the weather being windy and very cold. One young buck had a white woman's bonnet tied on over his head. Some distance beyond the station we saw several wagon trains which had "out-spanned." After our arrival in Philadelphia we saw in the papers that the savages had overcome the teamsters of a train in this pass, chained them to their wagon-wheels and burned them alive!

A mile or two beyond the station, as we emerged from the Pass, we saw a camp of several hundred Apaches that, we understood, had been driven in through fear of the Navajos. This was the last we saw of the Apaches, and we soon left their country behind us.

We reached Mesilla on Monday night, Christmas eve, about dark; the general illumination of the hills in the rear of the town by the miners—a local annual practice, we were told—notified us that it was "Noche Buena." We arrived at El Paso before daylight next morning, where we took an early breakfast. We traveled some distance down the Rio Grande, and then struck across northern Texas, over the greater portion of which, the Comanche Indians ranged. Between these formidable savages and the Texans, the most intense hatred at all times existed, causing that section to remain almost entirely unsettled.

Between Fort Chadbourne and the old abandoned Fort at "Phantom Hill," there is a forty-mile stretch from station to station. On this plain we saw several thousand buffaloes scattered about in squads of from three or four to as many hundreds. It was certainly a grand sight. Several large herds of these shaggy animals ran across our road a short distance ahead of the stage, so that we had a fine opportunity to see them. There were of all sizes, from calves up to the oldest patriarchs. They charged on after their leaders, in solid columns that could not be easily changed or broken. We also saw on this plain abundance of beautiful white-tailed deer, and antelope, and wild turkeys, and one or two wolves.

At Phantom Hill, which had been burned, leaving only a lot of chimneys standing, and a few stone houses, reminding one of the ruins of an ancient city, we arrived on our second Sunday out, at dark; here we were regaled with a grand supper of buffalo steak, venison, etc., and a rousing fire to warm us up for the night's travel, that made us remember the place as we would an oasis in the desert. Only a single family lived here, without neighbors for many miles around. Sunday we passed Fort Belknap, where we heard the Comanches had been committing depredations. Monday, as we drew near the bright thriving town of Sherman, Texas, we began to see cattle running at large on the hills, which was an indication that we were out of the Indian country.

We crossed Red river into the Choctaw or peaceable Indian Territory

on the last day of the year. The next morning was biting cold. We ate breakfast at a large farm house, occupied by two well to-do Choctaw farmers, who dressed and looked like Americans, and who were nearly as white. They had large families. Just as we were leaving, a number of full-boode Indians came out on to the broad veranda, with their Chief. We were told that they were to leave on the next stage after us, en route for Washington, to see their new Great Father, Lincoln, inaugurated.

The Choctaw Indians had made great progress in civilization; they had schools and churches, and we were told, were industrious and intelligent. They made their own laws, their chief officer being called a Judge. We could see signs of thrift and prosperity as we passed through their Territory.

We reached Fort Smith on the 2nd of January, fifteen and a half days from Los Angeles. I was surprised to find Fort Smith a wide-awake, progressive city, having been under the impression that it was little more than a Fort and log-built frontier settlement.

On our journey thus far we had ridden in what were called thorough-brace mud-wagons. But next morning before light, on a Concord stage coach we arrived at Springfield, a larger and handsomer city. Fayetteville was another fine city, that is, it had less of a frontier aspect than one would expect from its location. The next day, the 4th, the weather being very cold, it snowed slightly, this being the first snow we had seen on our whole continental trip, albeit, it was made in midwinter. We now had some difficulty in keeping warm, although the stages were adapted to cold weather by being padded, and they could also be closed tight. However, we wrapped our blankets and shawls and fixings about us, and didn't come any where near freezing. Late that night, or rather about 3 o'clock the next (Saturday) morning, January 5, 1861, we were glad to reach the end of our long stage journey of over 2000 miles, at Smithton, the terminus of the railway to St. Louis. As the regular daily train did not leave till 9 o'clock, a. m., we got about two hours sleep on a bed—the first in eighteen days. While this was very welcome, nevertheless it must not be supposed that we were used up, for we were not, by any means. We took the cars and reached St. Louis between 6 and 7 o'clock that night, eighteen days and twenty hours from Los Angeles. As the train passed along some distance on the bank of the Missouri river, we had an opportunity to see that stream. Next morning we got sight of the vast Mississippi, whose veins and arteries, in a grand system of net-work, extend more than thirty thousand miles. Several of us at least, then saw those two mighty rivers for the first time.

At the Planters' House we found an inn, and rest. Next day, Sunday, we took a warm bath and changed our apparel, somewhat the worse for wear and tear and dust, and we felt as good as new.

After a two days' stay in St. Louis, we went by rail, via Chicago and Pittsburg to Philadelphia, where, for a time our journey was at an end; although we later visited various other Eastern cities. We returned to California, via the Isthmus, the following May.

To many people, doubtless, who think more of their ease than they do of robust physical health, a stage ride of a thousand or two thousand miles, may seem a very formidable undertaking. But for those who have a liking for adventure, and a desire to see something of the world, a long ride of two or three weeks, practically in the open air, not in hot, stuffy cars, possesses a wonderful charm, especially in remembrance, when by the necromancy of idealization we segregate the pleasureable from that which was merely disagreeable, and therefore irrelevant. Such a ride is one of the most effective cures for dyspepsia that can be imagined.

The "Overland Stage" was the precursor of the Continental Railroad; and the interest taken in the former by the statesmen and especially by Southern and Western statesmen of forty years ago, did them infinite credit. As we look back we see that they grasped the situation accurately; they foresaw the importance of opening up direct communication between the distant sections of our common country; and they labored wisely and patriotically, despite much opposition and innumerable obstacles, for the establishment of such direct and systematic intercommunication, first by means of a continental stage line, which they knew would soon be followed by a continental railroad.



# CAPTAIN JEDEDIAH S. SMITH.

## THE PATHFINDER OF THE SIERRAS.

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read May 4, 1896.)

History furnishes few examples of daring and adventure comparable to those of the fur trappers and hunters of the tramontane regions of the Great West.

These hunters and trappers were the forerunners of advancing civilization in the far West—the pathfinders of tramontane emigration. Beginning in the first decade of the present century and continuing through a period of thirty years they explored the ulterior regions west of the Mississippi, from the confines of the Arctic Ocean on the north to the borders of Mexico on the south.

Unaided and unprotected by the government of their country, they pushed boldly out into the unexplored regions beyond the Mississippi. The country was terra incognita; they knew nothing of it beyond the verge of their horizon. In the pursuit of their perilous vocation they crossed alkaline deserts; penetrated dark and dangerous defiles, and scaled mountain ranges hitherto untrodden by foot of civilized man. They launched their frail canoes on nameless rivers, without knowing whither their swift currents would carry them, or in what rapids or whirlpools they might be engulfed. Constantly in danger from savage foes, both man and beast, their lives were spent in one long continued existence of suspense and watchfulness. Skilled in all the artifices of the wily Indian, and ever on the alert against his ambuscades and attacks, yet notwithstanding their bravery and their caution, it is said that three-fifths of the pioneer trappers who crossed the Rocky Mountains, perished by the hands of the Indians.

These hunters and trappers were, for the most part, unlettered men, and their intercourse with civilization rarely extended beyond the border settlements of the far West. Consequently, the stories of their adventures were unwritten, and the credit of their discoveries too often given to men who followed their trails years after they were first traced.

Twenty years before Fremont, the Pathfinder, made his explorations in the Great Basin and the valleys of California, Bridger had discovered Great Salt Lake; Ashley had traversed the Great Basin from the Rockies, westward to the Sierra Nevadas, had discovered Utah Lake, and built a fort and trading post on its shores, and Jedediah Smith, the pioneer trapper of California, had crossed the Sierras, had explored the valleys of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento; had followed the Cascade range from the

Klamath to Columbia; had marked out what afterwards became the overland emigrant trail by way of the great Salt Lake, across the deserts of Nevada, down the Humboldt and over the Snowy Mountains into the valley of the Sacramento; and had traced that other emigrant trail by which, in later years, so many belated Argonauts found their way from Salt Lake across the mountains and deserts to Los Angeles.

Of the early history of Jedediah S. Smith, the first white man who crossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains we know but little. Quigly in his "Irish Race in California" claims that Smith was born in Kings County, Ireland. This is an error. Smith was of Puritan stock. He was born in Connecticut. He was the eldest of thirteen children. Early in the present century his father emigrated to the Western Reserve in Ohio, and settled in Ashtabula county. Amid the rude surroundings of pioneer life, young Smith grew to manhood. By some means he seems to have obtained a good education. A shipping manifest (now in possession of W. R. Bacon, Esq., of this city) made out by Smith in 1812 for a cargo of goods shipped on Lake Erie, is written in a hand write clear and distinct as copperplate, and is made out in good business form. We have no record of when he began the life of a trapper. We first hear of him as an employee of Gen. Ashley in 1822. He had command of a band of trappers on the waters of Snake River, in 1824. Afterward he became a partner of Ashley's, under the firm name of Ashley & Smith, and subsequently one of his successors in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. He had the reputation of being an honorable, truthful and reliable man. Col. Warner, who met him in St. Louis in 1830, after the return from Green river of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's wagon trains with furs, gives this account of his interview with him and his impressions of the man:

"Instead of finding 'a Leather Stocking,' I met a well bred, intelligent and Christian gentlemen, who repressed my youthful ardor and fancied pleasures for the life of a trapper and mountaineer by informing me, that if I went into the Rocky Mountains, the chances were much greater in favor of meeting death than of finding a restoration of health; and that if I escaped the former and secured the latter, the probabilities were that I would be ruined for anything else, in life, than such things as would be agreeable to the passions of a semi-savage. He said that he had spent about eight years in the mountains and should not return to them."

There is a wide disparity in the accounts given by different historians of Smith's adventures, and the dates given of some of the events of his explorations vary considerably. For instance, Coloner Warner gives the date of his first entrance into California, as 1824, and his route through Walker's Pass, Cronise, McClellan and others, give the date as 1825, by the same route. Bancroft gives 1826 as the year, and the place of his

arrival, San Gabriel Mission, and from there north by the Mojave to Tulares. Our society has a copy made by H. D. Barrows from Col. Warner's MSS. of "California Fur Trappers," in which is a short sketch of Smith's adventures. In my paper I shall follow the narrative of Col. Warner, except when the preponderance of evidence shows that he is incorrect. I also supply from other sources a number of important facts and incidents which Col. Warner has omitted, or of which he was ignorant.

Smith, on his first expedition to California, started from the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's Post, near Great Salt Lake, August 22, 1826, with a band of fifteen hunters and trappers. His object was to find some new country that had not been occupied by a fur company. He moved in a southwesterly direction. He discovered a river, which he called the Adams (after the President, John Quincy Adams) now known as the Rio Virgin. This stream he followed to its junction with the Colorado. He followed down that river to the Mojave villages, where he rested fifteen days. Here he found two wandering neophytes from the California Missions, who guided his party across the desert to the San Gabriel Mission, where he arrived early in December, 1826.

Although Mexico had gained its independence of Spain and become a Republic, the proscriptive laws of Spain, against foreigners entering Mexican territory, were still in force. The Americans were arrested and compelled to give up their arms. Smith, the leader, was taken to San Diego to give an account of himself to the Commandante General, Echeandia. Smith claimed that he had been compelled to enter the territory on account of the loss of his horses and a scarcity of provisions. He was finally released upon the endorsement of several American ship captains, who were then at San Diego, in the following rather curious certificate of character, which is still in existence:

"We, the undersigned, having been requested by Capt. Jedediah S. Smith, to state our opinions regarding his entering the Province of California, do not hesitate to say that we have no doubt but that he was compelled to for want of provisions and water, having entered so far into the barren country that lies between the latitudes of forty-two and forty-three west, that he found it impossible to return by the route he came, as his horses had most of them perished for want of food and water, he was therefore under the necessity of pushing forward to California—it being the nearest place where he could procure supplies to enable him to return.

"We further state as our opinion that the account given by him is circumstantially correct, and that his sole object was the hunting and trapping of beaver and other furs. We have also examined the passports produced by him from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the government of the



United States of America, and do not hesitate to say we believe them perfectly correct.

"We also state that, in our opinion his motives for wishing to pass by a different route to the Columbia river on his return is solely because he feels convinced that he and his companions run great risks of perishing if they return by the route they came.

In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this 20th day of December, 1826.

WM. G. DANA, Capt Schooner Waverly,  
WM. A. CUNNINGHAM, Capt. Ship Courier,  
WM. HENDERSON, Capt Brig. Olive Branch,  
THOMAS M. ROBINSON, Mate, Schooner Waverly,  
THOS. SHAW, Supercargo Ship Courier."

On this showing, Smith was allowed to take his departure. He purchased horses and supplies at San Gabriel, but did not leave the country until February. The authorities had grown uneasy at his continued presence in the country. He had moved his camp to San Bernardino. Orders were issued to detain him, but before they could be executed, he had left by way of Cajon Pass for the Tulare regions. He trapped on the tributaries of the San Joaquin, and by May had reached a fork of the Sacramento, near the present site of the town of Folsom, on the river since called the American from that fact, where he established a summer camp. Here again his presence disturbed the Padres. Four hundred neophytes of the Mission San Jose, had escaped from their taskmasters, and joined the gentiles (as the wild Indians were called) in the Sacramento valley. Smith and his trappers were accused of decoying them away. The charge was investigated and proved to be false. Still the presence of the Americans worried Padre Duran. Smith wrote him the following conciliatory letter, which is still preserved:

Reverend Father: I understand through the medium of one of your Christian Indians that you are anxious to know who we are—as some of the Indians have been at the Mission and informed you that there were certain white people in the country. We are Americans, on our journey to the river Columbia. We were in at the Mission San Gabriel January last. I went to San Diego and saw the General and got a passport from him to pass on to that place. I have made several efforts to pass the mountains, but the snow being so deep I could not succeed in getting over. I returned to this place—it being the only point to kill meat—to wait a few weeks until the snow melts so that I can go on. The Indians here also being friendly, I consider it the most safe point for me to remain until such time as I can cross the mountains with my horses—having lost a great many in attempting to cross ten or fifteen days since. I am a long way from home and am

anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being destitute of clothing and most of the necessities of life, wild meat being our principal subsistence.

I am Reverend Father, your strange but real friend and Christian,  
J. S. SMITH.

May 19, 1827.

The next day, Smith with two companions, leaving the remainder of his company, started on his return journey; he followed up the American river to its source and crossed the Sierra Nevadas near the head of the Truckee river.

Of this event he writes:

"On May 20, 1827, with two men, seven horses and two mules, I started from the valley. In eight days we crossed Mount Joseph, losing two horses and one mule. (Col. Warner says his animals were frozen to death.) After a march of twenty days eastward from Mount Joseph (the Sierra Nevadas) I reached the southwesterly corner of the Great Salt Lake. The country separating it from the mountains is arid and without game. Often we had no water for two days at a time. When we reached Salt Lake we had left only one horse and one mule, so exhausted that they could hardly carry our slight baggage. We had been forced to eat the horses that had succumbed."

The route taken by Smith from the Sierras to Salt Lake was substantially that followed by the overland emigration of later years. He discovered the Humboldt, which he named the Mary river, a name it bore until changed by Fremont in 1845. (The discovery of the Humboldt is also attributed to Henry Skein Ogden, a famous trapper.)

Soon after his arrival at the Company's rendezvous, on the Green river, Smith organized another band of trappers. He followed down the Green river to where that stream bends to the west; here he left it and continued southerly over the high table lands, between that and the Grand river. He crossed the latter river and changed his course to the southwest, reached the Colorado at the Great Cañon. Finding it impossible to approach the river on account of the perpendicular bluffs, he worked his way southerly until below the cañon he reached the river at a Mojave rancharia. Here his party built rafts and prepared to cross the river. Smith and two others, Galbraith and Turner, had crossed to the western bank, and the remainder of the party were about to follow on rafts. The Indians, who had been aiding them to cross and who had hitherto manifested a most friendly disposition, suddenly, without warning, arose upon the party and treacherously massacred all except the three who had crossed over.

Language is inadequate to portray the horror of the situation that confronted Smith and his two companions. Behind them was a howling band

of savages, intent on their destruction; before them stretched two hundred miles of treeless and waterless desert. To turn back meant certain death by the hands of the savages; to go forward almost certain death by starvation and thirst. They were not men to hesitate. They pushed out boldly into the desert. The story of their hardships and sufferings has never been written, possibly never told. It was but one of many such events incident to their hazardous occupation. Col. Warner, says that late in November, they reached the Mission San Gabriel, where they were arrested by the military authorities and sent to San Diego. In this, Warner is incorrect. There is no record of Smith's arrest on this journey, nor of his arrival with two companions at the Mission. Col. Warner has confounded this journey with Smith's arrival the previous year, when he was arrested, as the records show. I am inclined to agree with Bancroft in his opinion that Warner has reversed the order of Smith's two journeys, and that it was on the last trip that he entered the Tulare valley at or near Walker's Pass. Smith probably crossed the desert and striking his old trail of the previous year, followed it across the Mojave desert into the Tulares, and thence northward to the camp of his men on the American river.

After Smith's departure the previous year, the Californians supposed they were rid of their troublesome visitors. In September they discovered the Americans were still there. Orders were at one time issued to arrest them and bring the trappers to San Jose, but whether they were taken there is not clear. On Smith's return he reported at Monterey, and Captain Cooper signed a bond for his good behavior while he remained in the country. General Echeandia gave Smith permission to purchase horses, provisions and other supplies. He was required to take his party out of the country without delay, and in future not to visit the coast south of latitude 42 degrees. To avoid the Sierra Nevadas and the desert country lying to the west and southwest of Salt Lake, Smith resolved to proceed northerly, keeping the Sierra Nevadas on his right, and by a detour around their northern limit reach the waters of Snake river, north of Salt Lake. As he followed up the Sacramento river, the country became so rough that he abandoned his proposed route and struck off toward the coast, which he reached about one hundred miles north of Ross, a port and settlement of the Russian Fur Company. Traveling northerly along the coast, he reached the Umpqua river. They encamped on a small island near the mouth of the river opposite a branch flowing in from the northeast; both island and branch were named after Smith. The party had trapped on their northward journey and secured at least \$20,000 worth of furs, and had in their train about 150 horses. The Indians who had been allowed to enter the camp appeared friendly.

"After breakfast, Smith accompanied by one of his men, left camp in



search of a ford. Scarcely were they out of sight when the camp was attacked and fifteen men were killed. Hearing the commotion, Smith turned, only to see the party annihilated and his property seized. His safety being in flight alone, he hurried across the river with his companion, and after severe suffering found his way to Vancouver, which he reached bare-headed and foot-sore, and more nearly dead than alive. Two others of the party, Arthur Black and Turner, who was acting as cook on that fatal morning, saved themselves as by a miracle. Black was a powerful fellow, as well as active and light of foot; hand to hand he fought the foe until he managed finally to elude his grasp and hide himself in the forest. Turner brained four of the savages with a firebrand, a half burned poplar stick, and so effected his escape. These two also reached Fort Vancouver in a most pitiable plight, their clothing torn to rags, and almost starved to death. They had subsisted during their journey on snails, toads, bugs and fern roots." (Bancroft's History of the North West Coast, Vol. II.)

Smith entered into an arrangement with McLaughlin, the chief factor or Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, by which it was agreed on the part of the governor that he would send a party of men to the Umpqua River Indians, with whom the company was on trading terms and endeavor to recover from them the furs and other property belonging to Smith, and bring the same to Fort Vancouver. In consideration of this friendly assistance, Smith was required to sell his furs to the company at a stipulated price, which was less than half their value in St. Louis. All other property of the Americans recovered from the Indians was to be turned over to the Hudson Bay Company at a nominal figure. Another stipulation of the contract was that Smith should send one of his men who had escaped the massacre to guide a band of the Company's trappers into California. Turner was sent with a party under the leadership of McLeod. McLeod's trappers made a most successful season's hunt, but leaving the valley too late in the year, were caught in a snow storm on a stream since known as the McLeod river. His horses and mules froze to death; he was compelled to cache his furs in the snow, and after incredible hardships and sufferings, he and his men reached Fort Vancouver. Before the furs could be recovered the next spring, the melting snow had ruined them and McLeod, for his imprudence, or from his misfortunes, was discharged from the employ of the Hudson Bay Company.

While Smith was absent with a party on the Umpqua expedition, the governor had fitted out another party of trappers, under Peter Skein Ogden. Ogden was sent up the Columbia to the Snake river, where he was to turn southward; travel until he found Smith's trail over the mountains into the California valley. Ogden crossed the mountains on Smith's trail and trapped successfully the tributaries of the San Joaquin and returned to Fort

Vancouver by McLeod's route of the previous year. Smith returned to the Shoshone country. The next year (1829) while descending the Colorado, trading and trapping, he was again attacked by Indians and lost all his outfit.

In 1830 we find him in St Louis, having just returned from the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's rendezvous on the Green river with a wagon train of furs. He sold out his interest in the company to Sublette and Jackson. In 1831, in company with his former partners, he fitted out a train for the Santa Fe trade. The party consisted of eighty five men, with twenty-three wagons, drawn by six mules each. Ten of the wagons belonged to Smith, and one, a joint partnership wagon, carried a piece of artillery. Warner entered the employ of Smith. He thus describes his death:

"Between the Arkansas and the Cimarron rivers the party suffered extremely from a hot, burning south wind and the want of water. There was neither path, trail nor guide to lead the party to water. On the morning of the second day, after leaving the Arkansas river, Smith rode on in advance of the train in search of water. He did not return. Soon after the arrival of the party at Santa Fe, (July 4th, 1831,) some New Mexican traders, who had been out near the Cimarron river, trading with the Arapahos, came into Santa Fe, bringing the rifle and holster pistols of Smith, which they said they had purchased from the Indians, who stated that they had killed the owner on the Cimarron river. The Indians said that a small party of their hunters were ambushed behind the bank of the river, waiting for buffalo to come down and drink. The bed of the river in summer is usually dry, except occasional pools, where the water comes to the surface. While the Indians were ambushed near a water hole, a horseman rode up, dismounted, and he and his horse drank from the pool. While standing by his horse, they suddenly rushed upon him, thrusting a lance through his body. He turned upon them and shot one of their number dead. The rifle and pistols were percussion locks, with which the Indians were not acquainted, so they sold them to the New Mexican traders." Thus perished by the hands of cowardly savages in the wilds of New Mexico, a man who through almost incredible dangers and sufferings had explored an unknown region, as vast in extent as that which gave fame and immortality to the African explorer, Stanley; and who marked out trails over mountains and across deserts that Fremont following years afterwards, won the title of "Pathfinder of the Great West."

Two of Captain Smith's brothers accompanied the train. The widow of Peter Smith one of these brothers, before her death, wrote the following account of the tragedy in which Smith lost his life. (A copy of the account was kindly furnished me by W. R. Bacon, Esq., nephew by marriage of Capt. Smith:) "When well out in the desert he found that his guide was

incompetent and that the way had been lost. After traveling for three days without water, Captain Smith set out alone in search of the Cimarron river, the only known water supply in that part of the country. As was afterwards ascertained he had traveled fifteen miles when he struck the Cimarron, he followed down its dry bed until he found a small water hole, dismounted and drank and let his horse drink, and was in the act of remounting when he was surrounded by Indians, the chief of whom made a thrust with a spear which Smith received in his right arm. Realizing that he must die, he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and with this pistol and its mate killed three of the Indians, one of them being the chief of the tribe. This pistol fell into the hands of the Indians, and for the reason that it had killed their chief, they regarded it as "evil medicine" and sold it to a party of Mexicans who were out trading at the time. From these Mexicans, Smith's brother who was with the train recovered the pistol and received the foregoing account of Captain Smith's death. A party was sent out from the train which recovered the body. It was buried at Santa Fe."

The pistol referred to above and the holsters are now in the possession of Mrs. W. R. Bacon, of No. 928 Burlington avenue, this city. Mrs. Bacon is a niece of Captain Jedediah S. Smith and the daughter of his youngest brother, Peter Smith. It is a silver mounted single barreled pistol of large caliber; Smith had carried the pistols ten years. Captain Smith kept a journal of his travels and adventures. He had prepared maps of the country that he had explored with the intention of publishing a book of his travels. His papers and maps were stored in a building in St. Louis. Just before he started on his last journey the building was burned and all his collections lost. Smith seems to have been a man whom "Unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster" through life; and yet his disasters were not the results of indiscretion but rather a concomitant of his adventurous nature, and the perilous vocation he followed.



# MEMORIAL SKETCH OF GENERAL JOHN MANSFIELD.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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(Read June 1, 1896.)

Since our last stated meeting, another member of this society, and one of its honored founders, has passed away. The death—which came with startling suddenness from apoplexy, May 6, 1896, of Gen. John Mansfield, removes from our midst an eminent citizen whose services to our community, to our commonwealth and to our common country, should be writ in large letters, for the profit and edification of his fellow citizens, who survive him; but more especially because of the wholesome influence, which the record of an almost ideal public life, always exerts on the rising generation.

Whilst this sketch of Gen. Mansfield's career, must, from the necessities of the occasion, be limited to a mere skeleton outline, nevertheless, there is every reason why it should be supplemented by a fuller and more detailed account of his military services in the war of the Rebellion, and of his political and civic services to the state of California. For there are abundant materials available for such a life at his death, and in public records, as well as in the memories of living persons who knew him, more or less intimately, for many years. And if properly written, it would be full of interest, and would, as I have said above, convey an admirable moral lesson which could be commended to the young without reservation; for, as the bar association of Los Angeles county so well and justly said in their memorial resolutions: "General Mansfield was distinguished for an interest in public affairs, *which did not have for its prime object the advancement of self*, but always showed itself in actions directed toward the accomplishment of purposes designed for the public good." In this selfish world, such characters are all too rare.

General Mansfield was a native of Monroe county, New York, and was 74 years of age at the time of his death. In early life he emigrated to Wisconsin, where he took an active part in public affairs.

In the winter preceeding the breaking out of the civil war (1860-61,) he organized an independent company of infantry for military drill, etc., which was known as the Portage City Light Guard. When Fort Sumter was attacked, he and his company of 100 men, were among the very first to volunteer their services in behalf of their country, in response to the call of the president for 75,000 men. Captain Mansfield left a wife and three small children to go to the war. His company became a part of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, which left Madison in June, 1861, 1050 strong, to

join the army of the Potomac, but which returned after completing its three years of service, with but 155 men, in addition to some twenty veterans who had re-enlisted, and forty five who had been wounded and had fallen into the hands of the enemy. In other words, this splendid regiment, which left Madison thirty-five years ago this month, more than one thousand strong, (by the way, Mrs. Carr with pathetic sadness told the writer at General Mansfield's funeral the other day that she remembered as if it were but yesterday, the departure of the regiment which included Captain Mansfield's company;) had been reduced by its three years service, to 220 men, all told. It took part in many historic battles. At Gettysburg it formed a part of the First Brigade of Wadsworth's Division, 1st Corps, Army of the Potomac; and it opened the infantry fight in that memorable contest of giants which commenced on the 1st day of July, 1863.

The casualties of this regiment in that first day's fight, for the numbers engaged, were unparalleled in the history of any regiment during the war. The official figures were:

Number engaged, officers 29; men 273; total 302; officers killed, 2; men killed, 25; total 27; officers wounded, 11; men wounded 142; total 153; officers missing, 6; men missing, 47; total 53; total killed, wounded and missing, 233; left for duty, 69

Early in the engagement Colonel Fairchild was wounded, and the command devolved on Mansfield. Later in this three days battle, he was wounded and was taken prisoner, and sent to Libby prison, where he remained four months, when he was exchanged.

Gen Mansfield was several times promoted for gallant and meritorious services in battle, and was finally brevetted as brigadier general; and at the close of the war he was placed in command of the reserve forces stationed in and around Washington, remaining in the service thereafter two or three years.

Mrs. Mansfield and two sons, survive the general. The family settled permanently in Los Angeles over twenty years ago.

General Mansfield was a prominent member of the second constitutional convention of this State; and he was elected as the first Lieutenant-Governor under the new constitution formulated by that body; and as presiding officer of the Senate, he did the State valuable service. The vicious legislation which had often been made possible by the enactment of bills without reading or only reading by titles, had induced the convention to insert a provision requiring all bills to be read in full three times before final passage. But the first Senate, and probably both houses, proceeded to read proposed bills merely by title, when Lieutenant-Governor Mansfield as President of the Senate, insisted—and it became necessary for him to make a decided stand—that this provision of the Constitution must be literally

construed, otherwise all legislation under that instrument was liable to be invalidated and infinite mischief would follow. And so finally, at the commencement of the session of the Legislature, both the Senate and the Assembly adopted Lieutenant Governor Mansfield's interpretation of the Constitution, and thus the danger was avoided. In after years, Governor Mansfield recounted to me, and as I thought with justifiable pride, the stand he took in this matter, because it prevented, before it was too late, as he believed, the grave evils that would have resulted from having doubt cast on early legislation by loose and unwarranted constitutional interpretation.

General Mansfield was most highly esteemed by the community, but he never sought office after the expiration of his term as Lieutenant Governor. Nevertheless, he at various times was appointed and served as a director of the Public Library of this city, as a trustee of the State Normal School (two terms;) and as president of our Historical Society. In the latter he took a lively interest from its founding till his death. He was particularly jealous of its good name which he did much to build up. He had the true historical spirit, and believed with Macauley, that "those who take no interest in their ancestors, do not deserve to be remembered by their posterity."

General Mansfield will meet no more in the flesh with our Society; but his Memory will be cherished, not only by the living members of this Society, but by the community at large, who will miss his venerable, manly figure and fine personality, with which our people have been familiar for so many years. Peace to his ashes! and benisons to his memory!



# THE VALUE OF A HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

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(Read Oct. 12, 1896.)

Before trying to answer the question, "what is the value of a Historical Society?" it might be well to turn our attention elsewhere, to see what our Government, and the different States, are doing in the line of history. In an address before the American Historical Association, composed of several hundred members, representing some of the most learned men of the nation, Mr. A. Howard Clark, said in regard to "What the United States has done for History," that the Government had "spent more than \$2,000,000 in the acquisition and publication of records pertaining alone to our country's history. It has spent many millions more in the erection of historical memorials, in preservation of historical places, and in celebration of historical events, and, is annually expending more than \$250,000 directly in behalf of American history." No nation ever undertook such a magnificent historical work as is now approaching completion under charge of most efficient bureaus of the War and Navy Department."

What are the various States doing in sustaining historical societies? According to the latest report of the American Historical Association, there are now over 300 historical societies. These are distributed all over the United States from Maine to California. Of this number, Massachusetts claims 62, New York 57, and our own State 4, known as the California Historical Society, (San Francisco;) Pioneer Association, (of the Counties of Marin, Napa, Lake and Mendocino Petaluma;) Society of California Pioneers, (San Francisco;) and the Historical Society of Southern California, (Los Angeles.) But two of these are really Historical Societies. A brief outline of the origin of the Historical Society of Southern California may not be inappropriate here:

The idea of organizing a Historical Society in Southern California was first originated by Judge Noah Levering, in 1883. Judge Levering was at that time and had for a number of years been an active member of the Iowa State Historical Society, and fully appreciating the value of a Historical Society to a community, began an active canvass for members to found one in his adopted home. His success at first was not encouraging but by persevering, he at length secured enough names to warrant him in making a call of a meeting for the purpose of organizing. The first meeting appointed at the State Normal Building was not a success, only four persons reporting. The next meeting held on November 1, 1883, in the City Court Room, Temple Block, was more successful. The following named

gentlemen were present and enrolled themselves members of the society: Col. J. J. Warner, Noah Levering, H. D. Barrows, Gen. John Mansfield, Prof. J. M. Guinn, Maj. C. N. Wilson, Ex-Gov. J. G. Downey, Prof. Ira More, J. B. Niles, A. Kohler, Don Antonio F. Coronel, George Hansen, A. J. Bradfield, Maj. E. W. Jones and Prof. Marcus Baker. Col. J. J. Warner was elected president and Maj. C. N. Wilson secretary. The society at first grew quite rapidly. It was something new—was popular—and a number of that class who are always on the lookout for something to benefit self joined, only to fall off when they found that to maintain a Historical Society required hard work, and constant outlay; and that there was no individual return except the satisfaction of having labored for the general good of the community.

The actual local value of our society to the community in which it is located can not be estimated in dollars and cents. In the thirteen years of its existence it has published nearly one thousand pages of original historical and scientific matter. Its publications have been widely circulated. They have found their way into the libraries of the leading historical, scientific and geographical societies, and into the libraries of the principal colleges and universities of the United States. In addition to these we have received requests for them from colleges and individuals in Europe, Australia and Canada.

The influence of our publications in directing attention to Southern California has no doubt been much greater than even its members are aware. This influence has been exerted upon the very best class of persons—the intelligent and educated.

Independent of any pecuniary profit that may accrue to the community or to the individual, is the educational influence that such a society exerts. Every year the value of the study of history is more and more recognized by our leading educational institutions. To the published works of the local historical societies, institutions and individual historians must look for valuable aid in historical work.

Although history is defined as the record of consecutive public events, yet, there are many departments in literature that contribute to its value—annals, chronicles, biographies, autobiographies, travels, the daily press, all furnish materials for the historian. We have passed the primitive period of mentality when printed matter is accepted as authoritative, unless verified by some other testimony, or some other than cold type authority, even if the matter does *prima facie* appear plausible. We know that many valuable facts are surrounded by an accumulation of unreliable statements, and here is where a wide awake society can help posterity by winnowing out the chaff and revealing the wheat; by eliminating fiction from truth. This should be done with much of the current printed material gathered for historical work.

This means work, and hard work, for it can only be done by comparing records, tracing events and following out sequences. Our society contains men who are qualified for such a task, and we have valuable records, but the difficulty of consulting these records holds much of this work in abeyance. Shall we wait until those are qualified to discern the true from the false, in the history of past events, are no longer with us?

There is a good deal of historical data existing in the memory of our oldest citizens and pioneers. Many valuable historical events are remembered by our Spanish and Mexican citizens and some of our members are sufficiently versed in the Spanish language to bring to us reminiscences of our oldest inhabitants; and, many of our pioneers remember the inception and early growth of events that are now culminating around us.

What a rich field for historical data is before us! Think of Massachusetts with 62 historical societies, while only one incorporated historical society exists in Southern California, and that one is allowed to suffer for want of means! Then we have abundant material for history and plenty of work for a historical society. Compare the limited amount of historical data not already written up in the older States which are able to maintain half a hundred societies, with the opportunities for collating history in Southern California!

Our local history furnishes us with unusual and interesting events. The landing of the Spanish navigators, the founding of the Missions by the fathers, the growth of Southern California during the Mexican regime, the finding of gold and the wild rush to California from all parts of the world, and finally the influx of people from all parts of the United States to California; furnish eras full of historical data. But, aside from this society, the general impression seems to prevail that the history of Southern California is of no value outside of the Missions. This shows how we, as a people, sacrifice that which is equally important, in the interest of the æsthetic. I would not be understood as disparaging the study of the Missions, no history would be complete without them, but would wish to be understood as in favor of granting to that era of our history only its due proportion of study as one of the most important subdivisions of our many sided history.

Few societies have labored under greater disadvantages, as a society, than the Historical Society of Southern California. For a time its accumulation of books, papers, letters, curios and so forth, were stored in the State Normal School Building in Los Angeles, but were eventually crowded out to make more room for the school; the County Supervisors allowed us the use of a large room in the fourth story of the Court House, but finally that room was needed by the County, and the Society's valuable accumulations were conveyed to a gallery of one of the court rooms, where they are



now stored away. I use the term "stored" advisedly, for the accumulations exceed the space and the cases necessary for any display, or for reference. This wealth of material and the interesting and valuable annuals yearly distributed by the Society show unusual activity for the size of its membership. And all this under the most discouraging circumstances, for what is there to encourage the collating of facts if their preservation is not secured? You see we need a headquarters fully equipped with suitable cases and drawers. To do this money is necessary. There is abundance of means in Southern California were we all as interested in the history of our State as we are in its prosperity commercially. The intellectual activity of any people is shown by its interest in whatever pertains to its origin and growth of events; for, every generation is a constituent part of a consecutive series of events from anterior times. The political and economic problems of to day are the developments of earlier problems, and, the issues of the present are laying the foundation for future social problems. Is history of no importance to us?

It must be said, however, that our population here is very largely made up of immigrants from other States. They have come with little, or no knowledge relative to our local history. Their interests have been centered elsewhere. Our history does not appeal to them until they have become identified with that history. It takes time to do this.

A place of meeting is, at the present, a question of vital importance. For some years the society held monthly meetings at the old City Hall on Second street, but, here the exigences of commerce and change of ownership of the buildings, have crowded us out. So we held our meetings in the office of the Police Judge, the environment was not sufficiently attractive to add to, and retain, other than historical students too much in love with the work to be critical of surroundings. A place of meeting that could also be a headquarters for our wealth of historical material is a desideratum just now.

With every cycle of time the value of the consecutive records of public events become greater, and in the light of such a fact is it not surprising that a society formed for the purpose of collating and preserving history should be hampered for means.

It may be said that an individual interested in the history of our section can work outside of a society. This is true, but, it is the exception, not the rule. As a rule we need the co-operation of others interested in the same line of work, for, collectively one dozen men and women can accomplish greater results than would be possible where individuals are not spurred on by the formation of a society and the association of others interested in the same pursuit. In the political and commercial world we find parties, clubs, and companies are formed for the accomplishment of certain objects possible only to combined efforts. For this reason, also,

clubs are formed for the discussion and advancement of economic, socialistic, educational and philanthropic aims. There is an inspiration in meeting with other workers in the same pursuit; new lines of investigation are presented and fallacies are corrected. We know this has often been proven in our Historical Society for the discussion of papers prepared and read before the Society has often brought other points to bear upon the subject and corrected fallacies that had crept in without the knowledge of the writer.

Why a Historical Society instead of some other form of literary organization, may be briefly stated; there is an inspiration in working with others, and more is accomplished. Persons not directly interested may become so by hearing papers read upon the subject, and many can help by becoming members and contributing towards the funds of the society in this way increasing historical literature. A historical society can collect and collate valuable papers that would not be offered to individuals as gifts; for the traditions and historical curios of a family are better preserved in the archives and museum of a responsible society, than if left without a custodian. Fallacies in current history can be corrected by members competent to do so.

It can be something more than a buoy, if it is a strong society; it can be like a pier or projecting wharf, a landing place for the ships of time to unload some of their cargo before they pass into the ocean of obscurity.

# HISTORIC HOUSES OF LOS ANGELES.

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BY J. M. GUINN.

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(Read Oct. 9, 1896.)

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[First Paper]

The historic houses of Old Los Angeles have long since disappeared. The perishable material (adobe or sun-dried brick) of which they were constructed, combined with the necessity, as the town grew larger, of more commodious buildings on their sites hastened their demolition. The few houses of the Mexican era that remain, date their erection well along in the first half of the present century. The Pueblo de Nuestra Señora La Reyna de Los Angeles of the last century has disappeared from the face of the earth. It is doubtful whether even a fragment of the ruins of any one of the old houses of a century ago exists. Even the exact location of the old plaza on which they fronted is unknown and the narrow streets that led out from it have long since been obliterated. The Old Los Angeles of the 18th century with its adobe wall that fenced out alike the hostile Indian and the lowing herds has disappeared as completely as have the mud walls of the town that Romulus and Remus built by the Tiber three thousand years ago.

## THE "CUARTEL VIEJO,"

The oldest house of historic note built in Los Angeles was the cuartel or guard house. Its erection was begun shortly after the founding of the pueblo; and it was completed about 1786. It was used as quarters for the guard of the king's soldiers stationed here to assist the colonists in defense against attacks of hostile Indians. The Old Cuartel was a square adobe structure with thick walls, small iron barred windows and a heavy tiled roof. It stood on the southeasterly side of the old plaza, nearly on the line of Marchessault street north of the Church, near Upper Main street. Its ruins were still extant at the time of the American conquest (1846.) After it ceased to be used for a cuartel it was turned into a carcél or prison. Its inmates in the later years of its history were not always malefactors. Sometimes it happened, in the political upheavals so frequent during the Mexican regime, that the victors in the revolution sent the leaders of the vanquished faction to jail. At such times the old cuartel became headquarters for statesmen out of a job. During the military despotism of Governor Victoria, in 1831, it is said that more than half a hundred of the leading citizens of Los Angeles, at one time or another, were incarcerated in the Pueblo Bastile. Alcalde Vicente Sanchez was the petty despot of the



Pueblo who carried out the tyrannical decrees of his master, Victoria. Among others who were imprisoned in the cuartel was Jose Maria Abila. Abila was proud, haughty and overbearing. He had incurred the hatred of both Victoria and Sanchez. Sanchez, under orders from Victoria, placed Abila in prison; and to humiliate him put him in irons. Abila brooded over the indignities inflicted upon him and meditated revenge. An insurrection begun at San Diego by Jose Antonio Carrillo, Stearns and others, who had been either imprisoned or exiled by Victoria, resulted in the capture of Los Angeles and the release of Victoria's prisoners. Alcalde Sanchez was chained up in the old cuartel.

Abila and some of the other released prisoners joined the revolutionists and marched out to meet Victoria, who was moving southward with an armed force to suppress the insurrection. The two forces met on the plains of Cahuenga, west of the Pueblo, at a place known as the Lomas de la Cañada de Breita (Little hills of the Brea Cañon.) A combat ensued in which Abila of the Revolutionary party and Pacheco of the Governor's force were killed, and the Governor himself dangerously wounded. He was carried to the Mission San Gabriel, where next day he surrendered his office and was deported to Mexico. And thus an insurrection that had its inception among the prisoners of the old cuartel ended in revolution, bloodshed and the downfall of a military despot.

The Old Cuartel in the later '30s became too dilapidated for prison purposes and was allowed to go to ruins. Possibly the hateful memories of it that still cling to the minds of some of its former occupants may have hastened its decay. The Pueblo authorities were at times sorely perplexed to find safe quarters for the criminals and the politicians whom some suppressed revolution had thrown out of a job. At one time the Curate's house was taken for a jail, at another the excess was sent to San Gabriel for confinement; and later on, an assorted batch of criminals and politicians was shipped to Santa Barbara to be placed in durance vile.

#### THE "NUEVO CUARTEL."

The New Cuartel was built about 1841 on the hill in the rear of what is now the St. Elmo Hotel. It was used by the Americans after the conquest for a guard house, while the troops were stationed at Old Fort Moore on Fort Hill. During the flush days of gold mining the Loma Cuartel was kept well filled with a hard lot of criminals. The building was a one roomed flat roofed adobe, without cells. Its soft adobe walls would not long have confined the desperadoes of the early '50s incarcerated in it, but for a simple yet very effective device that was quite efficacious in curbing their jail breaking proclivities. Across the long room extending from wall to wall was placed a heavy pine log. Into this at intervals of three or four feet were driven iron staples. To each of these a short chain was

attached. The chains were fastened to the shackles on the prisoners' legs. Thus each criminal was picketed out like a coopless chicken designed for the ax; and it might be added that the culprit like the chicken sometimes got it in the neck, when some vigilance committee delegated to itself the authority to regulate the morals of the town. There was caste among the criminals of the early '50s. Only the "gente de razon," (people of reason) Americans and Spanish—were allowed to occupy the "Loma Cuartel." The pariahs of Los Angeles society—the Indians and Mexican half breeds, were chained to logs outside, where unprotected by roof or wall, they were, through sunshine and storm—left to enjoy the glorious climate of California.

(The pioneer jail of Klamath County in 1855, was a huge live oak tree. Staples driven into the trunk with chains attached, secured the prisoners. Sentence to solitary confinement under the circumstances was not imposed in that county.)

In 1853 a new jail was built on what is now the site of the Phillips Block, northwest corner of North Spring and Franklin streets. The Cuartel on the hill was changed into a dwelling house. It was demolished when Beaudry graded down the hill on New High street.

#### THE "NUEVA IGLESIA."

The oldest building now occupied or used in our city is the Church of Our Lady of the Angels. It is probably the only building now in use that dates its erection in the Spanish era of our city's history. Its corner stone was laid in 1814, but just where is not known. Its location was changed to higher ground—its present site—in 1818. The great flood of 1815, when the waters of the river came up to the lower side of the old plaza probably necessitated the change. Although it is rather a modest and unpretentious structure it took four years to build it. The builders seemed to have been more willing to wait than to labor. The Pueblo colonists were poor in purse and chary of physical exertion. When their own means were exhausted they asked the Missions for aid. The contributions to the building fund were various in kind and somewhat incongruous in character.

San Miguel contributed 500 cattle, San Luis Obispo 200, Santa Barbara one barrel of brandy, San Diego two barrels of white wine, Purisima six mules and 200 cattle, San Gabriel two barrels of brandy, and San Fernando one. Bancroft says that "the citizens promptly converted the brandy into money, some of them drinking immense quantities in their zeal for the spiritual welfare of the town." The church was completed and formally dedicated, December 8, 1822. The church building was remodded in 1861. The front which projected out into the street was by order of the City Council, cut back to the line of the side walk. The tiled roof was changed to a shingled one, and the tower altered. The Curate's house,

which was a small adobe building, was torn down and the present brick structure erected. The grounds on the north were enclosed and ornamented. The present building and its surroundings bear but little resemblance to the "Nueva Iglesia" (new church) that Padre Payeras labored so earnestly to complete seventy-five years ago. It was called the "New Church" to distinguish it from the first church or chapel built shortly after the founding of the Pueblo, which was located at the foot of the hill on what is now Buena Vista street.

#### THE CARRILLO HOUSE.

Of the historic dwelling houses of Los Angeles, the Carrillo house, that stood where the Pico House or National Hotel now stands, was the most noted in early days. June 21, 1821, Jose Antonio Carrillo petitioned the Comisionado for a house lot near the "new Temple which is being built for the benefit of our holy religion." The lot 40x60 varas (114x170 feet) was granted next day. This is the only record of a grant of a house lot made between 1786 and 1836—just one real estate transfer in fifty years.

When Lieut. Ord made his plan of the City of Los Angeles in 1849, he took as the initial point of his survey the northwest corner of Carrillo's house that stood on this lot. And his bearings from a point opposite that corner gave direction to the lines of our streets, and virtually to the plan of the city. The building was begun in 1822 and completed in 1825. It was the most pretentious and aristocratic residence in the Pueblo at that time. It fronted on the plaza and had wings extending back on Main street, and from its eastern end, to an adobe wall in the rear, thus inclosing a patio or inner court. Although but a one-story building its height gave it the appearance of a two story house. Its high gabled roof of red tiles and its white walls were a pleasing contrast to the prevailing clay colored fronts and the flat asphaltum roofs of the neighboring houses. For nearly half a century it stood a historic landmark of old Los Angeles. It was torn down in September 1869, and the Pico house erected on its site. Within the Old Carrillo house was held many a royal feast and revel, and within its walls too, was concocted many a political plot and intrigue; for its owner was a scheming politician as well as a right royal entertainer. In its spacious ball room many a gay assemblage gathered—the beauty and the chivalry of the Pueblo, and the tallow dips "shone o'er fair women and brave men" as they whirled through the giddy mazes of the dance. In this old historic house was held one of the most sumptuous and prolonged marriage feasts ever celebrated in Alta California. It was the celebration of the marriage of Pio Pico to Mariâ Ignacia Alvarado in 1834. Carrillo was a brother-in-law of Pico's (being married to Pico's sister.) The feasting and the dancing continued for eight days. All the aristocracy of the Southern country, and all the retainers of the houses of Pico and Carrillo from San Diego to Monterey, gathered to do honor to the nuptials.



Its builder, Jose Antonio Carrillo, during the Mexican era was the Warwick of California politics. He was not a king maker, but he did make and unmake governors. He was the leader in the revolution that deposed Governor Victoria. While representing California in the Mexican Congress he had his brother Carlos made Governor of the Territory. He plotted against Alvarado and was mainly instrumental in the overthrow of Micheltorena, which made his brother-in-law Pico, Governor. He was a man of great natural ability but wasted his talents in artifices and intrigues. He was never happier than when he was fomenting a plot or leading a revolution. He filled many civil offices in the department and was a military commander of no mean ability. With an inferior force poorly armed, he defeated Mervine at the battle of Dominguez Ranch, and by a well contrived stratagem frightened Stockton's forces away from San Pedro. He commanded a squadron of cavalry in the battles of Paso de Bartolo and La Mesa, and was one of the commissioners that negotiated the treaty of Cahuenga, which gave California to the United States. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1849. He was the ablest of the native born statesmen of California during the Mexican period. Many of the leading men of that era were born in Mexico or in Spain. Carrillo was born in San Diego, April 11, 1794. He died at Santa Barbara, April 25, 1862, aged 68 years.

#### THE DON ABEL STEARNS HOUSE.

Another house of historic note was the home of Don Abel Stearns. It stood on the site now occupied by the Baker Block. Stearns bought the lot in 1834. The house was erected between 1835 and 1838. It was probably several years in the course of erection, for in the days of poco tiempo, a house was not built in a day, nor yet in a year. It was a flat roofed one-story structure covering quite a considerable area. At the corner of Arcadia and Main streets, a wing extended out to the line of the sidewalk. At the southern end was a similar projection. The central part of the building stood back from the street twenty five or thirty feet and the space between it and the sidewalk was paved with cobble stones. In the rear was a large patio or court yard partially inclosed by projecting wings from the main building. The patio was an appurtenance of all the better class of California houses of early days. The lot extended through to Los Angeles street. The Arcadia Block covering the Los Angeles street front was erected in 1858. It was then the largest business block in the town and for fifteen years after was the business center of the city. Stearns' Hall in the second story of this block, was for many years the principal assembly room for social and political gatherings.

Stearns, although a man of quick temper and strong prejudices, was withal hospitable and generous to those he liked. He was a convivial and

genial entertainer. Within the walls of his rambling old adobe home the elite of the Angel City as well as the foreign guest were often right royally entertained. Here Commodore Ap. Catesby Jones of the United States Navy and his officers were lodged and entertained when the Commodore came to Los Angeles to meet Governor Micheltorena and apologize to him for capturing Monterey. Commodore Jones, under the impression that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico, sailed into Monterey and captured the Capital City, Oct 19, 1842. Finding he was mistaken he restored the city to the local authorities with an apology. Micheltorena the newly appointed Governor after a protracted stay in San Diego and Los Angeles, had taken up his line of march northward with his army of 300 cholos. He had reached a point near San Buenaventura when he heard of the capture of the capital. He fled back so precipitately that his camp equipage was scattered over the plains from Ventura to Los Angeles. After waiting three months for the Governor to come to Monterey, the Commodore was compelled to go to Los Angeles to find him and offer him his apologies in person. Peace and harmony restored, the civilities closed with a grand ball which was held in the only two-story building at that time in Los Angeles—a building on the east side of the plaza in what is now Chinatown. This was probably Sanchez Hall which is thus described in the diary of an old pioneer writing in 1842. "We arrived in the Pueblo at 8 p. m. We had a couple of dances. There was one in Sanchez Hall, and the other in Stearns. Sanchez Hall is painted out in the most comical style with priests, bishops, saints, horses and other animals—the effect is really astonishing." Governor Micheltorena took the oath of office in the Sanchez Hall Dec. 31, 1842.

At the Stearns house occurred the famous flag episode of 1839, which came near precipitating a revolution. Prefect Cosme Peña, appointed by Governor Alvarado to keep the turbulent Angeleños in subjection, had established his headquarters in the house of Don Abel. In front of the house he had raised the flag of his prefecture and planted a cannon. Stearns with but little respect for the Mexican flag (he hated Mexico) used the flagstaff for a post to tie cattle to, that were designed for slaughter.

This desecration the patriotic young Angeleños resented; and while Peña was absent at San Pedro, a number of them gathered to pull down the flag; or as another account say, to sacrifice a bullock that was picketed to the flag pole as a peace offering to the outraged dignity of the cactus perched eagle of the Mexican flag. Peña on his return had the leaders arrested for sedition and obtained a guard of ten soldiers to protect his flag. The citizens petitioned the Ayuntamiento to ask him to remove the flag to the public building where it would be treated with more respect. Peña in a

rage resigned his office and left breathing vengeance against the Pueblo de Los Diablos—town of the devils. He reported his grievancies to Governor Alvarado at Monterey. The twenty patriotic citizens who signed the petition were fined \$5.00 each, and the members of the Ayuntamiento \$10 00 each for their attempts to secure respect for the flag. Such were the uncertain rewards of patriotism in the turbulent days of '39. The Stearns house was demolished in 1876, and the Baker Block erected on its site.

#### HALL OF THE "AMIGOS DEL PAIS."

The first social hall or club house ever built on the Pacific Coast, was erected in Los Angeles in 1844. It was the hall of the Amigos del Pais. The Amigos del Pais (Friends of the Country) was a society or club made up of the leading citizens of the town, both native and foreign born. A lot 100 varas square, free of taxes, was granted the society by the Ayuntamiento. An adobe building was erected and fitted up with a dancing hall, reading room and card tables. The hall was dedicated by a grand ball and a number of social entertainments were held. The Amigos for a time enjoyed their social privileges, and the society flourished. But it was a time of revolutions and political disturbances. In time social amenities gave place to political animosities. Although the members were "Friends of the Country," they became enemies to one another. The society ran in debt. Its membership fell off. The building was finally put up at a lottery. Andres Pico drew the lucky number. The Amigos del Pais disbanded. Their sala (hall) in course of time became a vinateria (saloon) and afterwards it was "Los dos Amigos," the two friends—the friend behind the bar and the one in front of it.

#### THE ROUND HOUSE.

The old Round House was one of the landmarks of the city that for many years was pointed out to visitors, and the story of the purpose for which it was constructed varied with each narrator. There are but few historic associations connected with it and no mystery about the purpose for which it was built. It was built for a dwelling house in the later '40s by Roman Alexander, a French sailor, after a model he claimed to have seen on the coast of Africa. He married a native Californian woman, and for a time they lived in the house. It passed through various hands until it came into the possession of George Lehman who fitted up the grounds for a pleasure resort, and the building for a saloon. Of late years writers refer to the grounds as the Garden of Eden. Lehman named the resort the Garden of Paradise. The following extract from the Los Angeles Star of Oct. 2, 1858, gives an account of the opening of the resort:

#### THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

"The handsome grounds of the Round House in the south part of



Main street have lately been fitted up as a public garden under the above rather high sounding title. In it are to be seen elegantly portrayed the primeval family—Adam and Eve—Cain and Abel, also the old serpent and the golden apples all according to the record. There is besides a frame work containing what are called flying horses for the amusement of children. A band of music stationed on the balcony of the house plays at intervals. The garden is tastefully laid out and is much frequented by citizens especially on Sundays."

The modern proprietor (Lehman) of the Garden of Paradise like Adam of old sinned, not however, by eating forbidden fruit, but by contracting debts he could not pay. He was driven out of Paradise, and with him went the primeval family, the old serpent and the golden apples, all of which is not "according to the record."

The Round House stood on the west side of Main street, below Third. The Main street front of the Garden is now occupied by the Pinney Block, the Pridham Block and new Turnverein Hall. The grounds extended through to Spring street. On the Spring street front, now covered by the Henne, Breed and Lankersheim Blocks, was a thick cactus hedge which barred entrance to the grounds from that street; and was more effective than a flaming sword in keeping bad boys away from the golden apples of the tree of knowledge. The original Round House was built of adobe, and was circular in form. Lehman, or some subsequent owner, inclosed it in a frame and weather-boarded it; and in so doing changed it to an octagonal building.

In the arbors and under the shade trees, and possibly beneath the spreading branches of the tree of knowledge itself in the Garden of Paradise, assembled the patriots of Los Angeles to celebrate the Centennial of our Nation's Independence, July 4, 1876. Hon. J. G. Eastman, then in his prime, delivered the oration—one of the most eloquent addresses ever delivered in the city. Twenty years ago, the Garden was well out in the suburbs and was classed as a suburban resort. The Round House was torn down in 1889, the Garden of Paradise had disappeared several years before.

There are other houses of historic note that have been the scenes of events in the history of our city and of our State—such as the Government House—the juzgado, the Abila House, Don Louis Vignes's Castle of Refuge, the First Court House, and others, but space forbids their description in this paper. These houses of the olden time are forgotten landmarks to all but a few old residents; and even in their memories they have the dim and uncertain outlines of something dreamed of but not seen.

# THE CAPTURE OF MONTEREY OCT. 19, 1842.

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BY J. M. GUINN.

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The capture of Monterey, the capital of Alta. California, Oct. 19, 1842, is an event that from an American standpoint has but little importance beyond the fact that it was a blunder of the Commodore of the United States Squadron in the Pacific. From the standpoint of the Californian of that day it was an event of vast importance—not so much in immediate results as it was a premonition or prophesy of greater events surely coming. For ten years preceding the capture, California had been in an almost continual state of revolution. There had been an average of a new Governor for each year between 1831 and 1841. The Territory had been blessed (or cursed) with two Governors at a time and once with triplets. The fault did not altogether lie with California. The home government was largely to blame. Mexico, herself, was in a chronic state of revolution. The government appointees sent to the Territory from Mexico were often mere adventurers in search of gain or position, and unfit for office. The intelligent leaders among the Californians had begun to realize that a territory so rich in possibilities must ultimately fall into the hands of some foreign power. Mexico could not hold it in case of war with a stronger nation; and the Territory could not maintain its independence even if allowed to peaceably separate itself from the mother country. The future of California hung upon the question of which nation, England, France, or the United States could first pick a quarrel with Mexico, or which could secure it by purchase. The United States had the advantage in proximity to the coveted territory; and among the alien population it had the greatest number. Some of these were nominally Mexican citizens, but every Californian knew that in event of war between Mexico and the United States, these naturalized citizens would quickly renounce their allegiance to their adopted country.

The capture of Monterey revealed to the Californians that the “manifest destiny” of the Territory, was to fall into the hands of the Americans.

To intelligent, broad minded and progressive native statesmen like Bandini and Vallejo, this was a much desired consummation. But to men like Pico, Castro and Carrillo, who had been most active in fomenting revolutions, and who disliked Americans, it would be the bitterness of disappointed ambition, and the loss of power and prestige.

This was begun with no intention of writing an historical essay on this subject; although a most interesting and original paper might be written on it, if the author would view the subject from the native Californian standpoint and not from the American standpoint, from which

all Californian history is written. It was written partly to introduce an extract from the diary of a pioneer who was an eye witness to the capture and whose account has the merit of having been written on the date of the occurrence; and partly to give some facts not generally known in regard to the conference between Governor Micheltorena and Commodore Jones at the Stearns House in Los Angeles. Commodore Jones and his officers were the first official representatives of our government who visited Los Angeles.

"Monterey, Oct. 19, 1842. At 2 p. m. the United States man of war "United States," Commodore Ap Catesby Jones, came to anchor close along-side and inshore of all the ships in port. About 3 p. m. Captain Armstrong came ashore accompanied by an interpreter and went direct to the Governor's house where he had a private conversation with him, which proved to be a demand for the surrender of the entire coast of California, Upper and Lower, to the United States government. When he was about to go on board he gave three or four copies of a proclamation to the inhabitants of the two Californias, assuring them of the protection of their lives, persons and property. In his notice to the Governor (Alvarado) he gave him only until the following morning at 9 a. m. to decide. If he received no answer then he would fire upon the town.

I remained on shore that night and went down to the Governor's with Mr. Larkin and Mr. Eagle. The Governor had had some idea of running away and leaving Monterey to its fate but was told by Mr. Spence that he should not go, and finally he resolved to await the result. At twelve at night some persons were sent on board the United States, who had been appointed by the Governor to meet the Commodore and arrange the terms of the surrender. Next morning, at half past ten o'clock, about 100 sailors and 50 marines disembarked. The sailors marched up from the shore and took possession of the fort; the American colors were hoisted. The United States fired a salute of thirteen guns, it was returned by the fort which fired twenty-six guns.

The marines in the meantime had marched up to the Government House. The officers and soldiers of the California government were discharged and their guns and other arms taken possession of, and carried to the fort. The stars and stripes now wave over us. Long may they wave here in California." "October 21st, 4 p. m. Flags were again changed, the vessels were released and all was quiet again. The Commodore had received later news by some Mexican newspapers."

The author of this extract states it as a fact of which he was cognizant, that Governor Alvarado seriously contemplated running away and leaving Monterey to its fate. It is not fair to impute this to the Governor's cowardice. It is more than probable that it arose from a desire to avoid the



responsibility of surrendering the city. He had already been superceded as governor. His successor, Micheltorena, had been nearly two months in California and was daily expected at the Capital to take charge of affairs. There was no good feeling between the two; and Alvarado would no doubt have been glad to have shouldered the odium of the surrender on his successor.

Governor Micheltorena after a stay in Los Angeles of several weeks had taken up his line of march for the Capital with his army of 300 cholos. The cholos (half-breeds) were most incorrigible thieves, and had robbed the hen roosts at Los Angeles of their last chicken. Micheltorena had reached a point about twenty miles north of San Fernando, when on the night of the 24th of October, a messenger aroused him from his slumbers with the news that the Capital had been captured. Micheltorena seized the occasion to make political capital for himself with the home government. He spent the remainder of the night in fulminating proclamations fiercer than the thunderbolts of Jove, copies of which were dispatched post-haste to Mexico. He even wished himself a thunderbolt "that he might fly over the intervening space and annihilate the invaders." To Vallejo he wrote, "Triumph is certain; with my present force I should not hesitate to attack; but it is just that all share in the pleasure of victory. Are their Mexican bosoms which do not feel themselves boil with valor at seeing this effort to rob us of our Territory. Invite, then excite, move the patriotism of all able to bear arms." (Bancrofts History of California, Vov. IV.) Then with his own courage and doubtless that of his brave cholos aroused to the highest pitch the next day he fled back to San Fernando, where afraid to advance or retreat he halted until news reached him that Comodore Jones had restored the Capital to the Californians. Then his valor reached the boiling point. He boldly marched to Los Angeles, established his headquarters in the city and awaited the coming of the Commodore and his officers.

At the famous conference in the Stearns House, Micheltorena presented his "Articles of Convention" to the Commodore. Among other ridiculous demands were the following: "Article VI. Mr. Thos. Ap C. Jones will deliver 1500 complete infantry uniforms to replace those of nearly one-half of the Mexican force which have been ruined in the violent march and the continued rains while they were on their way to recover the port thus invaded." "Article VII. Jones to pay \$15,000 into the national treasury for expenses incurred from the general alarm; also a complete set of musical instruments in place of those ruined on this occasion."

Gov. Micheltorena had only 300 men in his force and these were mostly convicts released from the prisons to enlist and were of the lowest

class of half-breeds, it was not probable that any one of them had ever possessed an entire suit at one time in his life.

One of the Commodore's staff, writing of this interview says: "The requirements of the articles were so preposterous as to excite for the moment feelings of disgust mingled with commiseration, and to make it a matter of serious reflection, and consultation between the Commodore and Captain Stribling as to the course most proper to pursue. The Commodore's first impulse was to return the papers without comment and to refuse further communication with a man who could have the effrontery to trump up such charges as those for which indemnification was claimed." The Commodore on reflection put aside his personal feelings, met the Governor at the grand ball in Sanchez Hall held in honor of the occasion. The ball was a brilliant affair, "the dancing ceased only with the rising of the sun next morning." The Commodore returned the articles without his signature. The Governor did not again refer to his demands. He evidently had been making a little by-play at diplomacy in order to make himself solid with the home government. The articles had been officially published in Mexico nearly a month before Commodore Jones had either seen or heard of them, as part of the correspondence between Commodore Jones and Governor Micheltorena.

Micheltorena had the audacity to claim that the fear of his army of cholos and their valiant general, had impelled the Commodore to restore the Capital.

General Micheltorena had attained some military reputation in Mexico and probably was not wanting in courage, but he was so accustomed to the exaggerated expressions and bombastic proclamations so common in Mexican diplomacy that he would no doubt have considered that he was not doing his whole duty to his country, had he used simpler forms of expression.

On January 21, 1843, Jones and his officers took their departure from the city "amidst the beating of drums, the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, saluted by the General and his wife from the door of their quarters." A military escort accompanied the Commodore and his staff to San Pedro. And thus was sped the parting guest. Nearly four years later there was another military procession with beating of drums and booming of cannon moving through the streets of Los Angeles; it was Stockton's army taking final possession in the name of the United States of America of the last Mexican stronghold in California.

# REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

## 1896.

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*To the officers and members of the Historical Society of Southern California.*

During the year your committee has endeavored to provide for the different meetings of the society as varied a program as possible. With the limited number of writers presenting papers it has not always been possible to present as diversified or as attractive a program as your committee would have desired.

In selecting papers for publication, your committee has endeavored to choose those that contained historical matter pertaining to different phases of Pacific coast history. In this, as well as in all previous publications of the society, it is understood the authors and not the society are responsible for the statements made in their papers and for the opinions and views expressed.

Your committee would respectfully call the attention of members reading papers before the society to that section of our by-laws which requires every member reading a paper to file a copy of the same with our secretary. This requirement has not been complied with in several cases and valuable papers have thus been lost to the society.

The issue for 1896 concludes the third volume of the society's annual publications. The committee would recommend that hereafter the publications be paged consecutively beginning with next year's issue and continuing to the close of the volume; also that the quality of the paper be changed from antique to 60lb laid book. A plainer impression can be obtained on the last named paper.

The following are the titles of papers read before the society during the year 1896.

### JANUARY MEETING.

Inaugural Address of the President, by Frank J. Polley.

What can be seen at San Jaun Capistrano to day, by F. J. Polley.

### FEBRUARY MEETING.

A Two Thousand Mile Stage Ride, by H. D. Barrows.

To California via Panama in the early '60s, by J. M. Guinn.

### APRIL MEETING.

A Southern California Alcibiades, by F. J. Polley.

Life of Michael White, by H. D. Barrows.

### MAY MEETING.

The Sociology of the Native Californian, F. J. Polley.

Capt. Jedediah S. Smith—The Pathfinder of the Sierras, by J. M. Guinn.



Antonio Maria Lugo—A characteristic Californian, by H. D. Barrows.

JUNE MEETING.

Renegade Indians of San Gabriel, by F. J. Polley.

General John Mansfield, by H. D. Barrows.

Pioneer Life in California, by F. D. Shaw.

Patriarchial Age of the Mission, by F. D. Shaw.

OCTOBER MEETING.

The Value of a Historical Society, by Mrs. M. Burton Williamson.

Historic Houses of Los Angeles, by J. M. Guinn.

NOVEMBER MEETING.

A Defense of the Missionary Establishments of Alta California, by  
Rev. J. Adam.

Governor Gaspar de Portolà, by H. D. Barrows.

DECEMBER MEETING.

The Foundering of the Steamer Central America, by H. D. Barrows.

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## CURATOR'S REPORT.

1896.

### LIBRARY AND COLLECTIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

Whole number of bound volumes.....	812
Number of pamphlets and paper covered books.....	3675
Number of daily newspapers received and filed for binding	5
Number of weekly newspapers.....	15
Number of monthly magazines.....	5
Number of quarterlies.....	6

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

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## REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

*To the officers and members of the Historical Society of Southern California.*

Your Secretary reports as follows:

Number of meetings held..... 8

Number of papers read..... 18

For nearly twelve years the Society has held its meetings in the City Court room—Old City Hall, west Second street. The city sold the building the early part of the present year. The last meeting of the Society held there was in April. The experiment of holding meetings at private

residences was begun by holding the February meeting at the residence of Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, Kensington Place, Pasadena. The attendance was quite large and considerable interest was manifested in historical work. The May meeting was also held at the residence of Mrs. Carr. The June meeting was held at the residence of the Secretary, 115 South Grand Avenue. There was a good attendance of members and visitors. The Society adjourned to September. At the time for the September meeting the Secretary was absent in Minnesota and no meeting was held. The October meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Margaret Hughes, St. James Park. There was a good attendance of interested visitors.

The November meeting was held at the parochial residence of Bishop Montgomery, 118 East Second Street. The attendance was good and considerable interest manifested in the work of the Society. The annual meeting was held in the Occidental College Hall, 614 South Hill street. Thus it will be seen that the Society has not stood still so far as a place of meeting is concerned. It greatly needs a permanent place of meeting. While the holding of its meetings in different localities may arouse a transitory interest, it is very evident from the experience of the present year that continued changing of meeting places will not add to the permanent growth of the Society.

The Society has made some advancement in the collection of historical material. In addition to the newspapers, magazines and quarterlies received and filed for binding, it has enlarged its list of exchanges with other historical societies.

Among the valuable manuscript collections received this year is the "Narrative of a California Volunteer." This is a bound manuscript volume of 138 pages, foolscap size in the form of a diary. It was written by Walter Murray, late Judge of the Judicial District of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo Counties. He died at San Luis Obispo in 1875.

He came to the coast as a member of Col. Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers. His company was stationed for a short time at Santa Barbara and from there was sent to Lower California where it saw considerable hard service, and took part in several engagements. His diary gives a very full account of the voyage of the *Loo Choo*, the vessel on which his company sailed from New York around Cape Horn to California; also a description of the customs of the California people, and an account of the company's military service on the peninsula. The diary was obtained for the Society by Prof. Le Roy D. Brown of San Luis Obispo from the Judge's daughter, Miss Frances Murray; to both of whom the Society returns its sincere thanks.

Mr. H D. Barrows presented to the society a manuscript copy of Col. Warner's reminiscences of early days in California. In the present

issue are printed some extracts from the unpublished papers of B. D. Wilson, which contain original historical matter. We have received through Mr. H. D. Barrows an enlarged photograph framed, of Dr. Wm. B. Osburn, the first Postmaster of Los Angeles, and the first Superintendent of the city schools, (appointed in June 1855.) P. W. Dooner, Esq., donated to the Society a large photograph of the pioneer locomotive of Southern California. It was named "San Gabriel" and was landed at Wilmington, December, 1868, and used on the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad.

Notwithstanding the financial depression that has borne so heavily upon all institutions supported by voluntary contributions, our Society has made commendable progress during the year, and has promptly met all its financial obligations. The value of our Society as a conservatory of local historical and statistical information is becoming recognized more and more each year. This is evident from the increased number of letters of inquiry for information and data received by the Secretary. Such inquiries are cheerfully answered, although to give satisfactory answers sometimes requires a considerable expenditure of time and labor on the part of the Secretary. The demand for our publications from Eastern historical societies, from public and college libraries and from private individuals has exhausted the supply of our earlier publications. We can not supply any of our previous issues to 1891.

Respectfully submitted,  
J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

## TREASURER'S REPORT.

### RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand received from last Treasurer.....	\$ 59 80
Received membership fees.. .....	8 00
Received membership dues.....	97 30—165 10

### DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid for printing Annual, 1895.....	\$ 64 00
" " " Letter heads.....	3 00
" " postage and express etc.....	11 65
" rent of room for annual meeting.....	1 00
	79 65
	85 45

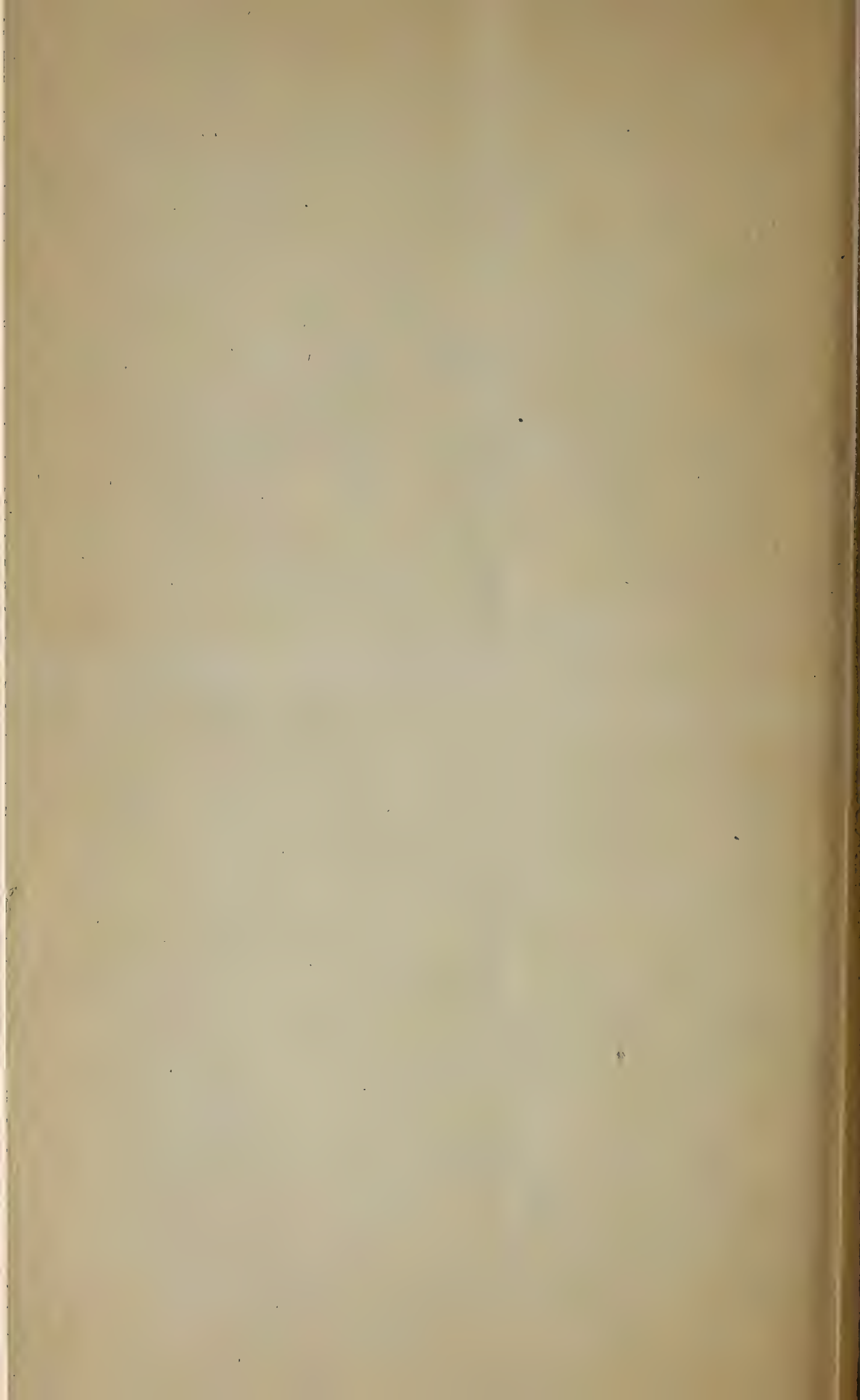
Respectfully submitted,  
E. BAXTER, Treasurer.



## ERRATA.

Page 10,	line 16,	read Coronel; for Caronel
" 28,	" 1,	read: who were founders of families.
" 30,	" 1,	" cuera blanca.
" 30, 31	" —	" Ruiz for Ruis.
" 36,	" 34,	" conquista for conquesta.
" 49,	" 34,	" rancheria for rancharia.
" 59,	" 5,	" those who are qualified, etc.
" 60,	" 12,	" part for past.
" 61,	" 18,	" fallacies for follaces.
" 62,	" 6,	" Señora for Soñora.
" 63,	" 24,	" clung for cling.
" 67,	" 37,	" says for say.







Organized November 1, 1883

Incorporated February 13, 1891

PUBLICATIONS  
OF THE  
Historical Society  
OF  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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VOLUME IV.  
(ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS OF 1897-98-99.)

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Published by the Society

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.



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Organized November 1, 1883.

Incorporated February 13, 1891.

PART I.

VOL. IV.

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

AND

PIONEER REGISTER

Los Angeles

1897

Published by the Society

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
CALIFORNIA VOICE PRINT

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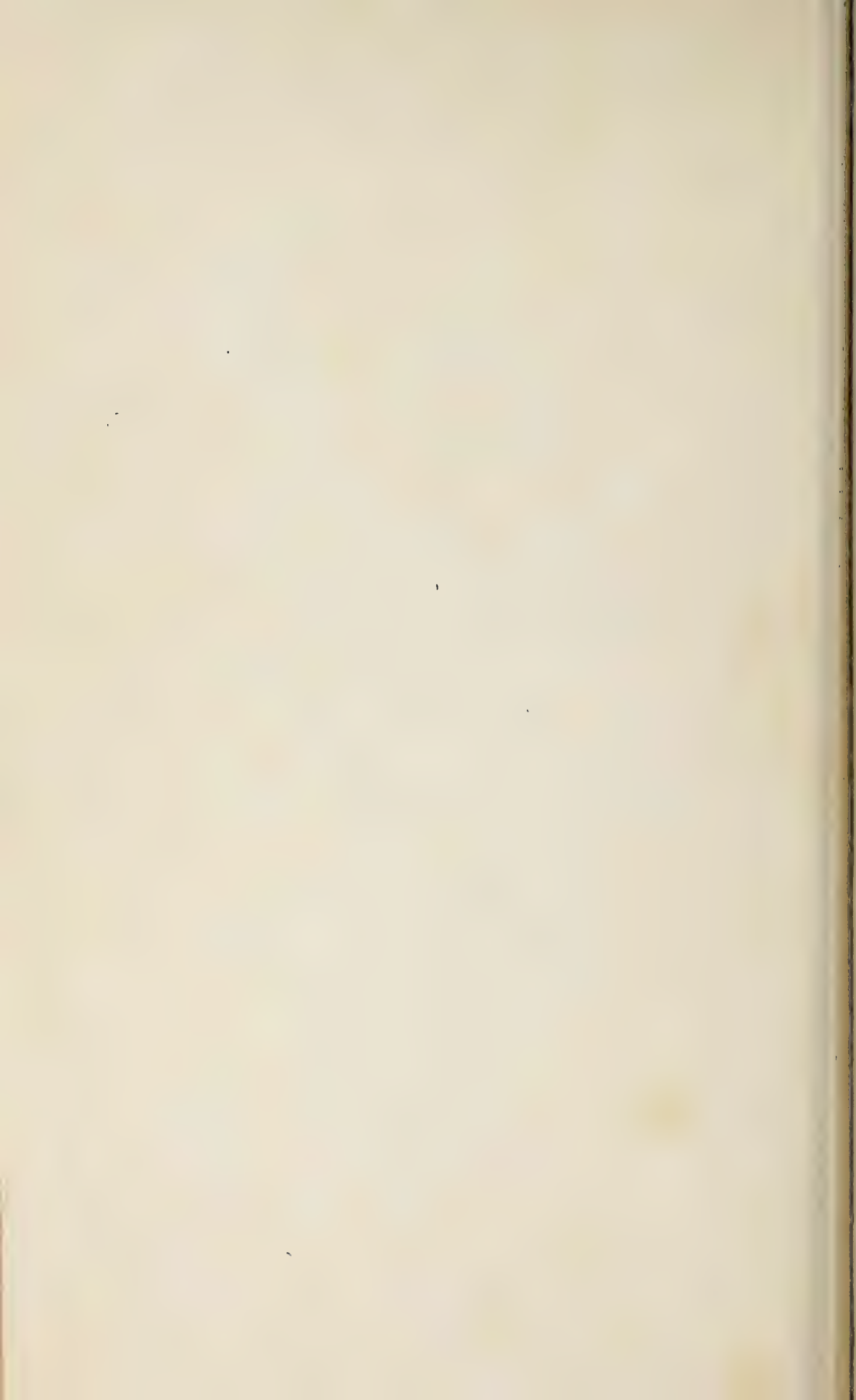
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COL. J. J. AYERS.





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1897.

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# HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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LOS ANGELES, 1897.

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## PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

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BY DR. J. D. MOODY.

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[Delivered February 1, 1897.]

*Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:*

Before entering upon our work for a new year, let us stop for a little while upon the threshold, look around, and see where we stand among the educational factors of our city. An historical society should be recognized as one of the educational institutions of the community, and should be appealed to as such. It should command both the respect and the attention of all intelligent citizens. If it is our aim to be one of the educational forces of our city, let us first try to get a proper understanding of the possibilities that lie in our way, if, haply, we may be stirred to newer life, both in our chosen field, and also out into broader lines. Among the many societies in Los Angeles, ours is the only one which in any way occupies the historical field, unless possible exception could be made in the case of the Society for Preserving Old Missions. We must occupy the field fully, or we will surely be supplanted by other less pretentious associations. Ours should be the center out from which these other organizations would grow. I confess to a little feeling of jealousy that the incentive to, or, at least, a prominent part in, this work among the old missions, should not have attached to this society.

A Folk-lore Society, an Ethnological Society, and kindred associations, should be formed in, or by our society. Instead of so-

cieties, we might form sections for the special study of these topics, in order to make them auxiliary to our work. It may be objected that we did have sections at one time with no profitable result. But I protest that geological and botanical studies do not properly come under an historical head. The Science Association is their proper home. But all studies having in their origin a human interest properly belong to our society. We should be looked up to as authority worth considering in all questions in any way touching upon historical subjects in our city and State.

In order to command attention, our society must be in some way, more prominently brought before the public. I will refer to this later. Of late years historical studies have assumed an importance which they never before had. Before this time, written history was full of events; now, it is full of human interest; then it was full of blood and death; now, it throbs with human life.

This is largely the result of the work along new lines, upon which these studies have been carried out. Prof. Green's "History of the English People" is a notable example of this newer method of historical study, as is also McMaster's history of our own people. When Prof. Green's book was first published the value of this method was at once recognized, and henceforth the acceptable history will be the one dealing with people and their social development, rather than with personal ambition and national wars. The citizen, rather than the soldier, will be the object of study. More attention will be given to the social and intellectual conditions which made it possible for a Napoleon or a Tweed to be, rather than to the detailed list of the wars of the one or the stealings of the other. It would even be possible to write a great history of our civil war, with hardly more than a mention of battle in it.

It was really the differences in the social characteristics and the resultant growth from these in the English settlements in the Carolinas, the Scotch in Georgia, and the mountain region; the French in Louisiana, the Puritans and the Germans in the North, that brought about the conflict and shaped its course. These racial differences, developing different social conditions and mental characteristics, and, becoming more firmly stamped in character as the years went by; these, along with the modifying influences each had on the other, are factors of prime importance, and intensely human in their interest and which must not for a moment be lost sight of in any conception of the development and duration of the struggle.

Our historical literature of recent date shows a tendency to base history upon the life of a people, rather than upon their wars. But to write such a history it is necessary to have the minutiae of the daily life, social and intellectual, of a people. In the historical classes of Johns Hopkins University the students are set at just such work. In further pursuance of these studies, old town records, church registers, colonial archives, and similar sources, are searched. Many of their students embody the results of such investigations in monographs, and histories of cities, towns, counties, families and institutions. These, in their turn, furnish the future historian with material for his work. I speak of these methods of treating historical studies because of the bearing it has upon our work. It is just the kind of work we should do.

The active period, embracing the time of transferal from Mexican to American authority, the brilliant achievements of Gen. Fremont and other early explorers, all have a very great interest for us. Yet, of far greater value would it be, did our records show a complete account of the communal life of our State from the earliest period; their social customs, their political fabric, their industrial habits, and their intellectual growth. It should be the aim of our society to do this work, and to do it in some systematic manner. For the future historian of California these facts would be of incomparable value. Much has been done in this line, but much more needs to be done. Much of just such information is scattered through the books and papers of the olden time, is easily overlooked, and liable to be lost. This should be secured before it is too late.

An almost perfect specimen of one kind of work we need to do was given us in a paper, "Christmas Week at San Juan Capistrano," (I believe this was the title,) by our former president Prof. Polley. Prof. Guinn has given us others in his articles in the Los Angeles Times. Such articles have a permanent value. We cannot have too many of them. My brief acquaintance in the city leads me to think that we must have others who are able, could they only be persuaded, to write such papers. It is our province as a society to collect the materials for, not to write, a history.

New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California occupy a unique place in our national life. This place is founded upon an older position, geographical and social, which is alike unique in our historical records. These States are linked together by this chain of historical events, that makes it impossible to treat of only a part without



doing violence to the whole. Are there associations kindred to ours, in these Territories? If so, we should cultivate relations with them that would be to our mutual benefit; if not, I believe we ought to aid in developing such. In the mean time, we should hold some kind of official relations with individuals in these States, thus making them tributary to our society, and so an aid to its usefulness. This Territory does not occupy the place in our school histories which its past history and its importance demands. In our State school history, California is given only twenty-five pages, and to the story of these other States, hardly a word. I believe this local history should occupy a much larger place in our school study, than is now given to it.

There is a vast country lying at our door, which is just emerging from a semi-barbaric state, but with such strides that she will soon be one of the great civilized countries of the world. We are destined to come into much closer relationship with her. New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California, more than any other portion of the territory acquired from Mexico, retains much of the quaint history which attaches to the mother country, and along with it, and inherited from her, much of the old custom and family traits not to be found in any other portion of our country. This lends a peculiar interest to this region, which does not pertain to any other portion of our land. The laws and customs of the early Spanish emigrants have left a lasting impression on these States. Since the completion of the Santa Fé Railroad, making a direct communication with the East, a great rush of immigration to this southern country has taken a place. These new-comers are largely of the cultured class. They bring with them the rush and whirl of the East. The influx being so great and so sudden we are in danger of making the same mistake made by the early colonists of the Middle West, when they transplanted bodily the customs and ideas of their eastern homes, to the extent that the importance of the early and contemporaneous history was not fully recognized, much of it was lost and undue prominence given to the established history and customs of their old homes. These facts are being recognized by many of our later historians. In the December meeting of the American Historical Association, Prof. Turner of Wisconsin read a paper, on "The West as a Field for Historical Study." In this paper, quoting from the Associated Press reports, he says, "that too much stress has been laid on the work of the colonists of the East, while the settlement, progress and develop-

ment of the States of the West have been entirely overlooked. The expansion of the country into the unsettled tracts of the West has furnished some of the most fundamental characteristics." Substitute the words "Great Southwest" for the words "States of the West," in the above quotation, and the passage will be as applicable to us as to the Eastern States. We are building on different foundations than they, and are developing characteristics as peculiar in their way, as those of the dwellers on the Atlantic slope. It is of prime importance that these characteristics be recorded while in process of development. It is my conviction that the work of our society should proceed along two lines: First and foremost, the gathering of such information as suggested, in our Southwest, and secondly, broadening out into a fuller discussion of general history. By doing so we would enlist the sympathy and coöperation of all classes. I believe good would come of it.

May I not further outline my idea of our future work? First, can we not devise some plan by which, with united effort, we can enlist more of our intelligent and educated citizens in the work of the society. This would make our meetings more interesting, and more profitable, possibly, by arousing an interest in some one who, emulating the princely gift of Mr Griffith, may provide us with a permanent home for our meetings, and for our collection.

I really believe, however, that an historical society should bear a sort of semi-official relation to the State, or to the commercial center of that region where it is located, and by the State or such city, be provided with every facility for gathering and preserving the records of their locality.

A few public lectures during the year, by some citizen, or some visitor to our city, on some special or general historical subject that would be of popular interest, would keep our society before the public. The old adage, "Out of sight, out of mind," has a good deal of wisdom in it.

If ever we should make a special effort to get out an audience, the papers of the evening should be popular in their nature, and full of human interest.

The Y.M.C.A. had a course of lectures, this past year, given by such men as our Postmaster, the Chief of Police, the electrician to the railroad company, etc. Two or three lectures on the history, ethnology or folk-lore of Southern California, might be just the means to awaken an interest in our history, in the minds of some of our young men.

The articles which our secretary has published from time to time in the city papers, have been exceedingly interesting, and have permanent value for historical study. I don't know whether Prof. Guinn has been filing these articles with the papers of the society or not, but I believe they should be, and I will take the liberty of asking him to do it. I don't want to take anything from Prof. Guinn's honor, but rather want to share that honor, justly belonging to one of our chief members, and would like if he could sign all such as a member or secretary of the Historical Society.

There should be, it seems to me, a closer relation between our schools and the society—between the public library and the society. Have we an historical scrap book? More than one member should be making such a book by culling from the papers of the day.

I believe we should make a special effort to collect the folk-lore of the Indians, the Spanish and the Mexicans of this region. This subject is today one of the most helpful auxiliaries to the student of history.

An historical day at our Long Beach Chautauqua might be made profitable to ourselves and to the audience.

Have the histories of the Pasadena, Ontario, Pomona, and other colonies in Southern California been written, and, if so, have we copies of them? We should have.

We also should have a catalogue of every manuscript or other documents in any way relating to Southern California, now in existence in our locality. A systematic effort should be made to obtain these papers, and where not possible to do that, to get a synopsis of their contents. I am aware that this has been done by outside parties to some extent, but we want it for ourselves for future use.

I believe we ought to appoint or procure some one or more persons, who would make a list of all old-time residents of this and other localities, and of the pioneers of the new order of things, and by personal interviews, based upon a prearranged plan, make exhaustive collections of early traditions, and accounts of events and social customs of those early days. This would take time. It ought to take time; but it would well repay the trouble.

The illness of our secretary prevented our making an exhibit at the Home Products Exhibition. But could we not have in the near future, either by ourselves, or in connection with some other body, a loan exhibition of historical books, papers, maps, charts, etc., etc.? Such exhibitions have been made profitable in other cities.



They have an educational value that we might well take advantage of.

Possibly the Chamber of Commerce would aid us by loaning a room for such a purpose at some fitting time. The Chamber of Commerce is accumulating the beginnings of an historical exhibit that may develop into a permanent institution. Cannot we make advances to them which will be mutually profitable?

California literature is fairly well-represented in our public library, but could we not help to make it more valuable by well-considered assistance?

If arrangements could be made by which the library would give temporary shelving for our books and papers, as a separate collection, for the use of the public, and under the direction of the library board, it would put to good use valuable matter now unattainable.

Through the ravages of time, old books of travel and history are being rapidly destroyed. I would like to see a collection of such books begun by this society, possibly in connection with the public library. The constant scanning of second-hand book catalogues would gradually give us a good collection.

Would it not be feasible to plan for a list of both active and associate members. the active to have voice in the direction of affairs, and the associate members to not have such voice, pay no dues, but to have an affiliation with us, for sake of influence and increasing interest on the part of the public. Had we but a good place of meeting it would be easier to carry out these suggestions. But not having this place of meeting, can we not make use of these suggestions or others which may be offered to hasten this desirable end?

I do not expect hasty acceptance of, or action upon any of these plans. Indeed, it would not be best to do so now. They are rather thrown out to stimulate us in this direction and with the hope that some good may grow out of them.

I am not unmindful of the efforts which have been made in this direction, but cannot we make another effort this year to place our society among the recognized educational factors of our city?

## A PIONEER OF SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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[Read March, 1895.]

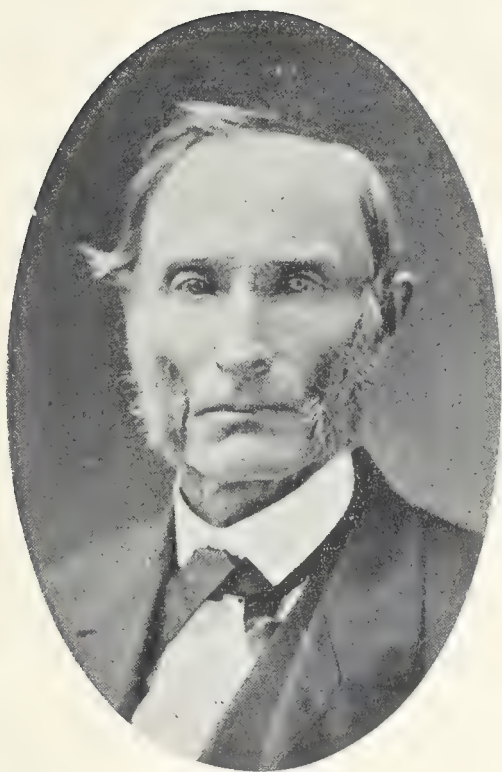
John Reid Wolfskill, the early (if not the first) American pioneer of the Sacramento Valley, was born near Richmond, Ky., September 16, 1804. He was the son of Joseph and Sarah Reid Wolfskill. His grandfather, Joseph Wolfskill, was a native of Germany, who settled in Philadelphia, afterwards he lived in North Carolina awhile, and from there he moved to Kentucky. His grandfather on his mother's side, John Reid, after whom Mr. W. was named, was a native of Ireland. He was taken prisoner by the British at Charleston, South Carolina, in the revolutionary war. He afterwards settled in Kentucky. Mr. Wolfskill remembers well both his grandfathers. The family of Mr. Wolfskill moved from Kentucky to Missouri in 1809, and settled at Boone's Lick, now in Howard county.

There were many Indians in that section at that time whom the English stirred up to hostilities against the settlers in the war of 1812.

In 1828 Mr. W. set out for Santa Fé, New Mexico, where his brother William had gone some time before. From there he went to Paris, Durango, and from thence to Chihuahua. From there he went, with others, as guard for the transport of treasure to Matamoras. He made eleven trips between these two latter places during the next four years. Then he went to the city of Durango, and on his return to Matamoras he took passage on a vessel for New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi River to his home in Missouri, where he remained two or three years.

In 1836 he returned to New Mexico, and from there he went to Oposura, Sonora, to buy mules to take to Santa Fé. But the Indians stole all his mules, which he had intended to take to Missouri and sell, and then, with the proceeds, start for Los Angeles, California, whither his brother William had gone some years before, but from whom he had only heard at long intervals, as letters from California at that period had to come on sailing vessels by way of Cape Horn.

Being left almost naked, with not a second shirt to his back, by the loss of his stock and all he possessed, he nevertheless determined to set out from Santa Fé for California.



JOHN R. WOLFskill.





A trader of Santa Fé by the name of Thompson furnished him with an outfit amounting to \$500 or \$600 to come to California with a party of twenty-five or thirty New Mexicans, together with an Italian and two Canadians. Afterward Mr. W., as he was able, gradually paid Thompson for his outfit with interest, or over \$3000 in all.

The company left Santa Fé October 17, 1837, and arrived in Los Angeles in the month of February, 1838. They came up the Del Norte River to the Great Bend, where they crossed the divide between the Del Norte and Arkansas rivers. The snow here in some places was four feet deep. From here they made their way to the waters of the Grand River, which is one of the tributaries of the Colorado of the West and then struck across to Green River and thence to the southern portion of Salt Lake Valley. It was then in mid-winter, and Mr. Wolfskill says they had some of the coldest weather he ever experienced. They came into Southern California through the Cajon Pass.

Mr. Wolfskill reached Los Angeles February 14, 1838. As he rode into the town on a mule he saw an American standing in the front door of his store, on the west side of Main street, between where the Downey Block and the St. Elmo Hotel now stand, who, he later learned, was J. J. Warner, and he inquired of him if he could tell him where "Billy Wolfskill" could be found. This information was readily given, although his brother was temporarily absent in the mountains getting out staves for vats to hold his wine. This brother "Billy" had lived here several years and was well known, and when it became known that a brother of his had arrived from the far away United States, the newcomer was as warmly welcomed by Samuel Prentice and the other Americans resident here, as if he had come from another world. Although none of them had ever seen John before, they were delighted to see him because he was the brother of their friend, William Wolfskill. And this feeling was shared, only in a less degree, by the latter's native Californian friends. Don Antonio Maria Lugo volunteered to go out to the mountains on horseback to inform William of his brother's arrival.

William soon came in, and, although he was not informed which of his brothers had arrived, he did not even know which one it was when he saw him. For John's sickness in Durango had changed his looks greatly, and, besides, his long journey and its hardships and privations, made it impossible for his brother to recognize him,

though John says he knew William as soon as he saw him, albeit he had not seen William for many years.

John stayed here with William, who had a vineyard, and worked in it nearly four years.

John says he made a trip up country to look for land in 1840. Land in this southern portion of the Territory had at that time been pretty generally taken up, and as he had no means with which to buy land of private parties, his only chance to get any was to obtain a grant of public land in the north. On this trip he went to Sonoma to see Gen. Vallejo, military commandante of the district north of San Francisco Bay and west of the Sacramento River, whose recommendation was required before the Governor would sign a grant of lands in that region. The general told Mr. W. he could look over the country as much as he liked, but he declined to recommend a concession, his reason evidently being that Mr. W. was not a Mexican citizen.

Mr. Wolfskill went north again in 1841, as also did his brother William, for both were very anxious to obtain land on which they could engage in stock-raising, and on which John especially could make himself a home. On this trip John did not himself go to see Vallejo, but sent an Englishman, Mark West, then living at Sonoma, to intercede for him. But Vallejo made the same reply to West that he had made to Mr. W. the year before, namely, that he could look over the country all he liked, but that he should not approve a grant to him. Finding it impossible to move Vallejo to favorable action, Mr. Wolfskill made up his mind to abandon further attempts to obtain land there or anywhere in California and to return South and leave the Territory. As he was about starting, Mr. Jacob P. Leese, Vallejo's brother-in-law, hailed him and inquired if it was still his wish to get land; and as he told him that it was, but that it seemed to be impossible for him to obtain any, Leese advised him not to leave till he saw him, Leese, again, and he would see what he could do. Leese finally succeeded in overcoming Vallejo's objections and obtained his approval of a grant of four square leagues, or about 17,000 acres, of public land on both sides of Puta Creek, in what are now Yolo and Solano counties, with the understanding that the concession should be made in the name of Mr. W.'s brother William, as grantee, as the latter had become a naturalized Mexican citizen at Santa Fé, New Mexico, in 1830. Under Mexican law a grant to a foreigner would be illegal. The official papers containing the



comandante's approval, were delivered by Leese to Wolfskill and he returned to Los Angeles.

As his friend, Mr. J. J. Warner, had business at Monterey the following spring, Mr. Wolfskill sent the papers by him, to have Gov. Alvarado issue the grant.

But it seems certain formalities were wanting in Vallejo's recommendation, and the Governor refused to consider the application till these technical defects were remedied. So, Mr. Warner sent the documents by Consul Larkin to Mr. Leese at Sonoma, who had the matter attended to, and Mr. Larkin brought the perfected papers back to Monterey, and kept them till John went up in 1842. He took his brother William's naturalization papers with him, and on his arrival at Monterey he secured the services of a competent interpreter, a Mr. Allen, a school teacher there, and appeared before the Governor, who then, without further objection, signed the grant.

Having taken along with him on this trip some stock (24 mares, 10 tame horses and three yoke of oxen and several milk cows,) he, started at once, on the conclusion of his business with the Governor, with his animals, for his new rancho, but found that the San Joaquin River had flooded a wide extent of territory, and so he went to San José and up the west side of San Francisco Bay to where the city of San Francisco now is, and left his stock near the Mission Dolores in charge of his Mexican boy as herder, whilst he went on to Mr. Yount's, who was building a mill on Napa Creek, and worked for him till October. He then went back after his animals and took them to his ranch, by way of San José, Livermore, the San Joaquin, crossing at a place called "El Pescadero," swimming his animals there and also across the Sacramento River at Sutter's Fort, now Sacramento city. Arriving at his ranch, he lived there two years without a building of any kind, devoting himself exclusively to the care of his stock.

Meantime his brother William had arranged for William D. M. Howard of San Francisco to buy cattle for him around the bay; these he had taken to the rancho to stock it in about the year 1846. John lived on the rancho whilst William's home was in Los Angeles, the latter visiting the rancho at intervals.

Manuel Vaca, the ancestor of the families of that name in Solano county, and after whom the present town of Vacaville was named, had settled, about the year 1843, where the town is located, and gradually his stock, as it increased, ranged over the Wolfskill

grant, and, as the water dried up on his place, he applied to Gen. Vallejo to order Wolfskill off his own ranch; and as the military commandants in those times were often petty despots, Wolfskill was actually obliged to move his stock over to Gordon's on Cache Creek, where he staid about two years, Vaca having brought an order from Vallejo, through Alcalde Leese, to that effect. Mr. W. went over to Sonoma to protest against this order. But the Alcalde told him if he had any crops growing, he need not move till he had gathered them; otherwise, the order would have to be enforced. It seems that argument or protest, on the ground of injustice, was of no avail, Vallejo having practically supreme authority in all that jurisdiction north of San Francisco Bay, perpetrated arbitrary and sometimes tyrannical acts, because he had the power to do as he pleased. Mr. Wolfskill says that people at that time were required to show him, Vallejo, the utmost deference; that if, in passing his house, they did not take off their hats, he would have them thrust into the calaboose.

The strong contrast between the character of Gen. Vallejo of the Mexican régime and the character of the same man after the change of government, is apparently accounted for by the reply of Mr. Wolfskill, who, when asked in after years, if Gen. Vallejo was not a good man, said: "Yes, he was, when the Bear Flag boys made him a good man!" He says his arrest by them seemed to effect a radical change in his deportment toward others, and especially in his attitude toward Americans.

As Mr. Wolfskill's protest against Gen. Vallejo's arbitrary order was of no avail, an appeal was made in 1845 to Gov. Pico at Los Angeles, Mr. Warner attending to the matter here for Mr. Wolfskill, and Vaca was cited to appear before the Governor.

Meanwhile, John Bidwell had made a map of the Sacramento Valley, which he sent to Juan Bandini at Los Angeles. Mr. Warner took this map before Gov. Pico, and when the matter came up, the Governor plainly told Vaca that he had misrepresented the matter; in short, had lied to him, by saying that there were two rivers on the grant instead of one. (The Wolfskill grant is bisected by Puta Creek, but it does not extend to Cache Creek by several miles.) Vaca made the quibbling reply that he had said there were two places on the same river.

"No," said the Governor, "that is not what you said, and if you say so again I will send you to the guardhouse."

Gov. Pico decided the case in Wolfskill's favor, and the latter

moved back from Cache to Puta Creek, and he was not annoyed any more after that by Vaca.

In 1851, Mr. Wolfskill commenced to cultivate a few crops and to plant orchard and vineyard, coming to Los Angeles for fig, pear and English walnut trees and grape cuttings, etc.

The rancho was devoted to stock-raising mainly and very profitably during the early mining period, till the '60s; then to wheat-growing, when it became necessary to inclose the land with fences. About this time, Mr. Wolfskill and his brother, William, divided their interests in the rancho, each taking one-half.

John and Green McMahon fenced John's half together, the latter expending \$10,000, and building twenty-one miles of fence in a single year. John rented his half of the land to wheat farmers on shares, receiving one-fourth of the crop, the total amount of which, some years, amounted to 80,000 sacks of grain.

Within the last few years most of the ranch has been profitably devoted to fruit-culture. A branch railroad crosses the ranch not far from Mr. Wolfskill's old home, the nearest station being "Winters." Mr. Wolfskill has divided his ranch up among his children, and now makes his home with his son-in-law, Samuel Taylor, who married his daughter Frances.

Mr. Wolfskill has one son, Edward (who has two boys and one girl;) and three daughters, Melinda, married to Clay Goodyear; they have two boys; Jennie, married to Frank Bonney; and Frances, married to Samuel Taylor; they have two children.

Mr. Wolfskill, in 1858, married a daughter of Maj. Stephen Cooper, also a historical character in the early annals of California, and who, with his daughter, were with the Donner party, but who, pushed on, and thus escaped the tragic end of that unfortunate band; which, through delay and bad management, perished from cold and starvation in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.



## EARLY POSTAL SERVICE OF CALIFORNIA.

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BY J. M. GUINN.

[A Portion of this Paper was published in the Los Angeles Daily Times, March 7, 1897.]

It may be a surprise to persons who are accustomed to consider California as a comparatively new country to know that it had a postal system and an efficient mail service before the United States existed, as a nation. When the Continental Congress, in 1775, made Benjamin Franklin Postmaster-General of the United Colonies, soldier couriers were carrying their monthly budgets of mail between Monterey in Alta California and Loreto, near the southern end of the peninsula of Lower California. Even that much-abused privilege, the franking system, the perquisite of legislators and the plague of postmasters, was in full force and effect in California years and years before the lawmakers at Washington had been granted immunity to stuff the mail bags with garden seeds and patent-office reports.

Padre Junipero Serra, president of the California missions, in 1773, secured from the Viceroy of New Spain (Mexico,) for the friars under his charge, the privilege of sending their letters through the mails free. But the franking privilege on the Pacific shores, like its modern successor on the Atlantic Coast, gave no end of trouble. The padres were accused of abusing their privilege. In 1777, Gov. Fages refused to allow Serra's voluminous letters to be forwarded free, and Serra, pleading poverty, told the Inspector-General to keep the letters if they could not be sent without paying postage. President Lasuen complained that the refusal of the Governor to frank his letters had cost him \$18 postage. But the padres were triumphant in the end. The government franked their letters, and the government paid the bills, just as our beneficent government does and has been doing, lo, these many years, for its poor legislators.

At the beginning of Washington's administration, in 1789, the longest continuous mail route in the United States was from Falmouth in Maine to Savannah, Ga., a distance of 1100 miles. This was not a through service, but was made up of a number of short lines, or carries. At the same time on the shores of the far Pacific, the

soldier mail carriers of the Spanish King, starting from San Francisco on the first day of each month, rode over a continuous route of 1500 miles to Loreto, in Lower California, collecting as they went southward, from each mission, presidio and pueblo its little budget of mail, and returning brought back to the colonies of Alta California their mail from Mexico, making in all a round trip of 3000 miles.

When Franklin was Postmaster-General, the schedule time from Charleston, S. C., to Suffolk, Va. a distance of 433 miles, covered twenty-seven days, an average of sixteen miles a day. In 1793 a mail courier sent from Monterey, November 16, arrived at Loreto December 7, a ride of 1400 miles in twenty days. There was a regular schedule of the day and hour of the carrier's arrival and departure at each mission and presidio. An hour's stop was allowed the courier at each station. The postal revenues of California during the closing decade of the last century averaged \$700 a year. The *habilitados* (paymasters) acted as postmasters at the presidios, and received 8 per cent. of the gross receipts for their compensation.

While the through mail from California to Mexico was carried by soldier mail riders over the Camino del Rey (King's highway.) to Loreto and from there by sailing vessels across the Gulf of California to San Blas and thence overland to its destination, there was a local mail service in California entirely independent of the King and his soldier couriers. The mail between the missions was carried by Indian runners. There was no schedule time for the departure of the mail train—the carrier usually started when the letter or message was completed. His budget rarely consisted of more than one letter. The wardrobe of the old-time California Indian, which consisted of a breech-clout or a gee-string, did not admit of a place for a pocket, and, as his hands were always dirty, some device had to be contrived by which he could carry the letter without soiling it. In one end of a cane-shaped piece of wood a cleft or split was made, and in this the letter was inserted. The tenacity of the wood held it fast, and with this improvised mail pouch on his shoulder the Indian runner started for his destination on a dog trot. that carried him sixty or seventy miles between sunrise and sunset. An extra dish of atole (mush) compensated the carrier and paid the postage.

At the pueblos the *alcalde* or some officer detailed to act as *administrador de correos* (postmaster) received and distributed the small packages of mail. The compensation for his services was

small. It did not require much of a political pull to get a postoffice in those days.

It would be interesting to know the amount of revenue derived from the Los Angeles postoffice in 1797. As there were not more than half a dozen of the 200 inhabitants of the pueblo that could read and write at that time, the revenue of "La Casa de Correos, la esafeta" (postoffice,) was not very large, and it is probable that there were not many aspirants for the position of postmaster of Los Angeles a century ago. How it would have astonished the prophet foretold that a hundred years hence the revenues of the Los Angeles postoffice would be over \$200,000 a year.

Under Mexican rule the increased number of vessels plying between Mexican and Californian ports did away, to a considerable extent, with the necessity of carrying mail by land. The official bandos, reglamentos, pronunciamientos and other important documents requiring dispatch (haste was necessary because a revolution might overturn the government before the document reached its destination,) were carried by couriers over the old Camino real. We find in the old pueblo archives an order from Acting Governor Jimeno, dated August 24, 1839, authorizing the Prefect to appoint three collectors of duties on liquors—the revenues derived from such collections to be applied to the establishing of a monthly postal service to Lower California and thence to Mexico. The duties were not collected and the mail route was not established.

News from the outside world traveled slowly in those days. An American pioneer notes in his diary the receipt of the news of President W. H. Harrison's death in 1841. It took the news three months and twenty days to reach California. A newspaper from the States a year old was fresh and entertaining when Dana was hiding at San Pedro in 1835.

After the American conquest of California the military authorities established a regular service between San Francisco and San Diego. Soldier carriers starting from each end of the route, met half way, and, exchanging mail pouches, each then returned to his starting point. It took a fortnight for them to go and return.

After the soldiers were discharged, in the latter part of 1848, a semi-monthly, or perhaps it might be more in accordance with the facts to say a semi-occasional, mail service was established between San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. The mail was carried



by sailing vessels (there being no steamers on the coast.) Wind and weather permitting, a letter might reach its destination in four or five days, but with the elements against it, it might be delayed a fortnight. Masters and supercargoes of vessels took charge of letters and delivered them to the owners or agents of some shipping house at the port, and in some way the letters reached their destination.

There was no stage line for conveying passengers or mails from the embarcadero of San Pedro to Los Angeles previous to 1851. Before that time a caballada (band of horses,) was kept in pasture at the landing. When a vessel was sighted in the offing the mustangs were rounded up, driven into a corral, lassoed, saddled and bridled, and were ready for the conveyance of passengers to the city. As the horses were half broken broncos and the passengers were mostly newcomers from the States, unused to the tricks of bucking mustangs, the trip generally ended in the passenger arriving in the city on foot, the bronco having landed him at some point on the road most convenient to him—the bronco—not the passenger.

In '49, and perhaps before that time, Wilson & Packard, whose store was on Main street where the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank now stands, were the custodians of the letters for Los Angeles. A tub stood on the end of a counter. Into this the letters were dumped. Any one expecting a letter was at liberty to sort over the contents of the tub and take away his mail. The office or rather the postoffice tub, was run on an automatic free-delivery system. Col. John O. Wheeler, who had clerked for the firm in 1849, bought out the business in 1850, and continued the "Tale of a Tub," that is, continued to receive the letters and other literary contents of the mail bag and dump them into the tub. There was no regularly established postoffice, and, of course, no postmaster. An officious postal agent of San Francisco found fault with the tub postoffice, and the automatic free and easy delivery system. The Colonel, who had been accommodating the public free of charge, told the agent to take his postoffice elsewhere. The first postoffice in California, that of San Francisco, was established November 9, 1848, and the office at Monterey November 21, 1848. No other offices were established until November 8, 1849.

The postoffice at Los Angeles was established April 9, 1850, J. Pugh was the first postmaster. The second postmaster was W. T. B. Sanford, appointed November 6, 1851. (Sanford lost his life by the

explosion of the boilers of the little steamer *Ada Hancock* in Wilmington Bay, April 29, 1863.) The third, Dr. William B. Osburn, appointed October 12, 1853; James S. Waite was appointed November, 1855; J. D. Woodworth, May 19, 1858; Thomas J. White, May 9, 1860; William G. Still, June 8, 1861; Francisco P. Ramirez, October 22, 1864; Russell Sackett, May 5, 1865; George J. Clarke, June 25, 1866; H. K. W. Bent, February 14, 1873; Isaac R. Dunkelberger, February 14, 1877. (For the dates given above I am indebted to Gen. John R. Mathews, our present efficient postmaster.) John W. Green was appointed in 1885, Col. Dunkelberger having served two terms of four years each. Green was succeeded by E. A. Preuss, who in turn was succeeded by Green. Green died in office. H. V. Van Dusen filled out the term. The present incumbent, Gen. John R. Mathews, was appointed Dec. 20, 1895. Among the pioneer postmasters of Los Angeles Dr. William B. Osburn was perhaps the most noted. He was known as the "most useful man" and could turn his hand to almost anything that came along. He was a pioneer in many enterprises, some useful, others the community could have dispensed with. He started the first drug store, opened the first auction house, established the first nursery and introduced the first ornamental trees and shrubbery in Los Angeles. He was the first City Marshal, and the first political boss of Los Angeles. While filling the office of postmaster he also was City School Superintendent. He was a man of versatile genius and varied attainments. In the political battles of the Rosewaters, the Short Hairs and the Plugs—the political factions of that day—he often snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat, by adroitly holding back his reserves in some of the outlying precincts controlled by his faction and when it was known how many votes were needed he overpowered the opposition by an overwhelming vote.

The duties and the compensation of the postmaster were light. In the winter of 1852-3, no mail was received at the Los Angeles office for six weeks.

From the wash tub the Los Angeles postoffice gravitated to a soap box. It seemed in early days to keep in the laundry line. The office was kept in a little 7x9 room on Los Angeles street, between Commercial and Arcadia streets. The letters were kept in a soap box partitioned off into pigeon holes. When the postmaster was not attending to his auction room, or looking after his nursery, superintending the schools, or organizing his forces for a political cam-

paign, he attended to the duties of the office. At such times as his other duties called him away the office ran itself. If a citizen thought there ought to be a letter for him he did not hunt up the postmaster but went into the office and looked over the mail for himself.

Upon the arrival of a mail from the "States," there were no such scenes enacted at the Los Angeles office as took place at the San Francisco office; where men stood in line for hours and \$50 slugs were exchanged for places in the line near the window. There were but few Americans in Los Angeles in the early '50s, and most of these were old-timers, long since over their home sickness. Of the new-comers, some were not missed at home, or if missed, they were not anxious to let their friends know where they were. A favorite form of mail delivery in early days was by pitch and toss. When a mail arrived a concourse of the patrons gathered at the office and watched over the counter or bar, the postmaster sorting the letters. If he found a letter for a spectator, he called out the name and with a twirl of the wrist or an overhand toss, sent the letter into the outstretched hands of the expectant owner—a form of delivery not down in the postal regulations.

Just where the Los Angeles postoffice was first located, I am unable to say. In 1852 it was kept in an adobe building on Los Angeles street, between Commercial and Arcadia, adjoining Osburn's auction house.

In 1854 it was located in the Salazar Row, on Main street, just south of where the St. Elmo hotel now stands. In January, 1855, it was moved to Los Angeles street, one door above Commercial street.

From there, when Waite, publisher of the weekly *Star*, was postmaster, it was moved to Temple Block, now Downey Block, opposite Commercial street. From there it was moved to the present site of the Bullard Block and from there to the Lanfranco Block on Main street. In 1858, it moved up Main street to a building just south of the Pico House; then, after a time, it drifted down town to North Spring street, a few doors below Temple street. In 1861, it was kept in a frame building south of the St. Elmo, or Lafayette Hotel, as it was then called. In 1865, or '66, it again moved up Main street to a building opposite the Bella Union Hotel, now the St. Charles. In 1867, it was located in the Temple Block on North Spring street. H. K. W. Bent moved the office to Union Block, now Jones Block, on the west side of North



Spring street, From there, in 1879, when Dunkelberger was postmaster, it was moved to the Oxarart Block, on North Spring street, near First. In 1885 it was taken to the corner of North Main and Republic streets, from whence it migrated down Broadway below Sixth street. It made its last move in June, 1893, when it reached its present location, where after more than forty years of wandering through the wilderness of streets, at last it reached its Caanan—a home of its own.

The stage-coach era of mail-carrying continued later in California than in any State east of the Mississippi; and it may be said that it reached its greatest perfection in this State. Very early in the '50s Sacramento became the center of the numerous stage routes of Northern California. The old-time stage-driver has been immortalized by Bret Harte and Horace Greeley. The first stage ever seen in Southern California arrived in Los Angeles in 1851. It was "Gregory's Great Atlantic and Pacific Express" from San Francisco, and brought the eastern mails to Los Angeles in the hitherto unheard-of time of "one month and nineteen days." The first overland stage by a southern route started from San Antonio, Tex., and followed the extreme southern emigrant route through New Mexico and Arizona (or Gadsden Purchase) to California. The first stage by this route reached San Diego in August, 1857. The Indians contracted a bad habit of distributing the mails and the mail-carriers over the plains, and the route was abandoned. The Butterfield stage route was the longest continuous line ever organized and the best managed. Its eastern termini were St. Louis and Memphis; its western, San Francisco. Its length was 2880 miles. It began operation in September, 1858, and the first stage from the East reached Los Angeles, October 7, 1858. The schedule time at first between St. Louis and San Francisco was twenty-four days; afterward reduced to twenty-one days. The first service was two mail coaches each way a week, for which the government paid a subsidy of \$600,000 a year. Later on it was increased to six a week and a subsidy of \$1,000,000 a year. This was in 1861, when it was transferred to the central route. In 1859, when the government was paying a subsidy of \$600,000 for a semi-weekly service the receipts for the postal revenue of this route were only \$27,000, leaving Uncle Sam over half a million out of pocket.

The Butterfield route from San Francisco southward was by the way of San José, Gilroy, Pacheco's Pass, Visalia and Fort Tejon

to Los Angeles, 462 miles. Eastward from Los Angeles by El Monte, Temecula and Warner's ranch to Fort Yuma. From there by Tucson and El Paso, following the present route of the Southern Pacific Railroad; thence northward to St. Louis, branching at Fort Smith to Memphis.

Los Angeles was proud of its overland stage, and put on metropolitan airs. News from the States; fresh news, only twenty days old! The Weekly Star rushed out an extra with flaming headlines—"Ahead of Time," "A Hundred Guns for the Overland Mail," "Twenty Days from St. Louis." But, alas! the sleepy old ciudad could not keep awake. The next issue of the Star says: "The overland mail arrived at midnight. There was no one in the postoffice to receive it, and it was carried on to San Francisco," to be returned six days later, with all the freshness of the news gone. Los Angeles never had a mail service so prompt as the Butterfield was. The Star, in lauding it, says: "The arrival of the overland mail is as regular as the index on the clock points to the hour; as true to time as the dial is to the sun." Although the greater part of the route lay through an Indian country, the Indians, from sad experience, had learned to let it alone. After the civil war began in 1861 the route was abandoned. The Confederates got away with the stock on the eastern end and the Apaches destroyed the stock and the stations on the western end.

In 1861, a contract was made with Butterfield for a six-times-a-week mail by the central route, via Salt Lake City, with branch lines to Denver. The eastern terminus was at first St. Joseph, but on account of the war it was changed to Omaha. The western terminus was Placerville, Cal.; time, twenty days for eight months, and twenty-three days for the remaining four months. The contract was for three years, at \$1,000,000 a year.

The last overland stage contract was awarded to Wells, Fargo & Co., on October 1, 1868, for \$1,750,000 per annum, with deductions for carriage by the railway which was then pushing across the continent.

The mail route via Panama, which had been established in 1849, was discontinued in July, 1870. In 1851 the government was paying the Pacific Mail Steamship Company \$800,000 a year for a semi-monthly service. The postage on letters at first was fixed at 40 cents and papers 3 cents. Postage on letters to the interior of the State was 12½ cents. The pony express was established in 1860. The

first messenger left San Francisco, April 3, 1860, and the first one from the East arrived on the 14th. The time for letters to New York was reduced to thirteen days. The ride the "plains across" was made in about ten days. The stations were about twenty-five miles apart, and each rider was expected to span three stations in eight hours. The service was semi-weekly. A rider carried a budget of fifteen pounds. Letter postage was \$5 per half ounce. The enterprise did not pay, and was abandoned on the completion of the overland telegraph in November, 1861. The "pony express" is the romance era of the overland mail service. Its story has been told over and over again in prose and verse. The perils of the riders have been magnified and the average reader has been led to believe that never before or since were there such daring riders and such adventurous couriers, and yet their service was not one whit more perilous and was far less laborious than that of the soldier *correros* who carried the California mail from Monterey to Loreto nearly a century before.



## DR. WILLIAM F. EDGAR.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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[Read October 4, 1897.]

Again is our society called upon to mourn the decease of one of its honored members. Dr. William Francis Edgar died at his home on Washington street, this city, August 23, 1897, at the age of 73 years.

Dr. Edgar was born in Jessamine county, Ky., in 1823, but moved with his parents when a boy to Missouri. He was graduated from the University of Louisville in 1848, and was commissioned as assistant surgeon in the army, March 2, 1849. He was assigned to a regiment of Mounted Rifles, which was ordered to Oregon. The command reached Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, in July, 1850, remaining there a few months, a portion of the officers, mean while, being ordered East on recruiting service, the remainder of the regiment being transferred to the First Dragoons, under command of Maj. Philip Kearney, who had orders to organize an expedition by land to California. This expedition, after subduing the hostile Rogue River Indians, reached Benicia, Cal., the last of July, 1851; from there it went and joined the force at Sonoma, where there were stationed at that time Capt. (afterward Gen.) Joe Hooker; Maj. (afterward Gen.) Philip Kearney; Lieut. Derby, the gentle, genial humorist, who afterward was so well known by the old residents of San Diego, and who acquired a national reputation as "John Phoenix," and also two old Los Angelesños, namely, Lieut. (afterward Gen. and Governor) George Stoneman, and Dr. John S. Griffin. Of all that notable band of heroic officers, now that Dr. Edgar has just passed away, only the venerable pioneer, Dr. Griffin, already past four score, still survives.

In the latter part of 1851, Dr. Edgar was ordered to Camp (since Fort) Miller.

[NOTE: In the years 1890 and '91, Dr. Edgar contributed to our society a series of papers, recounting his experiences as an officer of the army in pioneer times at the various frontier forts of the Pacific Coast. These very interesting reminiscences were printed

in the annual publication of the society for 1893. There is also a sketch of Dr. Edgar's life, as dictated to the writer hereof, by himself, in the *Illustrated History of Los Angeles County*.]

In 1854, Dr. Edgar, as a member of a company of the First Dragoons, assisted in the establishment of Fort Tejon, which for many years was a very important frontier fort. A pathetic incident occurred about this time, which had a far-reaching influence on the Doctor's future, which I cannot forbear recounting here. One night in December, while camping in his tent under a tree, he was called from a sick bed to go out in the mountains in a blinding snow and sleet-storm to attend a wounded man of the fort. The night was dark and the ground slippery, causing his horse to lose his footing, whereby the doctor was seriously injured. At last, the man was found; one of his legs had been broken. A stretcher was improvised, and two men and the doctor carried him a couple of miles to an abandoned Indian hut, where his wound was dressed. The doctor returned to the fort about daylight, wet, cold and exhausted. Directly after his arrival at the fort, he was stricken with paralysis of the entire left side. Some four months after he was able to walk and speak, and, with a servant to assist him, he was ordered East on a three-months' leave of absence. Although Dr. Edgar lived many years afterward in apparent good health and performed complex and valuable services for the government, as an army officer, it is doubtful if he ever entirely recovered from the effects of his exposure and hurt on that terrible, stormy night in the Tejon Mountains.

On the expiration of his leave of absence, he reported for duty at Jefferson barracks, when he was ordered (with the Second Cavalry) to Texas and then to Florida, and from there, with a lot of invalid soldiers, to New York Harbor; and the next year, 1857, he returned with recruits to the Pacific Coast and to Fort Miller again. Afterward he went with troops to Oregon to quell Indian disturbances. The force was under Capt. Ord, whose name is not only famous in the history of his country as a soldier, but also in the early history of Los Angeles as the author of the first important official survey of the central portion of the city.

After being stationed a while at the San Francisco Presidio and at Benicia, Dr. Edgar was ordered to join an expedition, in 1858, that was to start from Los Angeles against the Mojave Indians. This was the first time he saw Los Angeles. After the Mojaves were conquered and a treaty of peace had been made, a part of the com-



DR. WILLIAM F. EDGAR.





mand remained to garrison Fort Mojave and the other part returned to Los Angeles and camped near the present site of Compton; and Dr. Edgar was ordered to San Diego, where he remained till November, 1861, when, with the balance of the regular troops on this Coast, he was ordered East to take part in the War of the Rebellion.

Dr. Edgar remained some time with the Army of the Potomac, and then was ordered to Buell's army in Kentucky, where he soon was engaged in organizing a large general hospital in Louisville, which he had charge of until his assignment as medical director at Cairo, where, from want of rest or incessant labor and from the oppressive climate of summer, he had a partial relapse of the former paralysis, which, with other troubles, rendered him unfit for the field at the time, and he was ordered before a retiring board in Washington. On examination he was retired from active service in the field. After recovering from the effects of a severe surgical operation he was assigned to duty in the medical director's office in the Department of the East, and a part of the time he was a member of a board to organize the Signal Corps in Washington. At the close of the war he was assigned the duty of disposing of the effects of the general hospitals of that department, and closing them up. After this he was again ordered to the Pacific Coast, and was stationed at Drumm barracks, Los Angeles county, in 1866, where he remained three years. Finding his health giving way, he was relieved from military duty one year, and he retired to his ranch at San Gorgonio, San Bernardino county, and while there Congress passed a law (January, 1870,) which provided that officers retired from active service should be relieved from all duty.

After remaining at his ranch a year or two, and his health improving, he came to Los Angeles and practiced his profession nearly five years. Since 1886, having sold his ranch, he made his home in Los Angeles till his death. After all his travels and explorations, he assured the writer that he considered Los Angeles the choice spot of the Pacific Coast, and of the entire country.

In 1865, Dr. Edgar was married to Miss Catherine L. Kennefick, a native of New York City, who survives him. The union was an ideal one, as all who were at all intimately acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Edgar, will agree. About two and a half years ago Dr. Edgar suffered another and third paralytic stroke, which rendered him both helpless and speechless, and from which he never recovered, though his mind remained clear to the last. The tender, sympathetic care

he received from his devoted wife during his last sickness immeasurably mitigated his affliction, if it did not effectively tend to prolong his life.

Dr. Edgar was a scholar and an earnest student, a thorough man of the world, a warm-hearted, genial gentleman, and an accomplished physician and surgeon. A considerable portion of his life was spent in the service of his country in the regular army. He was held in the highest estimation by his brother officers, as well as by civilians wherever he was known. His funeral was largely attended by the old-timers; his body was attired in the uniform of an officer of the United States army; on the coffin rested the beautiful sword presented to him many years ago by Gen. Phil. Kearney, and after his close friend, Dr. J. P. Widney, had pronounced a fitting and appreciative eulogy, and the friends present and his widow overwhelmed with grief, had taken a last look, his mortal remains were taken to Rosedale Cemetery, where, after "taps" had been sounded—"Good-night, good-night, good-night!"—they were deposited in their last resting place, their final home within the bosom of Mother Earth.

His spirit, we may hope, has risen to a higher and more ethereal sphere, where the possibilities of the soul's progress and development are, and, from the nature of things, must be altogether beyond mortal conception!

As was said by the intimate friends of the late Rev. Mr. Birdsall at his death, so I think it can be said with truth by those who knew Dr. Edgar intimately: "We really loved that man!"

Dr. Edgar during his residence in Southern California of over thirty years, mostly at Los Angeles, won the respect and genuine friendship of all who knew him well.

His sterling qualities, his eminent services as assistant medical director of the army in the civil war and his long and faithful services on the frontier, as well as his generous benefactions, are certainly worthy of being commended without reservation to all the world.



# ECHOES FROM THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

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BY DR. J. D. MOODY.

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[Delivered November 1, 1897.]

I have had the good fortune, lately, to pick up in an old book stall, two old books, one a copy of the *European Magazine*, published in London in 1782, the closing year of our war for independence, and the other, the *Political Magazine*, likewise published in London, but a few years later, in 1787.

The *European Magazine* contained every month a summary of parliamentary matters, the burden of which was the American war. How vividly those records called up school days in American history. How far away those old times seemed. And yet, here were the old familiar names, Washington, Greene, Marion, Cornwallis, Valley Forge, Yorktown, Eutaw Springs. A report of this latter battle read as if it might have occurred but yesterday.

These records disclose in the very words of the chief actors themselves, what a host of friends we had in the British Parliament; or rather, what a strong opposition the mad policy of a mad King, had in the councils of the government itself. The struggle on the part of Great Britain had been a costly one, in men and money. The opposition had been gaining ground in proportion as the reverses became greater. On the reception of the news of Cornwallis's surrender, this feeling culminated in fierce attacks on the government.

But I will let the books speak for themselves. On November 27, 1781, the King addressed the House of Lords, in which he used the following words: "No endeavors have been wanting on my part to extinguish that spirit of rebellion which our enemies have found means to foment and maintain in the colonies, and to restore to my deluded subjects in America that happy and prosperous condition which they formerly derived from a due obedience to the laws; but the late misfortune in that quarter calls loudly for your firm concurrence and assistance, to frustrate the designs of our enemies, equally prejudicial to the real interests of America and to those of Great Britain."

We smile when we read "deluded subjects." How well his ap-

peal was received, we learn from a statement that in the House of Commons, on that same day, William Pitt declared that a day would soon come, when the issue as to prolonging the war would be met. On being asked when that day would arrive, he replied: "When His Majesty's ministers came down and asked for 7000 men as a substitution for the army which we had lost." On January 23, 1782. Mr. Fox, in criticising the government, "then went over a regular succession of the principal naval events. He began with the system of sending out all of the frigates of this country to America, in order to plunder, burn and destroy all the trade and settlements of the Americans, so as from the infancy of the war to cut off all future hopes of a reconciliation." On February 22, in the House of Commons, Gen. Conway moved an address to the King, desiring His Majesty would discontinue the American war, and in which he said "he should not state the progress of the war, the large supplies which had been granted, the unfortunate applications of those supplies; neither should he take notice of the inhuman, cruel and uncharacteristical manner the war had been carried on, such as burning towns, ravaging countries, destroying commerce." February 27, continuing his attack on the government, he said: "In the name of God, what could be the motive of ministers, that they wished to drive every spark of love, every tie of the Americans, whom he would still call brethren, from us? Did we suppose that by the infernal plan of desolation, burning, ravaging, slaughtering and ravishing of these oppressed people, that we could ever make them love us?"

And yet there are writers who protest that American statements as to the excesses of the British and Tories during the revolutionary war, are overdrawn, and not reliable! Gilmore Sims never put it stronger than does Gen. Conway himself.

Substitute Spain for Great Britain in the above debate, and Cuba for America, and it would sound like an Associated Press dispatch of today. Under date of January 22, a news item states that "at 1 o'clock the Rt. Hon. the Earl Cornwallis arrived in the metropolis, accompanied by Gen. Arnold and his family." On March 6, in a debate in the House of Commons, Lord Surrey said, "it was a matter of great surprise to him, when he attended the Speaker of the House to His Majesty, with an address for peace with America, to see the man most obnoxious to the Americans, standing at the right hand of His Majesty." He spoke of Gen. Arnold.

Benedict Arnold! How the boys' hearts beat faster and their

hands clenched, whenever reading that chapter of American history detailing Arnold's perfidy! And here, almost a lifetime from that study, and so unexpectedly, do we come across this old contemporaneous account of him. Even some British hearts rebelled at associating with him.

Under date of January 7, this incident was mentioned: "A French frigate, having on board troops for America, fell in with a British brig—captured it, put a prize crew on board, and went on her way. The Englishmen, who had been made prisoners, felt for the soft spot in the French, made them drunk, recaptured the brig and ran into the English port of Swansea."

On page 83 I find this very curious incident: "The new ninety-gun ship, the *Atlas*, that was lately launched at Chatham, had at her head, the figure of *Atlas* supporting the globe. By an error of the builder, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in. This happened to be no other than all North America, and what was more remarkable, the person who was ordered to take the hatchet and slice it off, was an American."

I do not remember having seen this story in print before. It was certainly a very singular coincidence.

A certain Count O'Rourke of an ancient Irish family, and who had been for some time in French service, returned home on the breaking out of the American war, and, according to a biographical notice in the magazine, proposed to the British government to raise three regiments of Roman Catholics in Ireland to be employed against the Americans. His offer was declined.

On January 31, in the House of Lords, an inquiry was ordered as to the execution of Col. Haynes in Charleston. The execution was severely condemned as having been done without due process of law. All the papers in the case had been cast into the ocean by Lord Rawdon, when his vessel was captured, to escape capture by the Americans, so no action was taken. In the February number is a letter from Col. Stewart of the British army, giving an account of the battle of Eutaw Springs, in the September previous. A peculiar expression is found in the following extract: "I omitted to inform your lordship, in its proper place, of the army's having been for some time much in want of bread, there being no old corn or mills near me. I was therefore under the necessity of sending out rooting parties from each corps under an officer, to collect pota-



toes every morning at daybreak." "Rooting parties" is worth resurrecting. It will match Sherman's bummers. But, shades of Gen. Marion, what will we do with that potato story of his now?

These, and the following numbers, are largely taken up with bitter charges and counter-charges in relation to the American war, and principally inspired by the news of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

The following news item, under date of February 7, shows that the young republic had some sturdy representatives, who knew how to talk plain American, and did it, too: "The following requisition was delivered on the 9th inst., by Mr. Adams, the Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, at the Hague, to the President of the Assembly of their High Mightinesses: 'Sir—On the 14th of May, I had the honor of a conference with the President of the Assembly of their High Mightinesses, in which I informed him that I had received a commission from the United States of America, with full powers and instructions to propose and conclude a friendly and commercial treaty between the United States of America, and the United Provinces of the Netherlands. In the same conference I had the honor of demanding an audience of their High Mightinesses, for the purpose of presenting credential letters and my full powers. The president assured me that he would impart all that I had said to their High Mightinesses, that the affair might be transmitted to the different members of the sovereignty of this country, to undergo their deliberations and decisions. I have not yet been honored with an answer, and on that account I now have the honor of addressing myself to you, sir, to demand of you, as I now do demand, a categorical answer, which I may transmit to Congress. J. ADAMS.'

"High Mightinesses" sounds a good deal as though he were addressing the big mogul of some modern secret society.

On February 22 Gen. Conway, in an address to the King, desiring that His Majesty would discontinue the American war; plead for some attempt to conciliate the American people. He stated that they "had 76,000 men—on paper—in America, the expense of which was so great, that he was free to say, that not only this, but no country on earth could support it." The world must have grown somewhat richer since this 76,000 army was such a financial burden. The funny man was in evidence in those days, as well as now. The government had appointed a new Secretary of the

American Colonies, a Mr. Ellis. He made his maiden speech. Mr. Burke, in answer said "he expected to hear from a new Minister of the Cabinet, new measures; but sorry he was to find otherwise. The insect was the same when it crawled upon the leaves, as now that it had thrown off its skin, and blazed out in all the splendor of a butterfly—its doctrines were the same when it had sat, snug rolled up in its woolly coat, as now, that it had expanded its golden wings to the sunbeams." And more of the same sort.

After a heated discussion, a vote was taken on the motion to discontinue the American war; 193 votes were cast for the motion and 194 against it, a majority of only one to continue the war. That was an instance where mighty interests hung on only one vote.

On February 27, Gen. Conway renewed his motion. He stated that petitions had been received from the towns of London and Bristol against the war; also, that "you could not go into a coffee-house in any part of the town, but the universal cry was against the American war." He spoke of Washington as "that great Gen. Washington." He further said: "An honorable gentleman, in last Friday's debate, had declared that, lately on the continent he had been in company where it was asked of what country he was, and on being told he was an Englishman, they all sneered and turned up their noses; but afterward, in another company, it was whispered he was an American, and he was caressed by every one." "The Americans, he had been credily informed, wished for peace, but was it possible for any people to be weak enough to trust to men that were continually shifting their ground as our present Ministers were, calling the war one day a war of posts, another a defensive war, and at last a French-American war? He would not contend about mere words, for a rose, to be sure, called by any other name, would smell full as sweet as if called by its proper name, and on that head he would let them have the fragrant smell of the word, American."

"Mr. Hill, in a most laughable vein of ridicule and satire, reprobated the system of His Majesty's Ministers. He said they might each be entitled a Don Quixote; the American war was their Dulcinea del Tobosa. Mr. Secretary Ellis was the Rosiante, and he would no doubt be, in a short time, raised up to the stall in which his predecessor was now ranged, where, perhaps, a sword, found in the fields of Minden, would be laid across his chest to be dubbed a knight." This badinage could not go on forever. A crisis was

approaching. Gen. Conway offered the following motion on the 27th:

"Resolved, that it is the opinion of this House, that the further continuance of an offensive war in America, for the purpose of subduing by force, the revolted colonies, totally impracticable, inasmuch as it weakens that force which we ought to employ against our European enemies, etc., etc."

Thus we see that it was not altogether our own prowess that gained us the victory.

At 1:30 o'clock in the morning a vote was taken on the government's motion to postpone further debate for a fortnight. It was lost by 19 votes; then the main question, to discontinue the war, was put and carried. The chronicler does not give the majority. For us, this was an eventful occasion. The passing of the night in England ushered in the dawn of peace in America.

In the Political Magazine, London, September, 1787, I notice the establishment of an Academy of Polite Arts, in Mexico, South America. Evidently geographical distinctions were not very well understood in those days.

In the same number, under the head "American Intelligence," I find this remarkable statement: "We learn from Philadelphia that trade is nearly extinct; money very scarce, taxes almost insupportable, and the clamor against their feeble government almost universal."

In the December number I find the following doleful statement, taken from a letter: "Baltimore is all going to decay. Most of the merchants and capital people are become insolvent. The newspapers have sometimes eighteen or twenty of their names in them of a day as insolvent. This country is ruined by the scarcity of money by the weight of taxes, which the people are unable to bear and the loss of that trade which she used to enjoy whilst connected with Great Britain. Most of the people with whom I am acquainted, many of whom were very zealous in the cause of independence, are now willing to be once more under British government."

Like voices from the grave, these echoes from the revolutionary times come to us, and freighted with the hopes and the bitterness of human interests of those far-away times, they bring closer to us the men and people of that great struggle for national existence.



## THE OLD PUEBLO ARCHIVES.

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BY J. M. GUINN.

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[Published in Los Angeles Daily Times, November 21, 1897.]

On a shelf in the vault of the City Hall of Los Angeles there stand three quaint old volumes, ragged, time-worn and brown with age. They are labeled "Angeles Archives, Vol. I, Vol. II, Vol. III," Their contents are written in provincial Spanish, or to describe the language more clearly, it might be called native Californian Spanish.

More than half a century has passed since the last line was written in these old volumes. The handwriting on some of the pages is faded and dim with age on others it stands out as bold and clear as the day it was written.

The books are rich in the autographs of the men who were making California history sixty or seventy years ago, when Dios y Libertad (God and liberty) was the motto, and the cactus-perched eagle the symbol of Mexican domination.

They abound, too, in wonderfully-constructed rubricas—those intricate flourishes of loops, circles and zigzag lines following each name, that in Spanish documents take the place of our English seal. Every man had one of his own, as distinct from his neighbor's as the brand on his cattle, and fully as necessary, for his signature was not legal without the rubrica.

These rubricas are wonders of the penman's art; and the mystery is how the writer could construct two alike, unless he kept a copy before him. Only among a people of illimitable patience in a land of poco tiempo would men go through life repeating such autographical monstrosities.

The subject matter of these old volumes is an olla-podrida—a mixture made up of the proceedings of the Ayuntamiento (Municipal Council,) election returns, applications for house lots and lands, the details of petty trials, treasury accounts, school reports, pronunciamientos, the story of a vigilance committee, and the skeletons of two or three defunct revolutions thrown into the stew. These old books contain, in brief, the story of the civic life of El Pueblo

and its successor, La Ciudad de Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles (the City of Our Lady of the Angels) under Mexican rule. Their contents are not indexed, nor are they arranged in chronological order in regard to the occurrence of the events narrated. There are breaks in the story of civic life as told by these old volumes—interregnums when apparently the drowsy old ciudad had taken a Rip Van Winkle sleep. Then, after the lapse of months—sometimes years—the story goes on as if there were no missing links in the chain of events—as if the city had awakened from a refreshing sleep and begun business just where it left off months or years before.

Mingled amid the dry details of what the "Most Illustrious Ayuntamiento" did, and interspersed between the grandiloquent speeches that the garrulous old Dons uttered, and the conscientious secretary recorded, we find the record of customs long since obsolete, and of usages and sociological conditions now unknown. We find in these old records some characteristics of the old-time Californian that are in contradiction to our preconceived notions regarding him. We have been accustomed to regard him as a lover of pleasure, with nothing of the ascetic in his composition; giving his nights to dancing and sometimes his days, too. And yet, in these old records we find legal enactments against dancing that would fade the azure in the old blue laws of Connecticut. Proceedings of the Ayuntamiento; Ordinance Six (January 20, 1838:) "Every individual giving a dance at his house or at any other house, without first having obtained permission from the Alcalde will be fined \$5 for the first offense, and for the second and third punished according to law."

Here is another of the blue laws of old Los Angeles that would have called forth approval from the grimmest old Puritan of New England in the days of Cotton Mather:

"Ordinance 5. All individuals serenading promiscuously around the street of the city at night without first having obtained permission from the Alcalde will be fined \$1.50 for the first offense, \$3 for the second offense, and for the third punished according to law."

What the penalty of "punished according to law" was, the ordinances do not define. These old lawgivers, however, had a way of making the penalty fit the individual. It is safe to say that any serenader who had suffered for a first and second offense without law, was not anxious to experience a "punishment according to law" for the third.

The "Weary Willies" of that day were compelled to tramp for their living very much as they do now. Ordinance No 4, (January 20, 1838.) "Every person not having any apparent occupation in this city, or its jurisdiction, is hereby ordered to look for work within three days, counting from the day this ordinance is published, if not complied with, he will be fined \$2 for the first offense, \$4 for the second offense. and will be given compulsory work for the third."

If he only kept looking for work, but was careful not to find it. it would seem from the reading of the ordinance, there could be no offense, and consequently no fines or compulsory work for the tramp.

The Ayuntamiento, or Municipal Council, which legislated not only for the city, but for the country from San Juan on the south to San Fernando on the north, was composed of a first alcalde, a second alcalde, six regidores (or aldermen,) and a legal adviser. The alcalde acted as mayor and president of the council, and police judge, the second alcalde taking his place when he was ill or absent. As the regidores, or councilmen, received no pay, and were liable to a fine of \$3 for absence from meetings, the office was not sought after. Besides, when a man was elected to it, was next to impossible for him to resign. The tribulations of Regidor Pantoja well illustrate the difficulties of getting rid of an office in the good old days when the office sought the man. Francisco Pantoja was elected fourth regidor in the Ayuntamiento of 1837. In those days wild horses were very numerous, and on account of their eating up the pasturage needed for the cattle, the rancheros slaughtered them. A large and strong corral was built, and a day set for a wild-horse drive. The band was driven into the corral, the best of the drove lassoed and taken out to be broken to the saddle, and the refuse slaughtered.

The Vejars petitioned the Ayuntamiento for permission to build a corral between the Cerritos and the Salinas, for the purpose of corraling wild horses for slaughter; and Tomas Talamantes made a similar request to build a corral on the Sierra San Pedro. When the corals were built a time was appointed for a wild-horse rodeo. Pantoja, being something of a sport, petitioned his fellow-councilmen for a twenty days' leave of absence to join in a wild-horse chase. After many admonitions from his fellow-regidores to be careful not to get away with his neighbors' tame horses, he was granted a leave



of absence. A wild-horse chase was wild sport, and dangerous, too. Somebody was sure to get hurt, and Pantoja was one of the unfortunates.

"Of all the rides since the birth of Time,

Told in story or sung in rhyme,"

none, perhaps, surpassed in mad recklessness that of Pantoja and his fellow-caballeros at the wild-horse chase of the Cerritos. When his twenty-day leave of absence was up, Pantoja did not return to the halls of legislation, but instead, sent his resignation on the plea of illness.

In those days the office sought the man, not the man the office, and it might be added that when the office caught the right man it refused to let go of him without good cause (at least that was the case when there was no pay in the office.) The president of the Council refused to accept his resignation, and appointed a committee to hold an investigation on his physical condition. There were no physicians in Los Angeles then, so the committee took along Santiago McKinley, a canny Scotch merchant, who was reputed to have some knowledge of surgery. The committee and the improvised surgeon held an ante-mortem inquest on what remained of Pantoja. The committee reported to the council that he was a physical wreck; that he could neither mount a horse nor ride one when mounted. A native Californian who had reached such a state of physical dilapidation that he could not mount a horse might well be excused from legislation. But there was danger of a precedent. The Council heard the report, pondered over it, smoked over it, and pondered again, then sent the resignation and the committee's report to the Governor. That functionary took it under advisement, and after studying over it for two or three months, accepted it. In the meantime, Pantoja's term had expired by limitation and he had recovered from his fall.

Unlike Romeo, the old-time native Californian believed there was something in a name. He seemed to think there was a kind of talismanic influence in a holy name that protected the bearer from evil. Therefore, it was with no thought of irreverence or disrespect that he named a favorite son Jesus, or interpolated the name of the deity in his family surname. The old pueblo records abound in quaint and curious family names.

Juan de Dios Bravo, John Valiant of God, was a well-known character who figured in the early history of the pueblo. Although

John may have been "Valiant for God" in his youth, in his later years he seems to have fallen from grace. He kept a saloon, and the records show that on several occasions he was fined—probably for selling brandy on Sunday during "the hour set apart for prayer for souls in purgatory."

Another family name that appears in the old records, and that discounts in fiery zeal the Praise-God Barebones and Out-of-Much-Tribulation-into-the-Glory of God Mugglestones, of Cromwell's time, is the de Dios Padillas (Little Frying Pans of God,) Juan de Dios Padilla—John Little Frying Pan of God—was a prominent citizen of Los Angeles sixty or seventy years ago. One of the family taught school at San Antonio, and doubtless made it hot for the bad boys, José de la Cruz Linares—Joseph Flax Fields of the Cross—was the first grantee of the Rancho Los Nogales.

Money was always a very scarce article in the early days of Los Angeles. What little business was transacted was done by exchange of products. In the revolutionary days of the early 30's, when California had from two to three rival governors running around loose and stirring up revolutions, the capitalists of the old pueblo hoarded up the few pesos and reales that had been in circulation, and the financial stringency in 1837 became so great that the Alcalde reported to the Ayuntamiento that he was compelled to take country produce for fines. He had already received eight colts, six fanegas (about 9 bushels) of corn, and 35 hides. The Syndic immediately laid claim to the colts on his back salary. The Alcalde put in a preferred claim of his own, and besides he said "he had boarded the colts." After considerable discussion, the Alcalde was ordered to turn the colts over to the City Treasurer to be appraised and paid out on claims against the city. In the mean time it was found that two of the colts had run away and the remaining six had demonetized the corn received for fines, by eating it up—a contraction of the currency that exceeded in heinousness the "Crime of '73."

Sixty years ago Los Angeles had but recently put on city airs. The supreme government of Mexico had decreed it the capital of California—a territory in area larger than that possessed by the thirteen colonies at the beginning of the revolutionary war. It was then the only city on the Pacific Coast north of Cape St. Lucas, and was the largest town in either of the Californias. José Antonio Carrillo estimated its population at 1500, and José Sepulveda stated in the Ayuntamiento that the city was experiencing a boom, or words

to that effect; and yet with all the city's importance it would have been hard to find a civilized community living in more primitive conditions than those which existed in the metropolis of California in the year of our Lord 1837. There was not within its jurisdiction a lawyer or a doctor nor a resident priest, or preacher of any kind. The schoolmaster was abroad, or if he was at home, he had taken a long vacation. The school had been closed for two years.

Money was almost unknown. Horses and cattle were the circulating medium of large denominations, and hides were the subsidiary coin or small change; corn had been demonetized by the crime of '37, and doubtless the calamity howlers of that day were bewailing the outrage. There was no hotel in the city, no schoolhouse and no public buildings except the church and the jail; no newspapers, no books and a mail but once a month.

How rapidly the wheels of progress have whirled in sixty years! How men's minds have broadened and their religious animosities softened. On the 17th of January, 1837, the members of the *Ayuntamiento* of Los Angeles, without a dissenting voice, promulgated this edict as part of their plan of government:

"Article 3., The Roman Catholic apostolic religion shall prevail throughout this jurisdiction; and any person professing publicly any other religion shall be prosecuted." The deeds of the old Dons who published that edict were better than their words. There is no record that they ever prosecuted any one for his belief or unbelief.

The old-time *Regidores* who legislated for the city in its earlier days may have been back numbers in many respects, but in one thing at least they were far in advance of our up-to-date Councilmen of late years; and that was in a conscientious regard for the best interests of their constituents. When there was a deadlock in their Council, or when some question of great importance to the welfare of the public came before them, and they were divided as to what was best to do, or when some designing politician was attempting to sway their decision so as to obtain personal gain at the expense of the community, then the "public alarm," as it was called, was sounded, the citizens assembled at the Council Hall, the president, "speaking in a loud voice," stated the question to the people. Every one had a chance to make a speech. Rivers of eloquence flowed; and when all who wished to speak had had their say, the question was decided by a show of hands, and all went home happy to think the country was saved and that they each and all, had had something to do in saving it. The clang of the bell or the roll of the drum that sounded the "public alarm" exorcised the malign influence of the political boss and thwarted the machinations of the scheming politician.



## DON DAVID W. ALEXANDER.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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[Read June, 1897.]

In October, 1863, Mr. Alexander recounted to me the main facts of the following brief sketch of his life. He said he was born in Ireland, June 22, 1812, and that he came to the United States with a brother in 1832, when he was 20 years old. He resided in Philadelphia some three or four years, and from there he went to Rochepoort, Boone county, Mo., where he remained a couple years, and from thence, in 1837, he went with a trading company to Santa Fé, arriving there just after there had been an insurrection, in which the people had beheaded their Governor, Perez. He engaged in business there till 1842 with John Scully, who was well known in that country, buying goods in Chihuahua and wines in El Paso and selling them at Santa Fé.

A bad feeling having been engendered against foreigners because of the aggressions of Texans, Mr. Alexander concluded to leave for California, in company with John Rowland, John Reed, William Knight (of Knight's Ferry,) Maj. Loring (who afterward died at La Puente, in this county,) and others, who came to settle as rancheros. Not a single member of this party is now living. Three of their number, Rowland, Reed and Alexander, I knew very well. Mr. Alexander told me that they arrived at Cucamonga on the 12th of December, 1841. They were four months on the road in their journey hither from Santa Fé. They came by what was known as "the old Mexican trail," via the Wasatch Mountains and Little Salt Lake, the country along that route being at that time entirely uninhabited except by Indians.

Mr. Alexander settled and lived for some time on "the Rincon" Rancho, in what is now San Bernardino county. He then went to San Pedro and carried on the forwarding and lightering business at that port, from 1844 till 1849, or till after the great gold discoveries. He then went into the mercantile business with Francis Mellus at Los Angeles. His firm brought out several ship cargoes to San Pe-

dro direct from Boston. During this time he formed a co-partnership with Phineas Banning in the forwarding and commission business at San Pedro, continuing in the same till 1855, when he sold out his interest. Commodore Stockton, in 1846, appointed him Collector of the Port of San Pedro. At and prior to that time he had held the office of Captain de la Puerte under the Mexican government for a year or two. In the exciting times of 1846 he strongly favored the Americans and with a number of the latter he was made a prisoner by the Californians and held as such four months. The ranchos of Tejunga and La Providencia in this county were finally confirmed to Mr. Alexander by the United States courts. He was elected and served as Sheriff of Los Angeles county for the term of 1855-'56 and also of 1876-'77. He was three times elected a member of the Board of Supervisors, and was president of the board two terms. In 1856 or '57 he again became a ranchero, living on the San Emigdio Rancho several years. His brother, George Alexander, came to California via Honolulu in 1851. He lived for a considerable period in Los Angeles, and was well and favorably known by old-timers. He served with Gen. Carlton's command in California, Arizona and New Mexico during the civil war. He died some years ago.

"Don David Alexander," who was so widely and so favorably known, not only by Americans, but by the Spanish-speaking people of Southern California, was a man of sterling character, of amiable, genial temper, causing him to be generally respected and beloved. All old Californians still living who became acquainted with him at all intimately have only pleasant memories of him.

Don David was married to Doña Adalaida Mellus, widow of Don Pancho (Francis) Mellus, in 1864. Mrs. Alexander was the daughter of Santiago Johnson and not, as incorrectly stated in Bancroft's Pioneer Register, the daughter of Manuel Requena. Don Manuel had no children. His wife and the wives of Don Santiago (James) Johnson, and of Capt. Alexander Bell were sisters. Their family name was Guirado and they were sisters of Rafael Guirado, father of Gov. Downey's first wife, and of Bernardino and R. C. Guirado, still living, and of Maj. Frank Guirado, now deceased. Mr. Johnson had several daughters, one married, as above stated, Francis Mellus, and then Mr. Alexander. She is still living in this city. Another daughter married Henry Mellus, brother of Francis, and at one time Mayor of Los Angeles, and for her second husband,

J. B. Trudell; and a third daughter married James H. Lander, in early times a prominent lawyer of this city. All these persons, with the exceptions noted, are now dead, although they have numerous living descendants. I was personally acquainted with nearly every one of the former generation.

Mr. Alexander died at Wilmington, April 30, 1887, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Mrs. Alexander possess a very life-like portrait of him, which all "old-timers" who survive him cannot fail, on sight, to quickly recognize.



# THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE OF THE COLORADO.

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

[Read November 1, 1897.]

(A part of this paper was published in the S. F. Call.)

In Southern California we seldom mention the size of our rivers. Excepting during the winter rains, our rivers are tabooed as a dry subject. The fact that the wonderful system of irrigation utilizes almost every drop of available river water, makes them seem to easterners little more than creeks in the summer time. Then, besides the irrigation drain of the rivers in Southern California, these streams have a habit of sinking below their sandy beds in the dry season.

But the river that marks the boundary between Southern California and Arizona, the Colorado River, is an exception. This river, after running through the most wonderful chasm or system of gorges known in the world, runs its course through the Colorado Desert down to the Gulf of California in Mexico.

At the foot of the Mohave Mountains, thirteen miles below the quaint little town called "The Needles"—so named because at this place there is a group of sharp spires in the Mohave Mountains—the cantilever bridge crosses the Colorado River between Arizona Territory and California.

Travelers bound for the Pacific Slope, crossing this bridge at the Needles, are often informed that they are entering the "Land of Sunshine" on the "longest single span cantilever bridge in the world, with one exception." Although this is taken as an extravagant bit of local pride, yet it was strictly true when the bridge was built. Dr. James P. Booth, surgeon of the Bridge Company, says of the cantilever bridge of the Colorado River built in 1890, having a total length of 960 feet, with a single span 660 feet, that at the time of its completion it was the "longest unsupported bridge span in the world, excepting that of the bridge at the Firth of Forth," at Queen's Ferry, Scotland. According to the Glasgow Citizen, this bridge, at Queen's Ferry, is one of the wonders of the world. It has two spans, each of them 1700 feet, and the bridge cost 4,000,000 pounds.

The first cantilever bridge built in the United States was the Niagara bridge, built in 1883, at that time it was the first of any magnitude in the world, the Firth of Forth bridge not having been built. It was considered a marked advance in engineering. It may seem paradoxical, but the principle of the cantilever bridge is found in the simplest and earliest forms of bridge building. Chambers' Encyclopedia says the Japanese "would lay two balks of timber embedding one in one bank and the other in the other bank, with their ends projecting over the stream so as to form two cantilevers, and would then add a center balk, reaching from one to the other;" and that a good bridge of this kind was built in Japan over "two hundred years ago." So much for the simple form or principle of the cantilever. The term itself is defined as meaning a "bracket."

The long span of the present system of cantilever, illustrated in the Niagara bridge, having a total length of 910 feet, with its single span of 470 feet—according to the Scientific American—was unrivaled by the cantilever bridge of the Colorado, whose span, as has been noted, was 660 feet.

There are other cantilever bridges in the United States, one crosses the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; one crosses the Ohio at Louisville, Ky.

Dr. James P. Booth, whom I have mentioned as surgeon of the Bridge Company, has very kindly furnished me with data on this subject. In a letter he says: "On account of the unsafe condition of the wooden bridge, which spanned the Colorado three miles directly east from the town of the Needles, it was resolved by the A. and P. Company to construct an iron bridge ten miles (thirteen miles from the Needles) further down the stream. This work was begun in September, 1889, and the first train crossed the bridge on May 10, 1890.

"The preliminary work consisted in sinking down to bed rock, which was done by caissons, and building up above the point of high-water mark on both sides of and in the river, two huge pillars of stone and cement. This work was done by Sooy, Smith & Co. of Chicago. The ends of the iron bridge are securely anchored by heavy masonry to the mainland on either side, while the greatest portion of the weight is thus brought to bear upon the two pillars. The bridge—that is, the iron work—was built and put up by the Phoenix Bridge Company of Phoenix, Pa., and is said to be one of the finest and most substantial bridges in the world." Dr. Booth gives the

length and cost of building this bridge, as noted before. He further says:

"In the photograph sent you, you will observe something resembling a platform near the center of the bridge. This photograph was taken before the bridge was completed and the platform is what the builders called 'the traveler.' This 'traveler' went ahead of the work, carrying material for the construction of the bridge, and paradoxical as it may appear, the bridge was built behind the 'traveler.' Two iron rails extended beyond the work upon which the wheels of the 'traveler' rolled, and thus it was that the 'traveler' was enabled to precede the bridge itself.

"The building of these bridges is usually very perilous work and the principal workmen are experts. Indeed, to one watching the progress of building, it appears a trade in itself. The management informed me that they usually lost from eight to twelve men in the construction of a bridge, but in the building of this bridge there were but three killed. One was blown up by a premature blast of rock, one had a hand car of heavy iron topple over and crush him, and the third fell from the top of the bridge to the ground on the California side just after the work was begun.

"Boats (steamers) pass under the bridge now during the high water season without any difficulty, and the expense of a draw bridge, which was a necessity with the old bridge, is entirely done away with."

Is it any wonder that Arizonans and Californians join in calling the link that connects the Territory and the State "the great cantilever bridge?" It was an evolution in bridge building that no one could have contemplated a quarter of a century ago.



# LOS ANGELES IN THE ADOBE AGE.

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BY J. M. GUINN.

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Cities in their growth and development pass through distinctive ages in the use of the material of which they are built. Most of the large cities of the United States began their existence in the wooden age, and have progressed successively through the brick and stone age, the iron age, and are entering upon the steel age. The cities of the extreme Southwest—those of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Southern California—like ancient Babylon and imperial Rome, began their existence in the clay or adobe age. It took our own city of Los Angeles three-quarters of a century to emerge from the adobe age.

At the time of the final conquest of the city by the United States troops (January 10, 1847,) there was not within its limits (if I am rightly informed,) a building built of any other material than adobe, or sun-dried brick. The first wooden building built in Los Angeles was erected in 1851. It was framed in Boston, and the material, all shaped ready for putting together, was shipped around the Horn—a sea voyage of 18,000 miles. The material was hauled from San Pedro to the city on old carretas or Mexican ox carts. This building was erected on the site now occupied by the old Merced Theater, on North Main street, just south of the Pico House, or National Hotel, as it is now called. Another wooden building, among the first built in the city, was the "Three Sisters," so called from its three gables and parallel roof ridges giving it the appearance of three separate houses. It was built by Henry Dalton. The material in it was mahogany, brought from Central America. It stood on the southern part of the present site of the Central Block on North Spring street. The first iron house was built in 1852. The material, shaped and numbered ready for putting together, was shipped from England to Los Angeles via Cape Horn. It stood on or near the corner of Court and North Spring street. The first brick burned in the city was made by Jesse Hunter in 1852. The first brick house was built by Hunter in 1853. It is still standing. It is the story-and-a-half dwelling just north of

the Van Nuys Hotel, on the Downey property, west side of Main street near Fourth street. It was considered in early days quite an aristocratic residence. Adobe as a building material continued to be used to a limited extent for at least a decade after the American conquest. It fell into disuse, not because it was expensive or because it was unsuited to the climate—an adobe house, well constructed, is one of the most comfortable of dwellings, warm in winter, cool in summer. It fell into disuse because the process of preparing and building with it was too tedious and too slow for a fast age. An adobe house, like Rome, was not built in a day. It took five years to build the Plaza Church. Having briefly sketched the transition period of our city's growth, when wood and brick came into use as building material, I turn back to my theme, the adobe age of the old pueblo.

A century ago Los Angeles was a walled town—its walls, like those of Rome in Romulus's day, were built of clay. A guard of the King's soldiers nightly kept watch and ward over the sleeping town. Every male inhabitant of military age was enrolled for duty. The Indians were numerous and predatory, if not blood-thirsty. Fifty years after the first settlement Indian scares still continued, and a guard was kept on duty at the cuartel that stood on the eastern side of the plaza vieja. By the beginning of the present century the town had grown beyond the walls. As it grew, it straggled off from its nucleus—the old plaza—in an irregular sort of a way, without plot or plan.

When a new house was needed—and a house was not built in those days until there was urgent need for it—the builder selected a site and applied to the Ayuntamiento for a grant of a piece of the pueblo lands. If no one claimed the lot asked for, he was granted it. If he did not build a house on it within a given time—usually a year from the time the grant was made—any citizen could denounce the property, and with permission of the Ayuntamiento take possession of it. The builder of a new house built it wherever it was most convenient to him without regard to streets. If the house did not align with the street the street could adjust itself to the house. Half a century after the founding of the pueblo, here was not a regularly-laid-out street within its limits. In 1849, when Lieut. Ord made his plan of the "Ciudad de Los Angeles," some of the houses stood in the middle of the newly-laid-off streets and others half way between two streets, with a frontage on neither. After much tribulation in try-

ing to adjust street lines and property lines, the City Council, in 1854, passed an ordinance allowing the owners of houses debarred of street frontage to take possession of the land between them and the nearest street.

The architecture of the adobe age had no freaks or fads in it. Like the laws of the Medes and Persians, it altered not. There was, with but very few exceptions, but one style of house—the square-walled, flat-roofed, one-story structure—looking, as a writer of early times says, “Like so many brick kilns ready for the burning.” Although there were picturesque homes in California under the Mexican régime, and the quaint mission buildings of the Spanish era were massive and imposing, yet the average town house of the native Californian, with its clay-colored adobe walls, its flat asphaltum-covered roof, its ground floor and its iron-barred windows, was as devoid of beauty without as it was of comfort and convenience within. Imaginative modern writers speak of the “quaint tiled roofs of old Los Angeles,” as if they were a prominent feature of the old pueblo.

Even in the palmiest days of its Mexican occupation tiled roofs were the exception. Besides the church and the cuartel the other buildings that obtained distinction of being roofed with tiles were the Carillo House, that stood on the present site of the Pico House; the house erected by José Maria Avila on Main street north of the church; Don Vicente Sanchez’s house, a two-story adobe on the east side of the Plaza; the Alvarado house, on First street between Main and Los Angeles streets, and the house of Antonio Rocha, on the present site of the Phillips Block. All these residences were erected between 1822 and 1828. The old cuartel (guardhouse) was built about 1790, and the Plaza Church was begun in 1818. At the time of the American conquest of California tile-making was practically a lost art. It died out with the decadence of the missions. It is to be regretted that the tiled roof of the Church of Our Lady of the Angels was replaced by a shingled one when the building was remodeled in 1861. “The fitness of things” was violated when the change was made. It was only the aristocrats of the old pueblo who could afford to indulge in tiled roofs. The prevailing roofing material was brea or crude asphaltum.

James O. Pattie, a Kentucky trapper, who visited Los Angeles in 1828, and wrote a narrative of his adventures in California, thus describes the buildings in it and the manner of roofing them:

“The houses have flat roofs, covered with bituminous pitch



brought from a place within four miles of the town, where this article boils up from the earth. As the liquid rises, hollow bubbles like a shell of large size are formed. When they burst the noise is heard distinctly in the town. The large pieces thus separated are laid on the roof, previously covered with earth, through which the pitch cannot penetrate when it is rendered liquid again by the heat of the sun."

This roof factory that Pattie describes seems to have ceased operations of late years; possibly because there is no demand for its product. This incipient volcano was still in operation when Fremont's battalion passed it in 1847. Lieut. Bryant, in his book, "What I Saw in California," says "on the march from Cahuenga Pass to the City of Angels we passed several warm springs which throw up large quantities of bitumen or mineral tar." These springs are located on the Hancock Rancho west of the city.

The adobe age was not an aesthetic age. The old pueblo was homely almost to ugliness. The clay-colored fronts of the houses that marked the lines of the irregular streets were gloomy and uninviting. There was no glass in the windows; no lawns in front; no sidewalks, and no shade trees. But even amid these homely surroundings there were aesthetic souls that dreamed dreams of beauty and yearned for better things. The famous speech of Regidor Leonardo Cota, delivered in the Ayuntamiento nearly sixty years ago, has come down to us in its entirety, and stamps its author as a man in advance of the age in which he lived. It has in it the hopefulness of boom literature, although somewhat saddened by the gloom of uncongenial surroundings.

"The time has arrived," said he, "when the city of Los Angeles begins to figure in the political world, as it now finds itself the capital of the department. Now to complete the necessary work that, although it is but a small town, it should proceed to show its beauty, its splendor and its magnificence in such a manner that when the traveler visits us he may say, 'I have seen the City of the Angels; I have seen the work of its sanitary commission, and all these demonstrate that it is a Mexican Paradise.' It is not so under the present conditions, for the majority of its buildings present a gloomy—a melancholy aspect, a dark and forbidding aspect, that resembles the catacombs of ancient Rome more than the habitations of a free people, I make these propositions: First, that the government be requested to enact measures so that within four months all the house-fronts shall be plastered and whitewashed; second, that all owners

be requested to repair the same or open the door for the denunciator. If you adopt and enforce these measures, I shall feel that I have done something for my city and my country."

Don Leonardo's eloquent appeal moved the department assembly to pass a law requiring the plastering and whitewashing of the house fronts, under penalty of fines ranging from \$5 to \$25 if the work was not done within a given time. For a while there was a whitening of house-fronts and a brightening of interiors. The *sindico's* account-book in the old archives contains a charge of twelve reales for a fanega (one and one-half bushels) of lime "to whitewash the court." Although lime is cheaper now, I doubt whether twelve reales' worth of it would give a coat of whitewash to some city officials.

Don Leonardo's dream of transforming the "City of the Angels" into a Mexican paradise was never realized. The fines were never collected. The whitewash faded from the house-fronts and was not renewed. The old pueblo again took on the gloom of the Catacombs.

In the adobe age every man owned his own house. No houses were built for rent, nor for sale on speculation. The real estate agent was unknown. When travelers or strangers from other towns paid a visit to the old pueblo they were entertained at private houses, or if no one opened his doors to them they moved on to the nearest mission, where they were sure of a night's lodging.

In 1834, Gov. Figueroa notified the Ayuntamiento that he was about to visit the pueblo and desired accommodations for himself and staff. The town council asked the priest to give up his house to the Governor, but the padre refused, saying that his rooms belonged to the church, and to surrender them to the civil power would be giving up his ecclesiastical rights. So the Governor gave up his projected visit because the town was too poor to entertain him. Notwithstanding the technical point urged by the padre, the civil power did make use of his house. When there was no resident priest in the pueblo, which frequently happened, the padre's house was put to a variety of uses. Several times it was used for a boys' school; once for a girls' school, and after a revolution, if the cuartel was not large enough to accommodate all the prisoners, the curate's house was taken for a jail. During the revolution of 1845 the school was turned out and the old house was used by Pico and Castro for army headquarters. This useful old building, which stood near the

northwest corner of the Plaza church, was burned down about forty years ago.

In 1835 the Mexican Congress proclaimed Los Angeles the capital of Alta California. Commissioners were appointed to find suitable quarters for government offices until a government house could be built. Don Louis Vignes's house, which stood on the present site of the Philadelphia Brewery, was offered at a yearly rental of \$400. Don Juan Temple's house later on was also offered. During the ten years that the capital question was agitated, periodical house hunts were made for governmental headquarters, but nothing came of them. The people of Monterey held on to the governors and the archives and added insult to injury by claiming that they were more moral and more cultured than the Angeleños. They claimed they had a fertile soil, a mild climate and that their women and useful animals were very productive—insinuations that enraged the Angeleños. The bitter feeling engendered between the arribeños (uppers) of the North and the abajeños (lowers) of the South over the capital question was the beginning of the jealousy between Northern and Southern California—a jealousy that has been kept alive for more than sixty years. The capital question was the principal cause of the civil war between the North and the South in 1837—a war which resulted in the subjugation of the South and the triumph of Monterey. It was not a very bloody war. At the battle of San Buenaventura, where for two days cannon “volley'd and thunder'd,” one man was killed on the northern side. At the battle of Las Flores the southern army was severely scared, driven into a cattle corral and captured—probably lassoed. In the revolution of 1845 the abajeños won. At the battle of Cahuenga—a battle that raged for two days, and resulted in the killing of a mule—Pico and Carillo of the South defeated Micheltorana of the North. The decisive battle of Cahuenga made Pico Governor of California and Los Angeles its capital. Next year the gringo army came, captured the country and carried the capital back to Monterey.

While Los Angeles was the capital, the government house was an adobe building that stood on the present site of the St. Charles Hotel. It was used in 1847 by two companies of the United States Dragoons as barracks, and when the county was organized in 1850 it became the first courthouse. The lot extended through to Los Angeles street. In an adobe building on the rear of this lot the first



newspaper—*La Estrella* (The Star)—ever issued in Los Angeles was printed.

The old adobe government house had rather an eventful history. It was built in the early thirties. Pico bought it for the government from Isaac Williams, agreeing to pay \$5000 for it. In 1846, when hostilities had broken out between the Americans and the native Californians in the North, Pico, "to meet urgent expenses necessary to be made by the government," mortgaged the house and lot to Eulogio de Celis for \$2000, "which sum shall be paid as soon as order shall be established in the department." The gringo invaders came down to Los Angeles shortly after the mortgage was made, and Pico fled. Several years after peace was restored Celis began suit against Wilson, Packard and Pico to foreclose the mortgage. The mortgage was satisfied, but through some strange oversight the case was not dismissed. It was a cloud on the title of the property, and nearly fifty years after the suit was begun it was brought up in Judge York's court and dismissed on the showing that the issues that gave it existence had long since been settled.

It was in the old government house that Lieut. Gillespie and his garrison were stationed when the Californians, under Varela and Flores, revolted. An attack was made on Gillespie's force on the night of September 22, 1846, by a party of Californians numbering about sixty men. Gillespie's riflemen drove them off, killing three of the assailants, so he claimed. But the dead were never found. Gillespie was compelled to abandon the government house and take position on Fort Hill. After a siege of five days he was forced to evacuate the city.

From its proud position as the Capitol of California, this historic old adobe descended in the scale of respectability until it ended its eventful career as a barroom. Within it were enacted some of the bloodiest tragedies of the early fifties.

## Two Notable Pioneers—Col. J. J. Ayers and Geo. Hansen.

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BY H. D. BARROWS.

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[Read December 6, 1897.]

It is fitting that this society should take some notice of the death of eminent citizens, and especially of pioneers, who, on any lines, have helped to build our commonwealth. Two such citizens and pioneers have passed away, their deaths having occurred within two days of each other.

George Hansen and Col. James J. Ayers, who died in this county last month, lived lives (mostly in California) of great practical usefulness, the one as a civil engineer and land surveyor, and the other as a journalist and litterateur, each attaining eminence of the higher sort in his chosen profession.

Having known both these gentlemen many years, and latterly quite intimately, I feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to add to the records of our Historical Society my humble, sincere tribute to their memory.

I doubt if our citizens generally have any adequate conception of their obligations to Mr. Hansen or to Col. Ayers, or, rather, of the extent to which the former impressed his influence on the lines and configuration of the lots on which their homes are built, or of the farms and orchards which they cultivate, or of the ranchos in which their capital is invested, or the extent of the influence which James J. Ayers has exerted on the material and moral welfare of this community, this State and this Coast, since his coming hither nearly half a century ago.

A bare skeleton outline of the lives of our departed friends may be told in few words.

Mr. Hansen was a native of Fiume, Austria, where he was born in 1824. He came to California via Cape Horn and Peru in 1850, and to Los Angeles in 1853, since when his home was here till his death, which occurred November 10, 1897.

Col. Ayers was born in Glasgow, Scotland, August 27, 1830. His parents immigrated to the United States when he was an infant. His

boyhood was spent in New York, where he learned the printers' trade and also acquired a knowledge of the French language. After spending a year in St. Louis, he started in February, 1849, for California, by way of New Orleans and Honduras, arriving at San Francisco after a long, perilous journey of appalling hardships, in October of that year. After a varied and eventful career in Central California, Nevada and the Sandwich Islands, he came to Los Angeles in 1872. He died at his home at Azusa in this county, November 12, 1897.

A record in detail of the lives of these two notable men would fill a book. Nevertheless I will try to condense, in this paper, a few facts concerning each of them.

To those who can rightly interpret them, the records of land titles of Los Angeles county perhaps best tell the story of Mr. Hansen's long and useful life. He probably made more land surveys in this and adjoining counties than any other person. His maps are field notes, of early surveys especially, are extensive and extremely valuable. And if, from any calamity, by fire or other cause, the county records should be lost or destroyed, they could be reproduced, more nearly complete, from the private papers and maps which he left at his death containing records of his surveys, than from any other source.

Not only was Mr. Hansen a man of great intellectual ability and an accomplished civil engineer, but he was very methodical in his habits and possessed a sound judgment.

When he first came to Los Angeles from the mines, in 1853, mostly without means, he told me that he went to John Temple, then one of the moneyed men here, and, though a stranger and a newcomer, asked for the loan of \$100 with which to purchase surveying tools. Mr Temple, who was a shrewd business man, and himself a large land owner, and knowing that there was plenty of work to do here for a competent surveyor, asked him if that was his profession, etc., and then readily loaned him the money on his simple note, without security, at 2 per cent. a month, a very moderate rate for that period.

After sending to San Francisco for his needed surveyor's outfit he went to work, and for years his professional services were almost constantly in demand.

Mr. Hansen laid out Anaheim, the pioneer colony, in 1857, and planted and superintended the cultivation of the fifty twenty-acre



vineyards and orchards of the owners, of whom he was one. I remember that I supplied him some 80 M grape cuttings, in the winter of '58-9, which I obtained from the vineyards of Mr. William Wolfskill, and that I rode in a buggy with John Frohling in the spring of '59, from Los Angeles to the new colony, by way of Workman's and Rowland's, and that we staid one night as the guests of Mr. Hansen. This was the commencement of my intimate acquaintance with him, which subsisted thereafter till his death. Mr. Hansen practically had charge, under Maj. Henry Hancock, of the second official survey of this city known as "Hancock's survey." He surveyed many of the large ranchos of this, and I believe, San Bernardino counties.

He once argued with me, half humorously and half in earnest, in favor of the proposition that surveyors were more useful to society than preachers, as promoters of peace especially, because they were able often in defining boundary lines between conflicting claimants, to harmonize opposing views or illy-defined titles like those derived from Spanish and Mexican grants, and thereby avert or minimize litigation between neighbors.

After the establishment of "Drum Barracks" at Wilmington in this county during the civil war, it became necessary, in bringing water from the San Gabriel River, to build a flume several miles long to convey the water across the extensive depression between the Dominguez homestead range of hills and Wilmington, and Mr. Hansen was employed to superintend the construction of the work. After surveying the ground over which the flume was to run, he laid out in his office the work of construction. An immense quantity of lumber was ordered, and a very large force of men, including many soldiers from the barracks, were put to work on the lumber to get it ready to set up; but none of it was actually set up till a considerable portion of it was prepared to go into the flume, and as the work progressed Col. Curtiss, Gen. Banning and others became anxious lest the vast piles of timber already fitted to go together should fail to fit the places assigned them, or the unequal and irregular depression of the land over which the big flume must necessarily pass, the depression in some places being twenty feet or more. And they therefore begged Mr. Hansen to have the workmen stop getting out any more lumber till it was known whether that already prepared would actually fit together. And so finally he consented to this to please them; and as everything

went together, as he knew it would, like a well-devised piece of mechanism, their faith thereafter in the skill and judgment of Mr. Hansen as an engineer and mathematician was unbounded. At one time Mr. Hansen and myself were appointed appraisers of an estate, in which a person (a mother) had only a life interest, and as, according to standard life insurance tables she had probabilities of thirty odd years of life, it became necessary for us to compute what the value of the estate would amount to at, say, 3 per cent. interest, compounded annually—a somewhat formidable problem according to ordinary arithmetical methods. Mr. Hansen suggested that it be solved by logarithms—which I had not thought of—and straightway he figured out the proper solution almost instantly.

The Canal and Reservoir Company of this city was, I believe, originated and its extensive works were engineered by Mr. Hansen, who also donated to the company the land needed for its ditches, reservoirs, etc. It was he, who, when the city lands were surveyed, insisted, against much opposition at the time, on reserving the 400 or 500 acres north of the city now constituting our magnificent Elysian Park, for public uses. One object which he especially had in view was that all citizens, rich and poor alike, could freely go there and take out stone for building or other purposes, for at that period, before the advent of railroads, building stone within reach of the city was scarce.

In the early '80's, Mr Hansen, Leonardo Cota and the writer served as commissioners to partition the big San Pedro or Manuel Dominguez Rancho of 25,000 acres, which included Rattlesnake or Terminal Island, with its frontage on San Pedro Harbor, and also the site of the present town of Redondo with its deep-sea waterfront. As the rancho extended from the San Gabriel River to the "salt works" (Redondo) a distance of about eleven miles, we had an opportunity, in riding nights and mornings to and from the distant portions of the rancho, to discuss almost every conceivable subject that could interest the human mind. And a free discussion of philosophy, morals, sociology, economics, final causes, etc., with a profound philosopher and thinker like George Hansen, could not but prove edifying to any one who cared at all to get at the true theory of things.

Mr. Hansen was an omniverous reader in three languages, German, English and French. He had also an intimate acquaintance with the Spanish language. He was for years a regular subscriber

and reader of the four leading English reviews, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly* and the *Westminster Reviews*, and also the *Popular Science Monthly*. He was thoroughly familiar with the standard writers of his own language, both philosophers and poets, whose wise or striking sayings he used freely to quote and translate.

He was a sincere admirer of Darwin and Herbert Spencer and Huxley, and naturally, with them he believed in the general theory of evolution.

Mr. Hansen had a keen sense of humor though naturally a very serious man. One or two examples will suffice to illustrate this point. Years ago, when the "Fenians" attracted much attention, I met him one day and rallied him about some movement his "countrymen, the Fenians," had just been making, etc. The idea of classing him, a German of the Germans as an Irishman and a Fenian, struck him as so comical that whenever we met after that, for a long time, he could not refrain from referring to his "brethren" or his "countrymen" or to the "Fenian brotherhood" and their somewhat eccentric activities.

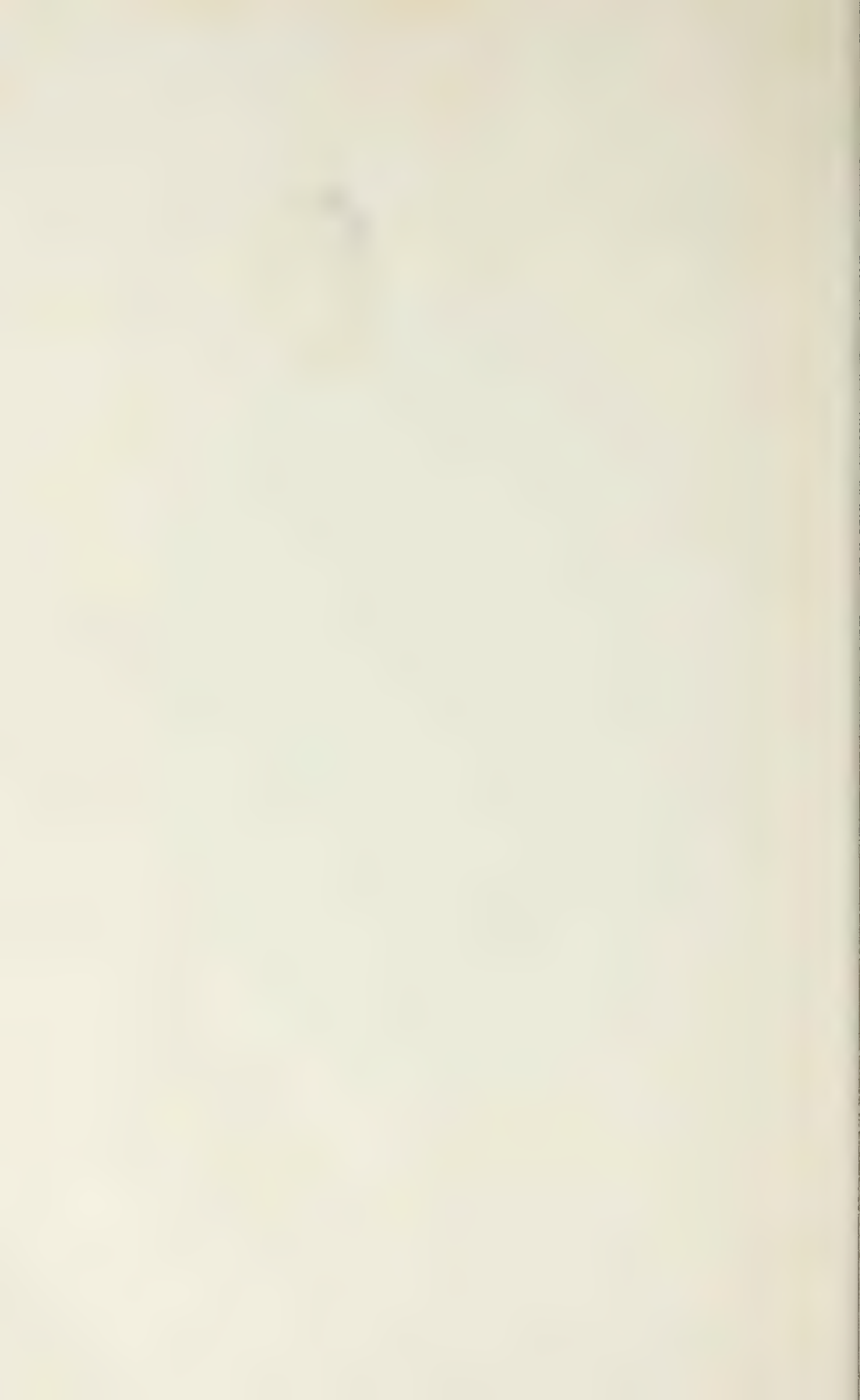
He pretended to have discovered an original and effective mode of "standing off" importunate creditors. He would relate with much seriousness how a man came to him to collect an account and how he treated him with great civility, and asked him to be seated, when he commenced reading to him some of his poetry. The man stood this for a while though plainly showing uneasiness, till finally he got up and said he must be going as he had to meet an engagement, to which Hansen effusively replied that he wanted him to listen to some very fine passages, asking him to take a cigar and not to be in a hurry. Then Hansen dosed him with more poetry—wooden poetry, like much of that which is dosed out to a suffering public in the newspapers and magazines—till at last the man started up in sheer desperation and rushed out of the office, and Hansen said he never saw him afterward. Of course the above was merely an imaginary episode; he probably never wrote a line of poetry in his life.

Mr. Hansen was of a quiet and retiring disposition, being naturally averse to anything like publicity; but he lived a very rich intellectual life and he was held in the highest esteem by his intimate friends. He was a man of progressive and far-reaching ideas, and was ever ready to help any one to build up the city; and, as one of the largest land owners of the city, he did not sell his lots in the





GEORGE HANSEN.



early times for gain, but rather almost gave them away to secure their settlement and improvement, and at the same time to aid worthy poor men. He donated both land and water to the woolen mill to encourage the building up of a useful local industry.

Leaving no relatives in this country, Mr. Hansen willed his property to Alfred Solano, his protégé, whom he had brought up from boyhood and educated as civil engineer. In accordance with his own request his body was incinerated.

I rememeber very well attending a meeting of citizens I think in '72 or '73 held to consider the question of purchasing the Evening Express of George Tiffany, who, it was understood, wished to sell his interest, the desire of our people being to prevent the paper from falling under the control of the railroad company, whose iron grip they had even then begun to feel. A joint stock company was formed, the purchase was made and the paper was placed under the editorial control of Messrs. Ayers and Lynch, who later bought out the other stockholders and became sole owners, and who made the Express a success and a powerful exponent of public opinion. Afterwards Mr. Lynch bought the Herald, Col. Ayers thereafter becoming sole manager of the Express.

As I look back and review the yeoman's service which Col. Ayers rendered to this community during those years, I ask myself the question—what was the main secret of his influence? to which I answer, that he had strong convictions and he was always loyal to those convictions.

In some incidental correspondence on other matters that I had with him last summer, I tried to get him to engage in correspondence in which I hoped to draw him out on many questions of general interest. To which, in reply, he wrote last July: "You have no idea how I have regretted that my health has been such that I have not been enabled to enter upon and keep up such a correspondence as you proposed. It would have been so mutually satisfying and beneficial, and we might have left some useful hints behind us."

Two or three years ago I urged Col. Ayers to write out his remembrances of events and of persons in California since the days of '49 and that, if written with any degree of fullness, such an autobiography, because of the active and prominent part he himself had taken in public affairs, would be in reality a history of California. I am glad to know that he acted on my suggestion. His manuscript autobiograph-



ical history of several hundred pages, which he permitted me to read before his death, is a graphic and exceedingly interesting work, which I hope may soon be published. It is really a valuable contribution to California history. In the mean time, those who desire to learn more of Col. Ayers' varied career, are referred to the *Illustrated History of Los Angeles County*, published in 1889, which contains a sketch of his life, dictated to the writer hereof by himself, and also to the local press which, on the occasion of his death, gave appreciative and interesting accounts of his life and character. The *Herald* eulogy by Mr. Spalding, who, as a newspaper man, knew Col. Ayers intimately, was most admirable and truthful.

I have only pleasant memories of Col. Ayers—such memories as one would naturally retain in associating with a thoroughly cultured man of the world like him, who was "honest to the core," whose heart was as gentle as that of a woman.

Col. Ayers was a fine Shakespearian scholar. He spoke French and Spanish fluently. But one of the highest compliments I can pay to his memory is to express my belief that in all his journalistic career, his influence was ever cast on the side of the people and in favor of human rights and of human freedom.

At the centennial celebration of our national independence by the people of Los Angeles July 4, 1876, Col. Ayers read a poem from which I quote the following lines:

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"E'en as where wrecks on sunken rocks are cast,  
     Show watchful pilots courses safe to trace,  
 So we, by holding still in view the past,  
     By public good may public ill replace.

"One hundred years, summed in a nation's life,  
     Form but the childhood term—the tender age—  
 When, with disease and heedless error rife,  
     The coming man gropes thro' his infant stage.

"Passed are all these; in manhood's stalwart pride  
     We sally forth with destiny to cope,  
 And, daring adverse winds and threatening tide,  
     Launch on the world a new career of hope.

"That hope is Freedom's, here and everywhere  
On this broad earth, where man, downtrod,  
Sends up to heaven a supplicating prayer  
To shield him from the tyrant's ruthless rod!

"To us, entrusted by Almighty hand,  
The ark of freedom, which our fathers bore  
In safety from the dread oppressor's land,  
And planted on Columbia's western shore;—

"To us is given the charge to guard it well;  
And if from public vice the danger come,  
Insidious though it be, and, growing, swell  
With giant power as erst in olden Rome,

"Yet we will grapple with the monster's might—  
Place Virtue on our shields, and with the spear  
Of Truth, firm set in place, bend to the fight,  
And crush it under hoof, 'mid high career.

"Freedom is ours in trust—oh, priceless trust!  
To guard with hearts that beat the Godward side—  
With souls that feel the impulse of the just,  
And rising, swell to Honor's manly pride!

"In every votary's breast she rears a shrine,  
Where inward glows her quenchless vestal flame—  
Enthroned she dwells in every patriot mind,  
And blazons forth from fields of deathless fame.

"Out from thy pregnant womb, O, Time! bring forth  
Men equal to our country's future needs,  
With faces skyward, hearts of purest worth,  
And iron nerves strung to the bravest deeds.

"With these, we'll bid defiance to the woes  
That Fate may launch against our hallowed land—  
Unyielding breasts will brave our open foes,  
And Honor's foot on prostrate Baseness stand."

## ISLA DE LOS MUERTOS.

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

[Written for Overland Monthly.]

As an illustration of nature's progress in removing one of her own landmarks, a little island in San Pedro Bay, known as Dead Man's Island, or more properly Isla de los Muertos, exhibits a fine example. Within a few years the whole facies of this island has been changed by the erosive power of waves and tides, as well as by the winter rains. The base of Dead Man's Island, daily lashed by the rushing waves, shows the effect of waves and tides, in their action on Pliocene rock; and that of the upper stratum, or summit, tells the story of the destructive power of rain on the more recent or quaternary formation. In the transactions of the I. L. Chap. of the A. A., the Hon. Delos Arnold says of Dead Man's Island: "To one who has spent many pleasant and profitable hours in this lonely spot, it cannot but cause an abiding sorrow to witness the devastation that is constantly and rapidly going on by the relentless waves. Within the recollection of persons now living the island has diminished one-half or more, and there are now living those who will see the tides sweeping over the spot where the receding island now stands, unless some steps are taken to protect it."

A few years ago the ocean side on the west of the island could only be reached either by way of the inner harbor or by climbing to the top of the island then descending down the precipitous trail, but now one can walk all around it without obstruction. This has been made possible by an arch cut through the solid rock. A hole, that appeared to be an entrance to a small cave in the rock, has been rapidly enlarged by the waves and breakers which beat with prodigious force against the base of the island until an arch has been formed in the solid rock. When the tide is high the breakers sweep through the arch, but when the tide is low one can easily pass through it around the island.

Dead Man's Island or "Isla de los Muertos," is so small it appears only like a pile of sandy soil in the ocean when viewed from the mainland, but many islands of far greater dimensions are of less value



to history or to science. Historically it is identified with the retaking of the capital of California, at that time the Pueblo de Los Angeles, and scientifically it has a national reputation on account of its fossil shells.

At one time it was possible to wade in the low water from the town of San Pedro to the island, but the building of an inner harbor between these two places has brought on a stretch of water that can only be spanned by a skiff or boat. A breakwater, a mile and one quarter long, connects Dead Man's Island on the east with a long sandy beach, formerly known as "Rattlesnake Island," though now called Terminal Island.

On a clear day the view from the top of Dead Man's Island is fine. One can see, on the west, the little watering place, Santa Catalina, with its narrow isthmus plainly visible, from twenty-five to thirty miles out in the Pacific Ocean. On the mainland, jutting out from the Palos Verdes Hills, Point Firmin, the lighthouse, defines itself against the horizon, then stretched along, one after another on the high bluffs, the towns of San Pedro, Wilmington, Long Beach and Alamitos encircle the bay of San Pedro.

It is easy to conjecture why the island is given so gruesome a cognomen as "Dead Man's Island," or "Isla de los Muertos," by the Spanish in California, as the name hints at a legend. Mr. Stephen C. Foster says that Col. J. J. Warner, who came to this coast in 1831, told him the island got its name from the fact that a sailor who died on a vessel trading on the coast was buried on the island, this was before Col. Warner came, as it more that name when he arrived.

Some years after, when R. H. Dana, Jr., was a sailor before the mast in the American merchant service, he sailed on the California coast, and he has given us a graphic picture of the island. He was in San Pedro on Sunday and his brig, the Pilgrim, "lay in the offing," as far out as he could see, he says, "the only other thing which broke the surface of the great bay was a small, desolate-looking island, steep and conical, of a clayey soil and without the sign of vegetable life upon it, yet which had a peculiar and melancholy interest to me, for on the top of it were buried the remains of an Englishman, the commander of a small merchant brig, who died while lying in this port. It was always a solemn and interesting spot to me. There it stood, desolate and in the midst of desolation; and there were the remains of one who died and was buried alone and friendless. Had it been a common burying place it would have been nothing. The

single body corresponded well with the solitary character of everything around." This was in 1835, a strong contrast to the town-studded bay of today! "It was the only thing in California from which I could ever extract anything like poetry. Then, too, the man died far from home, without a friend near him, by poison, it was suspected, and no one to inquire into it, and without proper funeral rites, the mate, as I was told, glad to have him out of the way and into the ground without a word of prayer."

Although the sea gulls winged their flight for many years over the solitary and desolate grave of the Englishman, other victims, and this time of war, were carried up the hill and lowered into graves dug on its summit. In October, 1846, six American marines, who were killed or died of wounds in the fight at Dominguez ranch, were buried on this island, emphasizing it still more as the Isle of the Dead. As there is considerable variation in authorities in the given number of men killed in this fight, being variously estimated from "four" to "twelve" or "thirteen," as well as the number of graves on the island, I will give some notes copied from the log book of the U. S. S. Savannah for October, 1846. I am indebted to the Secretary of the Navy for this data: "In reply I have to inform you that the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, to whom your letter was referred for an examination of the log book of the U. S. S. Savannah, reports as follows:

"The log book of the U. S. S. Savannah for 1846 shows that the vessel was at Monterey, Cal., during August, 1846.

"First arrived in the Bay of San Pedro October 7, on which date an expedition was landed for the purpose of retaking the town of Pueblo de los Angeles,' (in the earlier official papers of the United States Los Angeles was written Los Angelos,) 'capital of California.' On landing William Smith (1. C. B.) was killed. (This was before the battle) by the accidental discharge of a pistol.'

"The log for October 9 states that 'at 2 the Angelos expedition arrived at the landing, having been unable to effect their object owing to the very superior force of the enemy.' . . .

"The following dead and wounded were brought on board, viz: Michael Hoy (sea;) David Johnson (O. S.;) both dead; Charles Somers (musician,) mortally wounded. William Berry (sea,) severely wounded. . . . Charles Somers, who was mortally wounded in the action of yesterday, departed this life. At 9:30 sent the body of William Smith, who was accidentally killed, and the bodies of

Michael Hoy, James (?) Johnson and Charles Somers, who were killed in the action of yesterday, on an island for interment.'

"October 11 the log states that 'William B. Berry departed this life from wounds received in the action of the 8th. Buried body of W. H. Berry on Dead Man's Island.'

"On October 22 the log shows that 'Henry Lewis (marine) departed this life. . . . Buried on Dead Man's Island the remains of Henry S. Lewis (marine).'

"No further deaths were reported up to November 4, 1846, when the Savannah left the Bay of San Pedro.' Nothing has been found on the records of the department showing the exact size of this island at the time to which you refer." These extracts from the log book settle the question of the number killed in the fight and buried on the island during the month of October, 1846.

Of the fight at Dominguez Ranch, I am indebted for data to Mr. Stephen Foster, who came to California in 1847. In a letter received from him he says of the fight: "In August, 1846, Commodore Stockton took possession of Los Angeles and left a small garrison here. The Californians rose and drove the Americans out, and they went aboard a vessel at anchor at San Pedro. Captain Mervine came from the Bay of San Francisco with the frigate Savannah and started with about two hundred and fifty men afoot for Los Angeles. He had no artillery, and the Californians, all mounted, with a small cannon, met him on Dominguez ranch, about where Compton now stands, and there was a running fight for some three miles. The cannon was quartered in the road and the Californians would make a feint to charge and Mervine would mass his men together to resist cavalry, when the canon would be discharged, and the lancers would wheel about. This was repeated four or five times. Some eight or ten Americans were killed or wounded, the exact number I have never heard, but the dead and wounded were loaded on a cart taken from the Dominguez ranch and sailors pulled the cart to the beach and the dead were buried on the island."

In the history of California by Hubert H. Bancroft, he says of the cannon in the fight: "When Mervine came near, the gun was fired by Ignacio Aguilar, and was immediately dragged away by riatas attached to the horsemen's saddles, to be reloaded at a safe distance. This operation was repeated some half a dozen times in less than an hour. The first discharge did no harm, since the home-made powder was used, but at last the gun was properly loaded and



the solid column affording an excellent target, each shot was effective. Six were killed and as many were wounded, if indeed the loss of Americans was not greater." As has been stated the official record settles the question of the number who died and were buried.

In his "Reminiscences of a Ranger," Major Horace Bell says of the gun used in the fight at Dominguez ranch that it was taken to Dead Man's Island on July 4, 1853, to fire off a national salute.

"Captain Sepulveda mustered and embarked his command on a large boat and proceeded up Wilmington Bay, where he embarked his artillery and sailed for Dead Man's Island, where, after infinite labor, he succeeded in mounting his battery on the highest point of the island, and all being ready we let loose such a thunder as was never exceeded by one gun. It seemed that we would wake the seven sleeping heroes who so quietly reposed on the little barren rock. Don Juan (Sepulveda) said the firing would serve a triple purpose, it would dissipate the last vestage of unfriendly feeling that may have lingered in the bosoms of the sons of the country toward the United States; that it would serve to express our gratitude to the great founders of modern liberty, and it would be an appropriate salute to the seven (six) brave marines who lost their lives in their country's service." . . .

"Don Juan proceeded to tell us how the seven" (there were seven graves, but not all of them killed at the fight at Dominguez Ranch,) "sailors came to be killed. Their wooden head-boards stood in line in front of us." After relating some incidents of the fight, Don Juan Sepulveda said: "The old gun was subsequently buried near my house, and after a nap of six years, here it is, and here am I, and others who dragged it away at the time; and here we are, all of us, the old gun, the old enemies, now friends, and here is brave Higuera, firing a salute of honor over our former foes, who fell in battle. Viva los Estados Unidos! Viva Mexico Somos Amigos." Another link in the history of this little island that connects it with the history of California.

A tangled growth of weeds on the summit of Dead Man's Island has made it impossible for me to distinguish more than five graves on the island, one, sunken two or three feet down, is, I presume, that of the unknown Englishman. One grave on the northwestern corner still has a number of chalk-white fossil shells mixed with yellow soil thrown up on either side of it. Fragments of fossil shells are strewn about the decaying foot and head-boards that mark other graves.

When I was on the island last spring, a companion "paced it." and fifty by one hundred feet proved to be its area. A few years ago a bed of white fossil shells, quaternary, was visible around its summit, but these have been washed down and lodged in the rock-pools at the base of the island. Nearly three hundred species and varieties of fossil shells have been collected on this island. The base of the island is a much older formation than on its loose, sandy summit. Here, near the base, we find fossil shells of the Pliocene, and possibly Miocene strata of rocks. To be able to pick up fossil shells while collecting living ones, is one of the unique experiences a collector can report from the island. And a few years ago conchologists could cut fossil shells from the soft, clayey soil at the bottom of a tide pool! The water would become roiled in tiny clouds as the knife dislodged the soil that formed a clayey matrix around the shell. A number of fine *Fusus barbarensis* and *Fusus corpulentus* were thus found embedded in rocks that formed the base of rock-pools, the home of numerous living mollusks. Dead Man's Island has supplied conchologists with many fossil mollusks now known only to inhabit, in any number, the waters of our northern coast; among these are *Chrysodomus tabulatus* and *Tritonium oregonensis*, the last-named being more especially a Puget Sound and Vancouver Island mollusk.

Identified with California in its history and its science, with all its inhabitants buried on the summit that rises a solitary pile above the ocean breakers, this little vanishing island should be considered as something more than a "desolate-looking island" on the Pacific Coast.

# THE FOUNDERING OF THE STEAMSHIP CENTRAL AMERICA.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read December 6, 1896.]

The loss off Cape Hatteras of the steamer "Central America," with some 500 passengers, mostly from the Pacific Coast, Saturday night, November 12, 1857, was a disaster that caused a profound sensation at the time throughout the country, but especially in California, because so many of the passengers on board that ill-fated ship were Californians. The writer of these lines came very near being one of the number, as he had intended to have left San Francisco on the steamer that would have connected with the "Central America," but at the last moment he decided to take the next steamer, which he did, passing over the same route two weeks later. We first heard of the loss at Havana, off the mouth of the harbor where our steamer called to leave passengers destined for New Orleans, in case the connecting steamer had not left. We did not enter the harbor of Havana because of the existence there of yellow fever. The captain of the port came out and hailed us and informed our captain, who did not understand Spanish, in broken English, that the New Orleans steamer had left, and then immediately added in Spanish: "The 'Central America' has been lost with 500 passengers," which sad news was corroborated at Key West where we arrived next morning.

On my return from the East, in the following December, I made the acquaintance of a fellow-passenger on the steamer, who was on the "Central America" at the time she foundered, who was returning from his eastern trip to his home in Oregon.

In looking over my old papers lately, I came across the following account of his experiences and impressions of that terrible sea tragedy, as I took it down from his lips. My memorandum is dated and reads as follows:

Steamer "John L. Stephens,"

Off Lower California, Dec. 26, 1857.

I have made the acquaintance of a gentleman on board who was on the ill-fated "Central America" at the time of her wreck. He was 12 hours in the water after she went down, but was finally picked up by the Norwegian barque "Ellen," and is now on his way to Ore-



gon where he resides. His name is John D. Dement of Oregon City.

The experiences of an eye-witness of that awful calamity cannot but prove interesting. The public has a right to know all that can be known of the circumstances attending the disaster, so far as they indicate the causes that led to it.

Mr. Dement is a muscular, well-built man, rather above the average stature, with strong nerves, and apparently he is capable of retaining his presence of mind in emergencies—to which qualities he has been indebted under Providence for the preservation of his life on several occasions.

He was on the "Texas," a year ago, when she put into Norfolk in distress; and also on this same "John L. Stephens" last year, off the Gulf of Tehuantepec, in a heavy gale, when, in both cases, he thinks, the storm was fully as severe as that in which the "Central America" was lost. The "Stephens," a year ago this very upward trip, with our present Captain Pearson in command, was disabled by the breaking of the frame work which supported her engine, so that water rushed in at every revolution of her shaft. The passengers were ordered below, and Capt. Pearson remained above almost alone, being obliged to walk the deck in his stocking feet; the bulwarks were washed away, and a portion of one of her wheel houses was broken in; the cattle on board were washed overboard and lost, and the ship was kept to the wind with only enough steam on to keep her from drifting; she finally rode it out, but, of course, made no headway till the storm abated. If her shaft had broken, or her fires had been put out, she would still have had the resource left of sail to have scud before the wind; otherwise she must have laid in the trough of the sea and gone to the bottom—as did the "Central America."

Mr. Dement says that the foremast of the latter was cut away in the early part of the storm, as they said to him, "to keep her from blowing over on her side so much." That, in his opinion, was one fatal mistake among many others. He thinks that even the "George Law" need not have been lost, as it was, from similar causes, in this same storm. He believes the fault in the case of the "Central America" did not lie entirely nor principally with Captain Herndon, nor with his engineers—they were the faithful but straitened employés of a heartless, greedy, money-making company. When the steamer, on the same trip, was coaling at Havana, it came out in the presence of Mr. Dement and others that Captain Herndon could

not do what he would. When called on for more hands to assist, he was obliged to confess that he could not furnish them; that, in fact, he hardly had half a crew. It also came out during their distress, before the steamer went down, when some carpentering was needed, that there was no carpenter among the crew, nor even a set of tools worth the name! For one of the passengers, a western man, came forward, after bailing had been kept up for a long time, and said that he was a ship carpenter, and offered to make a pump, and it was with the greatest difficulty that tools and materials sufficient could be found to make one—a wooden one—but in which he finally succeeded. And the pump did good service, Mr. Dement said, as long as it lasted or till it wore out.

He says he saw but three axes, but other persons were using these. He was unable to get one to cut away some part of the upper works with which to construct a raft. He tried to wrench off some of the doors, but could not, so he waited, hoping to get one of the axes, but without success, when he finally gave it up. Afterwards he spoke to the mate about it, who told him that there had been more axes on board, but in using them to cut away the masts they had been spoilt and some had been dropped down in the hold or lost overboard.

Mr. Dement says that when water was first discovered in the hold by passengers, it was several feet deep, and trunks were floating about in every direction; the steamer was leaking around the lower portholes or "dead lights," which might have been tight at first, but as they were badly rust-eaten, or surrounded by verdigris between them and the wood, they had often been covered with paint, etc., they early began to let in water. Afterwards, on Saturday, when timbers and settees began to float about in the lower cabin, many of these dead-lights were knocked out altogether, and Mr. Dement saw large streams of water pouring in through the apertures. He is sure that the "donkey pump" was in working order, but the fires being out, of course it was useless, for the coal was wet, and, besides, it was dangerous to go down into the coal holds on account of floating timbers and heat, etc., and therefore they did not succeed in getting up steam in the donkey engine to do any good. Everything seemed to have been done when it was too late. The pumps fore and aft, he says, were not in order.

The usual precautions or provision for a wreck were made by the company in the most niggardly and careless manner, if, indeed,

they can be said to have provided at all for any such emergency.

And then, the management on board seems to have been bad, first, in permitting the water to fill the lower hold before it was known that the ship leaked dangerously, and then in not starting the donkey pump at once, and when it was found to be impossible to keep the water from putting out the fires (in which case she must inevitably fall into the trough of the sea,) to cut away her foremast. For she thus would have no means of keeping before the wind, nor of heading to it; no wonder that, in this helpless condition, she filled and sank.

Of Captain Herndon, Mr. Dement thinks that he was wholly unequal to such a terrible situation; that he was a good and brave man and had all the amiable qualities, and that he acted according to his best judgment, but that he was handicapped by the criminal, heartless stinginess of his company, the steamship owners. The passengers appeared to be doing each what he thought best. Bailing companies were formed; some busied themselves in trying to construct rafts; others, completely unmanned, went to their staterooms and shut themselves in. Mr. Dement saw but one attempt made under the direction of the officers of the ship, to construct a raft, though others may have been made.

On Friday (September 11,) about noon, a lunch was served, when the captain came down into the cabin and called on the waiters to come and help carry coal. Passengers soon after commenced bailing with buckets by passing them up from one to another. There was a scarcity of buckets; some had no handles and some soon broke; barrels were afterwards rigged to haul up with teacles, etc. Mr. Dement says he bailed thus Friday afternoon and all night and till Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock, without a morsel to eat, when he concluded, as it was doing no good, to quit; that the ship must founder very soon, as the water inside was filling her cabins, and outside was nearly up to her guards; that it was time to take care of himself, and although he despaired of his life, he determined to do all that could be done to save it, for there was hope so long as there was life.

He went to his trunk, took out some papers of value and some money, and with his overcoat and life-preserver, went on deck and sat down on a trunk in one of the upper state rooms, and leaned back to get a little rest; he slept, he thinks, perhaps two hours, when he awoke, the water had covered the spar-deck and the ship rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea. He awakened a man who was



asleep in the berth, and told him that the ship was sinking. He turned his feet out of the berth and said: "Oh, I guess not."

Mr. Dement stepped outside the stateroom, and the water was ankle high. He went to the wheel house and up on to the hurricane deck, to be as high as possible. It was then about 8 o'clock in the evening. A wave came from the leeward side and ran partly over the deck, washing him between the escape pipe and the smoke stack, and then receded, when another heavy wave from the windward side washed over her, throwing a man against him, which forced him out from between the 'scape pipe and smoke stack, at which she began to settle bodily, her stern going under first, until she was entirely submerged, when she sank—as Lucifer fell, "To rise no more!"

Everything near her was drawn down in her mighty wake. Mr. Dement felt her under his feet no more, but was drawn down a great distance—he knows not how far; but he did not lose his consciousness; he was aware when he ceased going down—he held his breath as long as he could. His life-preserver brought him up with tremendous velocity, but before he came to the surface he lost his breath and began to strangle. But as he reached the upper air and cleared his throat and nostrils of salt water, he saw a short plank near him which he got onto. He soon saw a longer one and swam to it and secured it. He was all this time surrounded by human beings shrieking for help, and struggling in sheer desperation with the surging waves and eddies amid the darkness for their lives, and clinging frantically to each other and going down in utter despair and exhaustion, while those who kept above water were gradually drifted from the scene of that dreadful maelstrom and from each other, to perish one by one, beneath the overwhelming waves.

Mr. Dement floated near what appeared to be one of the wheel houses, with the bowing or semi-circular side up. He swam to it and climbed on it and was thus better able to keep at least his head out of water. On this, he and a man named Brown of Sacramento remained all that Saturday night and until they were picked up. Dement says he had to keep most of the time partly in the water—for the wind was colder than the water—to keep him from getting chilled through. He had left his overcoat on the steamer, but Brown had on his overcoat and stood the cold pretty well and kept on top of the raft all the time. Each occupied a corner, and as they had a great tendency to sleep, they took turns in keeping each other awake

through the night. The waves washed over the raft almost constantly. They heard people halloing about them or in the distance most of the time till daylight.

Sunday morning they saw a sail—the Norwegian bark “Ellen,” making towards them, but it passed without seeing them. They tried to signal with a white handkerchief, but it was wet and of the color of the sea foam; they halloed themselves hoarse, but were not heard. She passed them twice, but finally by the aid of half a life-preserver, they had picked up, they were seen—it was their last chance! The barque made down towards them, and, after several attempts, got a line to them and hauled them onto her decks, and they were safe!

# PIONEER SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS OF LOS ANGELES.

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BY J. M. GUINN.

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[Read October 4, 1897.]

The annual reports of the successive Boards of Education of Los Angeles city for the past twelve years have carried forward in each yearly issue a list of the "persons who have been Superintendents of the Los Angeles city schools." These lists uniformly give Dr. W. T. Lucky, appointed in 1873, as the first Superintendent. There is no statement in any published report that our schools had a supervising officer before Dr. Lucky.

I recently made an extended search through the city archives for data in regard to the early schools of our city and their supervision. I find from the archives that the office of Superintendent was created twenty years before Dr. Lucky's time, and that fourteen persons filled the office before 1873, the date of Dr. Lucky's appointment.

While Los Angeles was under Mexican domination the Ayuntamiento (municipal council,) employed and dismissed teachers and gave the schools all the supervision they received. After the American conquest, the Ayuntamiento was continued for a time as the governing power of the city; and it exercised its former functions in regard to the schools. In July, 1850, the Ayuntamiento was superseded by the Common Council. That body assumed control of the schools, but who examined teachers and supervised their work, the records do not show. Up to 1853 the schools were supported in part by subscription, the Council apportioning a certain amount of the municipal fund to each school for the educating of poor children.

The first ordinance establishing public schools in Los Angeles city was passed by the Common Council, July 26, 1853. This ordinance provided for the appointment by the Council of three Commissioners of Public Schools, "who shall serve as a City Board of Education. The chairman of said board shall be Superintendent of the Public Schools of the city." The board was empowered to examine and appoint teachers and to build school houses. At the next meeting of the Council, J. Lancaster Brent, Lewis Granger and Stephen C. Foster were appointed a Board of Education, J. Lancaster Brent,



by virtue of his position as chairman of the board, becoming Superintendent.

In May, 1854, Hon. Stephen C. Foster, on assuming the office of Mayor, in his inaugural address, said: "First in importance among the needs of our city is education. Our last census shows more than 500 children within the corporate limits of age to attend school, three-fourths of whom have no means of procuring an education other than that afforded by the public schools." He urged the organization of a Board of Education to manage the schools, the appointment of a Superintendent, and the building of two school houses conveniently located.

At the next meeting of the Council an ordinance was presented and passed, providing for the appointment by the City Council of three school trustees or commissioners, a superintendent and a school marshal.

At a meeting of the City Council, held May 20, 1854, Lewis Grainger, a member of the Council moved that Stephen C. Foster be appointed City Superintendent of Common Schools. Manuel Requena, Francis Mellus and W. T. B. Sanford, trustees, and G. W. Cole, school marshal. The appointments were confirmed. Thus the Mayor of the city became its first School Superintendent, and three of the seven members of the Council constituted its first Board of Education.

The duties of Superintendent, as defined in the ordinance, were "to examine all persons wishing to teach in the common schools within the city, to grant certificates of approbation to such as are well qualified morally and intellectually to teach, and to revoke certificates for cause; to visit the schools monthly, making such suggestions for the improvement and welfare of the schools as he may think proper, and to hold a public examination once a year." The school board and the superintendent set vigorously to work to secure the erection of a school building. Before the close of the school year, schoolhouse No. 1, located on the northwest corner of Spring and Second streets, on the lot now occupied by the Bryson Block and the old City Hall, was completed and occupied. It was a two-story brick building, and cost in the neighborhood of \$6000. It was well out in the suburbs then, the center of population at that time being in the neighborhood of the Plaza. To Stephen C. Foster belongs the credit of inaugurating the public school system of our city, and to him is due the honor of being its first School Superintendent. (J. Lancaster Brent was Superintendent ex-officio, only.)

From 1853 to 1866, the Common Council appointed the members of the Board of Education and the School Superintendents. The board in early times being a creation of the Council it would naturally be supposed that the relations between the two bodies would be harmonious. On the contrary, we find the relations were sometimes so strained that they snapped asunder.

In the minutes of the Council proceedings for July 7, 1856, appears this resolution: "Resolved, That page 7 of the School Commissioners' record be pasted down on page 8, so that the indecorous language written therein by the School Commissioners of 1855 can never again be read or seen, said language being couched in such terms that the present School Commissioners are not willing to use said record." What the provocation was that called forth such vigorous language from the members of the Board of Education does not appear. Doubtless the City Fathers deserved a verbal castigation, but as they had their innings last, they vindicated their reputations by a liberal use of the paste-pot.

From 1866 to 1870, the School Boards and the Superintendents were elected by popular vote at the city election. In 1870, the office was discontinued. The city in school affairs at that time was governed by three trustees, the same as a county district. There was no authority in the school law for the election or appointment of a Superintendent. In 1872, a special act of the Legislature created a City Board of Education, consisting of five members, and gave it power to appoint a Superintendent. In 1889, the new charter created a board of nine members, one from each ward. The appointment of the Superintendent and assistant remains with the board.

The following is the list of persons who have filled the office of Superintendent since its creation, in 1854, down to the present time:

Stephen C. Foster .....	1854 to 1855
Dr. William B. Osburn .....	1855 to 1856
Dr. John S. Griffin .....	1856 to 1857
J. Lancaster Brent .....	1857 to 1858
E. J. C. Kewen .....	1858 to 1859
Rev. W. E. Boardman .....	1859 to 1862
A. F. Hinchman .....	1862 to 1863
Gustavus L. Mix .....	1863 to 1864
R. F. Hayes .....	1864 to 1865
Rev. Elias Birdsell .....	1865 to 1866
Joseph Huber, Sr. ....	1866 to 1867

H. D. Barrows .....	1867 to 1868
Andrew Glassell .....	1868 to 1869
Dr. T. H. Rose .....	1869 to 1870
No Superintendent .....	1870 to 1873
Dr. W. T. Lucky .....	1873 to 1876
C. H. Kimball .....	1876 to 1880
Mrs. C. B. Jones .....	1880 to 1881
J. M. Guinn .....	1881 to 1883
L. D. Smith .....	1883 to 1885
William M. Freisner .....	1885 to 1893
Leroy D. Brown .....	1893 to 1894
P. W. Search .....	1894 to 1895
J. A. Foshay .....	1895 to

The pioneer Superintendents were men of education and standing in the community. Many of them were prominent in civic affairs other than educational.

Stephen C. Foster,\* the first Superintendent, still living at a ripe old age, is a graduate of Yale College. He has filled many city offices, as well as several county and State positions. He is the best authority extant on the history of our city and county. He has been identified with their growth and progress for more than half a century.

Dr. William B. Osburn, the second City Superintendent, was a man of versatile genius and varied attainments. He came to the Coast in 1847, as hospital steward of Col. Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers. After the expiration of his term of service, he located in Los Angeles. He had a penchant for pioneering. He started the first drug store, opened the first auction house, established the first nursery and introduced the first ornamental trees and shubbery into Los Angeles. He had a genius, too, for office-holding. He was collectively Postmaster, School Superintendent, Coroner and City Marshal. Whether it was his familiarity with letters, or his experience in a nursery that suggested to the Council his fitness for School Superintendent, the records do not show. The doctor was the hero of one of the famous rides of history, or rather he would be the hero had the ride ever gotten into history. A Mexican outlaw attempted to assassinate Judge Hays. The Sheriff, his deputy and Osburn followed the desperado across the river and out to the hills beyond Boyle Heights, to where there was an adobe house, the resort of outlaws. As the trio approached the house in the darkness they



were greeted with a volley from the guns of the desperadoes inside. The doctor, fearing that the next volley might create a vacancy in the offices of postmaster, school superintendent, coroner and marshal, and at the same time deprive the city of a political boss, a horticulturist and an auctioneer, turned his horse's head toward the city and fled. The deputy, seeing the doctor depart, followed after, and the sheriff, finding his forces falling back, dashed after to rally them.

The doctor, hearing the clatter of hoofs following supposed he was pursued by all the desperadoes in the lower country, and the deputy, hearing the hoof thuds of the sheriff's horse, thought they were after him, too, and spurred his horse on to overtake the doctor. Wilder and more furious became the race. The doctor plunged the rowels into his steed in a mad effort to distance his pursuers, the deputy, with whip and rein, urged his to greater speed and the mesa resounded with the clatter of flying hoofs. There was no bridge across the river in those days. The road led down to the ford through a narrow cut. The doctor in his wild haste missed the road and went over the bank into the sand and water of the river. The deputy, like Jill in the famous nursery rhyme, "came tumbling after," and the sheriff, unable to check the speed of his racer plunged into the mingled mass of man and horse.

The three worthies extricated themselves from their fallen steeds, and faced each other in the river bed; and then and there it was revealed to each who was the pursuer and who was the pursued. They stole quietly back to the city, but the story of the famous ride, like "murder will out."

Dr. John S. Griffin, third in succession to the office of City Superintendent of Schools, still lives in the city, a hale old man of 81 years. He came to the Coast as surgeon on Gen. Kearney's staff in 1846. He married Miss Louisa Hayes, the first principal of the girls' department of the Spring-street school. His successor in office, J. Lancaster Brent, was an attorney and a noted politician. He was the leader of the Rosewaters in the political faction fights of forty years ago. He went South at the breaking out of the Civil War and linked his fortunes with the Confederacy. What his subsequent fortunes or misfortunes were, deponent saith not. The fifth Superintendent was E. J. C. Kewen, an attorney, noted for his eloquence. He was the first Attorney-General of California. At the time of his appointment he had recently returned from filibustering under Wal-

ker in Central America. His military training under the "Gray-eyed Man of Destiny" was doubtless deemed by the Council an essential requisite of a Superintendent in the days when filibustering was regarded as a legitimate outlet for the military ardor of the young Angeleños.

The Rev. W. E. Boardman, a Presbyterian clergyman, succeeded Kewen, and held the office for three terms, of one year each. He was the first Superintendent to be reelected. The early Councils apparently believed in rotation in office, and gave a Superintendent but one year of honor—as to emoluments, there were none connected with the office. Of the subsequent history of Mr. Boardman, I know nothing. Having experimented in school supervision, with law, medicine and theology in about equal proportions, the Council for a time took a practical turn, probably in response to the public demand for practical education, and appointed business men to the office.

A. F. Hinchman was engaged in transportation and shipping at the time of his appointment. His successor, G. L. Mix, was an accountant, clerk, book-keeper; also County Assessor and a general utility man in the clerical line. Then, the office gravitated back to the law, and for a time it was alternately law and gospel in the schools. Then the schools had a commercial training under merchant superintendents, another concession, probably to the demand for a business education. Then the legal profession had one more trial, and that was the last.

It was not until 1869, fifteen years after the office was created, that a teacher, Dr. T. H. Rose, was elected to the position. Rose was an ex-physician. He had given up the practice of medicine and adopted teaching for a profession. He was a successful teacher. That he did not succeed as Superintendent was through no fault of his. At that time the sexes were educated separately in the higher grades of schools. Dr. Rose was principal of the boys' grammar school, and there was a lady principal of the girls' grammar school. The relations between the two principals were strained to the utmost before Dr. Rose's election, and after that event they snapped asunder. The lady principal defied his authority and refused to be supervised. An investigation of the law governing the schools revealed the fact that the office existed in name, but the incumbent had neither power nor authority to enforce his decrees. So the office died of inanition and the schools worried along for nearly three years without a Superintendent. In 1873, Dr. W. T. Lucky, a professional teacher, was appointed by the Board of Education. The succeeding Superintendents have all been selected from the educational ranks.

## SECRETARY'S REPORT.

1897.

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*To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:*

Your secretary reports as follows:

Number of meetings held.....	9
Number of papers read.....	16
Number of new members admitted.....	7
Number of members died.....	2

In addition to the regular monthly meetings of the society a meeting was held conjointly with the California Society, Sons of the Revolution, and the Eschscholtzia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on the evening of July 3 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the first celebration of the Fourth of July held in California. The first public celebration of our nation's birthday in California was held in Fort Moore on Fort Hill, Los Angeles, July 4, 1847.

The following, taken from the Daily Times' report of the meeting, describes the hall decorations and gives a brief synopsis of the exercises:

"A large audience filled the hall of the Friday Morning Club last night for the purpose of assisting at a commemorative celebration of California's first Fourth of July, which occurred just half a century ago. The observance of this semi-centennial Independence day in the history of California was held under the auspices of the Historical Society of Southern California, the Eschscholtzia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the California Society, Sons of the Revolution.

"The hall was draped with flags and red, white and blue bunting. The president's desk was hidden under the folds of the old flag, and above his head hung a large portrait of Washington. At the head of the hall hung the shield of the Historical Society, bearing in panels the insignia of the three governments which have ruled over the territory of California, Spain, Mexico and the United States. Beneath hung the silver shield of the Sons of the Revolution, with a golden-embossed center, surrounded by a horse shoe of gold stars, one for each of the thirteen original States, set in a dark-blue bed. Photographs and maps of old Fort Moore covered the walls and lent viv-



idness to the historical references of the speakers who dealt with the Golden State's first Fourth of July.

"As an introductory measure, a quartette, consisting of Misses Edna Foy, Beatrice Kohler, Vella Knox and Sarah Simonds, played Schubert's "Marche Militaire," which was enthusiastically received.

"After this musical call to order, Dr. J. D. Moody in a few introductory remarks spoke of the peculiar interest of the present day. Just fifty years ago today the first Fourth of July was celebrated in Southern California by Col. Stevenson and his soldiers. It was especially fitting at this half-century date to celebrate in proper form the anniversary of that event. It is the duty and work of the Historical Society to preserve all data bearing upon such occasions, and it is fortunately in possession of a perfect treasure house of historical information, upon which the present and future generation will satisfy their hunger for knowledge. Then referring to the peculiar interest of the day celebrated, and especially on this occasion from the Californian's standpoint, Dr. Moody introduced J. M. Guinn, secretary of the Historical Society, who gave an extremely interesting address on "July 4, 1847," in which he reviewed from a historical standpoint the events leading to the conquest of California. He gave a description of the building of old Fort Moore on Fort Hill, in this city, where the Fourth of July was first celebrated in California. He described the celebration—the soldiers drawn up in a hollow square and the native Californians seated on their horses beyond. The Declaration of Independence was read in Spanish by Stephen C. Foster for the benefit of the newly-made citizens, and in English by Capt. Stuart Taylor. A salute was fired from the guns of the fort and the day closed with a ball."

After the singing of the "Red, White and Blue" by Capt. J. A. Osgood, in the chorus of which the audience joined heartily, Col. S. O. Houghton was introduced. His subject was "California Fifty Years Ago." Col. Houghton came to the Coast as adjutant of Col. Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers, landing in California in March, 1847. He described the country and the manners and customs of the people as he saw them fifty years ago. He related a number of his early personal experiences which lent local color to his reminiscences. His address was exceedingly interesting.

Holdridge O. Collins, president of the California Society, Sons of the Revolution, delivered an interesting and instructive address on the purposes and work of that society. He introduced his subject by saying: "The society of Sons of the Revolution, existing in nearly

every State and Territory of our country, with an earnest and zealous membership of about twenty thousand gentlemen, has, as one of its principal objects the perpetuation of the records of those whose sacrifices of blood and treasure, wrested from the most powerful nation of the earth, an empire whose natal day, as an independent sovereignty we celebrate this evening." He outlined some of the needs of the present time that demand the cultivation of patriotism in the people. The regent of the Eschscholtzia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution made a short address on behalf of that organization. The closing address of the evening was delivered by Major J. A. Donnell, his subject being "Old and New England." He traced the growth of the sentiment of liberty from the days of Magna Charta in old England; its transfer to New England and its expansion and development in the new world.

A number of valuable donations have been received this year. Among the most valuable of these are bound files of the Los Angeles Daily Star, beginning July, 1873, and running consecutively to July, 1877; also the San Diego Weekly Bulletin from July, 1870, to February, 1873, and the Sacramento Daily Record, from December, 1873, to March, 1874. These constitute nine large volumes. They were donated to the society by Major Ben C. Truman, who was editor and publisher of the Bulletin and the Star between the dates mentioned. The society returns him its most sincere thanks for his valuable donation.

The volumes of the Star donated by Major Truman fill a break in our set of that paper; and taken in connection with sets of other city papers in our possession, give us an almost unbroken file of Los Angeles papers from July, 1854, down to the present time—the most nearly complete of any file in existence.

Dr. J. S. Cowen of Fort Jones, Siskiyou county, Cal., through Mr. Noah Levering, presented to the society a number of Indian relics for which the society returns its thanks.

J. M. GUINN, Secretary:

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

1897.

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*To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California :*

We, the undersigned members of the society's Committee on Publication, do respectfully report that in accordance with the order of the board of directors, we have selected matter for and have printed the required number of the society's annual for 1897. In addition to the 500 copies ordered by the board of directors, we have had 200 printed for the Pioneers of Los Angeles county. These copies that organization takes at cost. The annual publication of the society bears in addition to the usual title—"Pioneer Register." It contains a sketch of the organization of the Pioneers of Los Angeles county, a list of the officers of that society, its constitution, bylaws and roll of members to February 1, 1898.

The present number contains half-tone cuts of four distinguished pioneers recently deceased. It is designed, in future issues of our annual, to make the biographies of noted pioneers a prominent feature.

During the year your committee has endeavored to provide for the different meetings of the society as varied a programme as possible. The papers presented cover a wide range of subjects, but all pertain to some phase of history.

In this, as well as in all previous publications of the society, it is understood the authors and not the society or the committee are responsible for the statements made in their papers, and for the views and opinions expressed.

The following are the titles of papers read before the society during the year 1897: (No meetings were held in the months of January, August and September.)

FEBRUARY.

President's Inaugural Address.....Dr. J. D. Moody

MARCH.

"Forgotten Landmarks".....J. M. Guinn



APRIL.

Don David W. Alexander.....H. D. Barrows  
 "Camping in Yosemite".....Dr. Kate C. Moody

MAY.

"A Study of Carnivals".....Dr. J. D. Moody  
 "Gov. Felipe de Neve".....H. D. Barrows

JUNE.

"The Santa Barbara Indians.....Dr. Stephen Bowers, A. M., Ph. D.

JULY.

"Old Fort Moore".....J. M. Guinn

OCTOBER.

Biographical Sketch of Dr. Wm. F. Edgar .....H. D. Barrows  
 "The California Indians".....Prof. A. E. Yerex  
 "Pioneer School Superintendents of Los Angeles.....J. M. Guinn

NOVEMBER.

"Echoes of the Revolution.....Dr. J. D. Moody  
 "The Cantilever Bridge of the Colorado..Mrs. M. Burton Williamson  
 "Our Society's Fourteenth Birthday".....J. M. Guinn

DECEMBER.

"Two Notable Pioneers, Col. J. J. Ayers and George Hansen,  
 .....H. D. Barrows  
 Respectfully submitted.

H. D. BARROWS,  
 J. M. GUINN,  
 R. L. ASHLEY,  
 Committee on Publication.

## CURATOR'S REPORT.

Whole number of bound volumes.....	845
Number of pamphlets and paper-covered books.....	3755
Number of daily papers received and filed for binding.....	5
Number of weekly newspapers .....	5
Number of monthly magazines.....	5
Number of quarterlies.....	7

The society has a large collection of curios, relics, pictures, photographs, autographs, maps and Spanish documents. On account of the cramped and inadequate quarters in which the society is compelled to store its library and other historical material (not having the means to procure more suitable rooms,) its collection has not been classified and catalogued. A large amount of our material is boxed up and is not easily accessible. We keep adding to our collection; and we live in hopes that some liberal-minded donor may sometime in the future donate us the means to fit up an historical museum.

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

## TREASURER'S REPORT.

Jan'y 4, 1897, to Jan'y 3, 1898.

1897.	RECEIPTS.	
Jan'y 4—	Balance on hand as per Treasurer's Report of this date..	\$85 45
	Dues paid to Jan'y 3, 1898.....	46 65
1897	Membership fees .....	10 00
Jan'y 3, 1898.		
	Total receipts .....	\$142 10

1897.	DISBURSEMENTS.	
Feb'y 5—	Printing Annual .....	\$82 00
" 13	Rent and gas, January and February meetings	1 50
Mch 22	Expenses of March meeting and entertain- ment .....	5 90
	Secretary's expenses, viz., postage, envelopes, paper and postal cards.....	9 15
	Express and drayage.....	2 25
	Janitor's services cleaning Society rooms....	1 50
	Lock and repairs on mail box.....	75
	Binding 3 volumes Society's publications....	2 10
	Balance on hand.....	36 95
		\$142 10—\$142 10
	Balance on hand.....	\$36 95

E. BAXTER, Treasurer.

# PIONEER REGISTER.

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## Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

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### OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1897-98.

#### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

B. S. EATON	LOUIS ROEDER
J. M. GRIFFITH	J. M. GUINN
WM. H. WORKMAN	H. D. BARROWS
HENRY W. O'MELVENY	

#### OFFICERS.

B. S. EATON	- - - - -	President
J. M. GRIFFITH	- - - - -	First Vice-President
WM. H. WORKMAN	- - - - -	Second Vice-President
LOUIS ROEDER	- - - - -	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN	- - - - -	Secretary

#### COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

J. W. GILLETTE	WM. FERGUSON
AUGUST SCHMIDT	

#### FINANCE COMMITTEE.

HORACE HILLER	D. G. STEPHENS
JOEL B. PARKER	



# PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

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## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ORGANIZATION.

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BY J. M. GUINN.

Although the first discovery of gold was made within the present limits of Los Angeles county, and the first miners' rush that ever took place on the Pacific Coast was to the gold placers of the Sierra Madre foothills, yet but very few of the Argonauts located in Los Angeles. The emigration to California by the southern routes across the plains brought thousands of gold-seekers into Los Angeles. Their stay here was brief; they hurried on to the gold fields of Northern California. Los Angeles was contemptuously spoken of as a cow county. Her genial climate and fertile soil had no attractions for men who were not looking for climate and who had no use for any soil not mixed with gold dust.

From these causes pioneers of the early American era have never been a numerous class in Los Angeles. No attempt seems to have been made in early days to form a Society of Pioneers similar to the societies formed in San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, San José and other cities and towns of Northern and Central California.

About ten years ago an organization was effected of persons who came to California previous to its admission as a State. Hon. B. S. Eaton was the president and Francis Baker, secretary. The membership was small, and the society after a brief existence dissolved. There were not enough pioneers of the class entitled by its rules to membership to support a society.

For several years past the question of forming a Pioneer Society or an Old Settlers' Association has been discussed by old-timers, but no definite action was taken toward forming such an organization until the 2d of August, 1897, when in response to an editorial in the Daily Herald and an invitation sent to some of the old residents, a meeting was held on the afternoon of the above date in the business office of the Herald (then located on Third street, in the Bradbury Block,) to take the preliminary steps toward forming a Pioneer society. There were present J. M. Griffith, A. L. Both, H. H. S. Orme, M. Teed, J. M. Elliott, J. W. Gillette, J. M. Guinn, H.

W. O'Melveny and W. A. Spalding. J. M. Griffith acted as president and W. A. Spalding as secretary. The sentiment of the meeting was in favor of a large organization. No definite date of arrival in the county was fixed upon as a requisite for membership. A committee to formulate a plan of organization was appointed. The members of the committee were H. D. Barrows, J. W. Gillette, J. M. Guinn, Dr. H. S. Orme, Dr. J. S. Griffin, Harris Newmark, Henry W. O'Melveny and B. S. Eaton. The president of the meeting J. M. Griffith, was made a member of the committee. The meeting then adjourned.

August 5, 1897, in response to an invitation from Henry W. O'Melveny, Esq., the Committee on Organization met in the rooms of the California Club, Wilcox Block; present of the committee, J. M. Griffith B. S. Eaton, H. D. Barrows, J. W. Gillette, H. W. O'Melveny, J. M. Guinn and H. S. Orme.

On motion of J. M. Guinn, Judge B. S. Eaton was elected chairman. On motion of Dr. H. S. Orme, J. M. Guinn was chosen secretary. On motion of J. W. Gillette, "The Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County" was selected as the name of the organization. H. W. O'Melveny moved that persons arriving in the county of Los Angeles on or before December 31, 1870, be considered eligible to membership. The motion was seconded, and after considerable discussion, carried.

On motion, B. S. Eaton, H. D. Barrows and J. M. Guinn were appointed a sub-committee to draft a constitution and by-laws and submit the same for the approval of the general committee at a meeting to be held August 10. J. M. Griffith invited the committee and reporters of the daily papers present to join him in a dinner at the club rooms on the evening of the 10th. Adjourned.

August 10, the committee met in the club rooms, and after partaking of a sumptuous dinner given by Hon. J. M. Griffith proceeded to business. Present of the committee: J. M. Griffith, B. S. Eaton, J. W. Gillette, H. D. Barrows, J. M. Guinn and H. S. Orme.

The sub-committee appointed at the previous meeting submitted a draft of a constitution and by-laws. The committee recommended for the name of the organization, "Pioneers of Los Angeles County," and that the time of residence in the county to render a person eligible to membership be fixed at twenty-five years. It was argued that by adopting a movable date for eligibility to membership the society would continue to grow, whereas if a fixed date was adopted the so-

ciety would begin to decline as soon as all eligible had been enrolled. The constitution and by-laws, after a few changes, were adopted by the full committee. It was decided to call a meeting of persons eligible to membership under the clause of the constitution just adopted to assemble in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce, September 4, 1897, at 8 p.m., for the purpose of adopting a constitution and by-laws, electing officers and otherwise completing the organization.

At the meeting of September 4, twenty-four persons were present, and signed the roll and paid the annual fee. The constitution and by-laws prepared by the Committee on Organization were submitted, and, after a few changes, adopted. The following-named persons were chosen a Board of Directors: Louis Roeder, W. H. Workman, H. D. Barrows, J. M. Griffith, B. S. Eaton, H. W. O'Melveny and J. M. Guinn. The directors then proceeded to elect the officers of the society from their number. B. S. Eaton was chosen president, J. M. Griffith, first vice-president; W. H. Workman, second vice-president; J. M. Guinn, secretary, and Louis Roeder, treasurer. At the meeting of October 4, ninety-six applications were received. It was decided to keep the roll of charter members open to and including the first meeting in January, 1898. When the charter, or founders' roll, closed on January 4, 1898, 180 members had been enrolled in the organization.



# PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

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## CONSTITUTION.

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[Adopted September 4, 1897.]

### ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

### ARTICLE II.

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership. (Note.—At the meeting of January 4, 1898, it was decided by a vote of the society that persons born in the state are not eligible to membership.)

### ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be elected from the members outside the Board of Directors.

### ARTICLE IV.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to-wit, the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

## ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction, after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

## ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the Board of Directors at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendments shall receive a two-thirds vote of all members present and voting, the same shall be declared adopted.

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BY-LAWS.

[Adopted September 4, 1897.]

Section 1. All members of this society who shall have signed the constitution and by-laws, or who shall have been duly elected to membership after the adoption of the constitution and by-laws shall be entitled to vote at all meetings of the society.

Section 2. The annual dues of each member shall be one dollar, payable in advance.

Section 3. Each person on admission to membership shall sign the constitution and by-laws with his or her name in full, together with his or her place of birth, age, residence, occupation and the day, month and year of his or her arrival within the limits of Los Angeles county.

Section 4. At the annual meeting, the president shall appoint a committee of three on membership. He shall also at the same time appoint a committee of three on finance. All applications for mem-

bership shall be referred to the Committee on Membership for examination.

Section 5. Every applicant for membership shall be recommended by two members of the society in good standing. The application shall state the applicant's full name, age, birthplace, place of residence, occupation and date of his or her arrival in the county of Los Angeles.

Section 6. Each application must be accompanied by the annual fee (one dollar,) and shall lie over for one month, when a vote shall be taken by ballot. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 7. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 8. The Finance Committee shall examine all accounts against the society, and no bill shall be paid by the treasurer unless approved by a majority of the Finance Committee.

Section 9. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, the Board of Directors shall call a meeting of the society within thirty days thereafter, when said vacancy shall be filled by election for the remainder of the unexpired term.

Section 10. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of the society is unable for the time being to pay the annual dues, as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have the power to remit the same.

Section 11. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, except the month of September, when the annual meeting shall take the place of the monthly meeting. Special meetings may be called by the president, or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meeting except that specified in the call.

Section 12. Changes and amendments of these by-laws may be made by submitting the same in writing to the Board of Directors at least one month prior to any stated meeting. Said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendments shall receive a two-thirds vote of all members present and voting, the same shall be declared adopted.



## ROLL OF CHARTER MEMBERS.

Name.	Age.	Birthplace.	Occupation.	Ar. in Co.	Res.	Ar. in State.
Abernethy, Wm. B.,	59	Missouri	Merchant	Apr '72	617 W. 9th	1853
Abernethy, Laura G.	46	Iowa	.....	Apr '72	617 W. 9th	1866
Ayers, James J. *	67	Scotland	Editor	Aug 18,'72	Azusa	1849
* Died Nov. 10, 1897						
Bath, Albert L.	68	Nova Scotia	Retired	1871	508 W. 5th st	1851
Baker, Francis	69	Mass.	Speculator	Sep 17,'51	1333 Wright st	1849
Barclay, John H.	54	Canada	Carpenter	Aug '71	Fernando	1869
Barrows, Henry D.	72	Conn.	Retired	Dec 12,'54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A.	67	Conn.	Retired	May '68	236 Jefferson	1868
Bayer, Joseph	51	Germany	Oil Producer	July 4,'70	746 Broadway	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	55	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan 14,'61	227 N. Hill	1861
Bent, Henry K. W.	66	Mass.	Retired	Oct. '98	Claremont	1858
Bixby, Jotham	66	Maine	Capitalist	June '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	59	Vt.	Attorney	May '72	226 S. Hill	1868
Bouton, Edward	93	New York	Real Estate	Aug '68	769 Castelar	1868
Brode, Charles	...	Germany	Merchant	Jan 19,69	1229 S. Olive	.....
Brossmer, Sig.	52	Germany	Builder	Nov 28,'68	129 Wilm'n	1867
Bush, Charles H.	62	Penn.	Jeweler	March '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	66	New York	Agent	Nov 18,'53	152 Wright	1853
Butterfield, S. H	49	Penn.	Farmer	Aug '69	Burbank	1868
Caswell, Wm. M.	40	California	Cashier	Aug 3,'67	1093 E Wash.	1857
Conkelman, Bernard	65	Germany	Retired	Jan 3,'67	310 S. L. A. st	1864
Cohn, Kaspere	58	Germany	Merchant	Dec '59	1211 S. Hill	1659
Crimmins, John	46	Ireland	Mast Plumb	March '69	127 W. 25th	1869
Crawford, J. S.	60	N. Y.	Dentist	1866	Downey Blk	1858
Craig, James	56	Ireland	Civil Eng'r	April '69	Lamanda	1868
Currier, A. T.	57	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Dalton, W. T.	52	Ohio	Fruit Gro'er	1851	1900 Cen'l Ave	1851
Davis, A. E.	57	N. Y.	Supervisor	Nov '65	2904 Ver Ave	1857
Davis, John	57	N. Y.	Carpenter	April '72	University	1872
Dooner, P. W.	53	Canada	Lawyer	May 1,'72	848 S. Broad'y	1872
Dohs, Fred	51	Germany	Capitalist	Sept '69	614 E. First st	1858
Dodson, Wm. R.	56	Arkansas	Hotel k'p'r	Sept '68	El Monte	1868
Dotter, John C.	60	Germany	Merchant	June 20,'59	608 Temple	1859
Desmond, D.	63	Ireland	Merchant	Sept 2,'69	937 S. Hill	1868
Desmond, C. C.	36	Mass.	Merchant	Sept '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dunkelberger, I. R.	65	Pa.	Retired	Jan '66	1218 W. 9th	1866
Dunlap, J. D.	72	N. H.	Miner	Nov '59	Silverado	1850
Dryden, Wm.	61	N. Y.	Farmer	May '68	Los Angeles	.....
Eaton, Benj. S.	73	Conn.	Manufact'r	1851	433 Sherman st	
Eaton, Frederick	42	California	Civil Eng'r	1855	460 West Lake	1855
Ebinger, Louis	53	Germany	Merchant	Oct 9,'71	755 Maple Ave	.....

Elliott, J. M.	52	S. C.	Banker	Nov '70	Alhambra	1870
Foster, Stephen C.*	78	Maine	Retired	March 23, '47	221 E Second.	1846
Fleishman, Henry J.	35	California	Cashier	July 5, '62	221 W. Fourth	1862
Foy, Samuel C.	67	D. C.	Merchant	March '54	651 S. Figr'oa	1852
Furguson, Wm.	66	Arkansas	Retired	April '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	53	N. Y.	Merchant	Ang 72	1103 Ingraham	1865
* Died Jan. 27, 1898.						
Garey, Thomas A.	67	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct 14, '52	2822 Maple Av	1852
Garvey, Richard	58	Ireland	Farmer	Dec '58	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T.	44	N. Y.	Attorney	Aug '72	1146 W. 28th	1872
Gillette, J. W.	60	N. Y.	Inspector	May '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	43	Illinois	Housewife	Aug '68	322 Temple	1864
Gould, Will D.	52	Vt.	Attorney	Feb 28, '72	Beaudry Av	1872
Glassell, Andrew	67	Va.	Attorney	Dec '65	352 Buena Vis	1853
Gollmer, Charles	47	Germany	Merchant	1868	1520 Flower	1868
Gibson, Frank A.	46	Iowa	Banker	Dec 1, '72	520 Court st	1866
Griffith, J. M.	68	Md.	Retired	April '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	57	N. Y.	Manufact'er	May '72	W. Ninth st	1872
Green, Floyd E.	...	Illinois	Manufact'er	May '72	W. Ninth st	1872
Guinn, James M.	62	Ohio	Retired	Oct 18, '69	115 S. Grand Av	1864
Goldsworthy, John	57	England	Surveyor	March 20, '69	790 E. 16th st	1852
Griffin, John S.	82	Va.	Physician	Jan 7, '47	1109 Dow'y Av	1846
Haines, Rufus R.	71	Maine	Telegrapher	June '71,	218 W. 27th	1857
Harris, Emil	58	Prussia	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. 8th st	1857
Hargett, C.	75	England	Carpenter	July '72	747 Yale	1871
Harper, C. F.	65	N. C.	Merchant	May '68	Laurel	1863
Harris, Leopold	62	Prussia	Merchant	Feb 4, '54	935 S. Hill	1858
Hazard, Geo. W.	55	Illinois	Clerk	Dec 25, '54	841 S Olive	1854
Hazard, Henry T.	54	Illinois	Attorney	Dec 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	53	Germany	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Heinzeman, C. F.	56	Germany	Druggist	June 6, '68	620 S. Grand Av	1868
Horgan, T.	63	Ireland	Plasterer	Sept 18, '70	320 Jackson	1858
Hunter, Jane E	54	N. Y.	.....	Jan '66	327 S. Broadway.....	
Hiller, Horace	53	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct '69	147 W. 23d st	1869
Huber, C. E.	52	Ky.	Agent	July '59	836 S. Broadway	1859
Jacoby, Nathan	68	Prussia	Merchant	July '61	739 Hope st	1861
Jacoby, Morris	48	Prussia	Merchant	1865	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	68	Ohio	Miner	April '68	101 N.B. Hill Av	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	58	Ohio	Dep Sheriff	March 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Johnson, Charles R.	68	Mass.	Accountant	1851	Los Angeles	1847
Keyes, Charles G.	50	Vt.	Clerk	Nov 25, '68	209 N. Workm'n	1852
Kremer, M.	74	France	Ins Agent	March '52	754 Hope	1850
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	60	N. Y.	.....	Sept '54	754 Hope	1858
Kuhrts, Jacob	65	Germany	Merchant	May 10, '58	107 W. First st	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	55	Germany	Physician	Feb 2, 68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. K.	63	N. Y.	Retired	April '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Lambourn, Fred	60	England	Grocer	Dec '59	804 Judson st	1859

# ROLL CALL OF MEMBERS.

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Lankershim, J. B.	47	Missouri	Capitalist	1872	950 S. Olive st	1854
La Dow, S. W.	75	N. Y.	Farmer	May '52	Los Angeles	1852
Lazard, Solomon	72	France	Retired	1851	608 Seventh st	1851
Loeb, Leon	52	France	Merchant	Feb '66	1521 S. Hope	1866
Leck, Henry Vander	38	California	Merchant	Dec 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembcke, Charles M.	68	Germany	Pickle wks	March 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Lecouvreur, Frank	68	Germany	Surveyor	March 6, '55	651 S. Main st	1851
Levy, Michel	63	France	Merchant	Oct '68	622 Kip st	1851
Macy, Oscar	68	Indiana	Farmer	1850	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	74	N. Y.	Search Rec	Nov '64	Los Angeles	1864
Mercadante, N.	49	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	41	Ohio	Merchant	Sept '59	1706 Manitou Ave	1859
Messer, K.	73	Germany	Retired	Feb '54	226 Jackson	1851
Meyer, Samuel	67	Germany	Merchant	April '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
Melzer, Louis	50	Bohemia	Stationer	April 1, '70	900 Pearl	1868
Mitchell, Newell H	54	Ohio	Hotel k'p'r	Sept 26, '68	Pasadena	1869
Moore, Isaac N.	60	Illinois	Retired	Nov '69	130 Hancock	1863
Mullaly, Joseph	78	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1805
McLain, Geo. P.	50	Va.	Merchant	Jan 2, '68	446 N. Grand Av	1867
McLean, Wm.	55	Scotland	Contractor	1869	561 S. Hope	1869
McDonald, E. N.	67	N. Y.	Capitalist	Oct 23, '53	Wilmington	1853
McMullin, W. G.	49	Canada	Dep Sheriff	Jan '70	Station D	1867
Norton, Isaac	53	Poland	Sec Loan As	Nov '69	1364 Figueroa st	1169
Newmark, Harris	63	Germany	Merchant	Oct 22, '50	1051 Grand Av	1853
Newmark, M. J.	59	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept '54	1047 Grand Av	1853
Newell, J. G.	68	Canada	Laborer	July 14, '58	2417 W. 9th st	1850
Nichols, Thomas E	39	California	City Aud	1858	221 W. 31st st	1858
Orme, Henry S.	59	Georgia	Physician	July 4, '6g	175 S. Spring st	1868
Osborne, John	60	England	Retired	Nov 14, '68	322 W. 30th st	1854
Osborn, Wm. M.	63	N. Y.	Livery	March '58	973 W. Twelfth	1855
O'Melveny, Edw S.	41	Illinois	Pr Tran Co,	Nov '69	Melrose Ave	1869
O'Melveny, Henry W.	37	Illinois	Attorney	Nov 69	Baker Block	1869
Parker, Joel B.	57	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. Twelfth	1870
Peschke, William	78	Germany	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy st	1852
Pike, Geo. H.	62	Mass.	Retired	1867	Los Angeles	1858
Peck, Geo. H.	78	Vt.	Farmer	Dec '68	El Monte	1849
Ponet, Victor	61	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct '69	Alvarado st	1867
Pridham, Wm.	61	N. Y.	Sup W-F Co	Aug 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Quinn, Michael F.	61	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1859
Raab, David M.	55	Germany	Dairyman	May 10, '69	South Pasadena	.....
Raynes, Frank	47	England	Lumber'n	Aug '71	Pomona	1871
Reichard, Daniel	57	Ohio	Livery	July '68	459 Beaudry	1868
Riley, James M.	57	Mo.	Manufact'r	Dec '66	1105 S. Olive st	1857
Richardson, E. W.	47	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	82	N. H.	Surveyor	1868	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	65	Germany	Retired	Nov 28, '56	319 Boyd st	1856
Rowan, Thomas E.	54	N. Y.	Broker	March 1860	Bryson Block	1854



Robin on, W. W.	63	Nova Sco	Clerk	Sept '68	115 S. Olive st	1851
Roberts, Henry C.	64	Pa.	Fruit Gro'r	1854	Azusa	1850
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	64	Germany	Horticul'st	April '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	60	England	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Sabichi, Frank	55	California	Attorney	1842	2437 Figueroa	1842
Schmidt, Gottfried L.	52	Denmark	Farmer	Aug '64	Los Angeles	.....
Schmidt, August	58	Germany	Retired	May '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Schaffer, John	67	Holland	Retired	March '72	Los Angeles	1349
Shorb, A. S.	60	Ohio	Physician	June '71	652 Adams	1871
Schieck, Daniel	77	Germany	Retired	Oct 24, '55	224 Franklin	1852
Soward, Charles	54	Ky.	Teacher	Oct '71	El Monte	1808
Stoll, Simon	52	Ky.	Merchant	Aug '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	68	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. 30th st	.....
Stephens, Daniel G.	64	N. J.	Orchardist	April '61	Station 7	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	...	Maine	.....	1869	Station 7	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	65	N. Y.	M'g'r La Bu	Nov '71	219 N. Olive st	1859
Smith, Mrs. M. W. de	45	Texas	Housewife	Feb '59	701 Central Ave	1857
Strong, Robert	61	N. Y.	Broker	March '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	46	Indiana	Farmer	April '72	Tropico	1872
Teed, Mathew	69	England	Carpenter	Jan '63	513 California st	1854
Thom, Cameron E.	72	Va.	Attorney	April '54	118 E. Third st	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	58	Mich.	Housewife	Dec 25, '54	459 S. Hill st	1854
Thomas, John M	61	Indiana	Farmer	Dec 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Thurman, S. D.	54	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept 15, '52	El Monte	1852
Town, R. M.	53	Illinois	Farmer	Nov 1, '69	Toluca	1569
Truman, Ben C.	62	R. I.	Author	Feb 1, '72	Twenty-third st	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	58	Ohio	Grocer	May '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Ulyard, Augustus	81	Pa.	Baker	Dec 31, '52	819 Flower st	1852
Ulyard, Mrs. Mary	67	England	Housewife	Dec 31, '52	819 Flower st	1852
Vogt, Henry	70	Germany	Builder	Jan 4, '69	Castelar st	1854
Workman, Wm. H.	58	Mo.	Real Est	1854	357 Boyle Ave	1854
Workman, E. H.	60	Mo.	Real Est	1854	120 Boyle Av	1854
Wiley, Henry C.	68	Pa.	Speculator	July 3, '52	309 S. Hill	1852
Wise, Kenneth D.	63	Indiana	Physician	Sept '72	1351 S. Grand Ave	1872
Williamson, Geo. W.	39	Illinois	Capitalist	1871	Los Angeles	1872
Weyse, Rudolph G.	37	Cal.	Bookkee'r	Jan 29, '60	339 Bunker Hill	1860
Weyse, Mrs. A. W. B.	35	Cal.	Housewife	July 16, '62	339 Bunker Hill	1862
Wright, Charles M.	61	Vt.	Farmer	July '59	Spadra	1859
White, Charles H.	44	Mass.	S P Co	Nov. '72	1137 Ingraham st	
Weid, Ivar A.	57	Denmark	Landlord	1872	741 S. Main	.....
Wilson, C. N,	67	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Wilson, John T.	37	Pa.	Farmer	Jan 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Yarnell, Jesse	60	Ohio	Printer	April '67	1808 W. First st	1862
Young, John D.	55	Mo.	Farmer	Oct '65	3607 Figueroa	1853

# ROLL CALL OF MEMBERS.

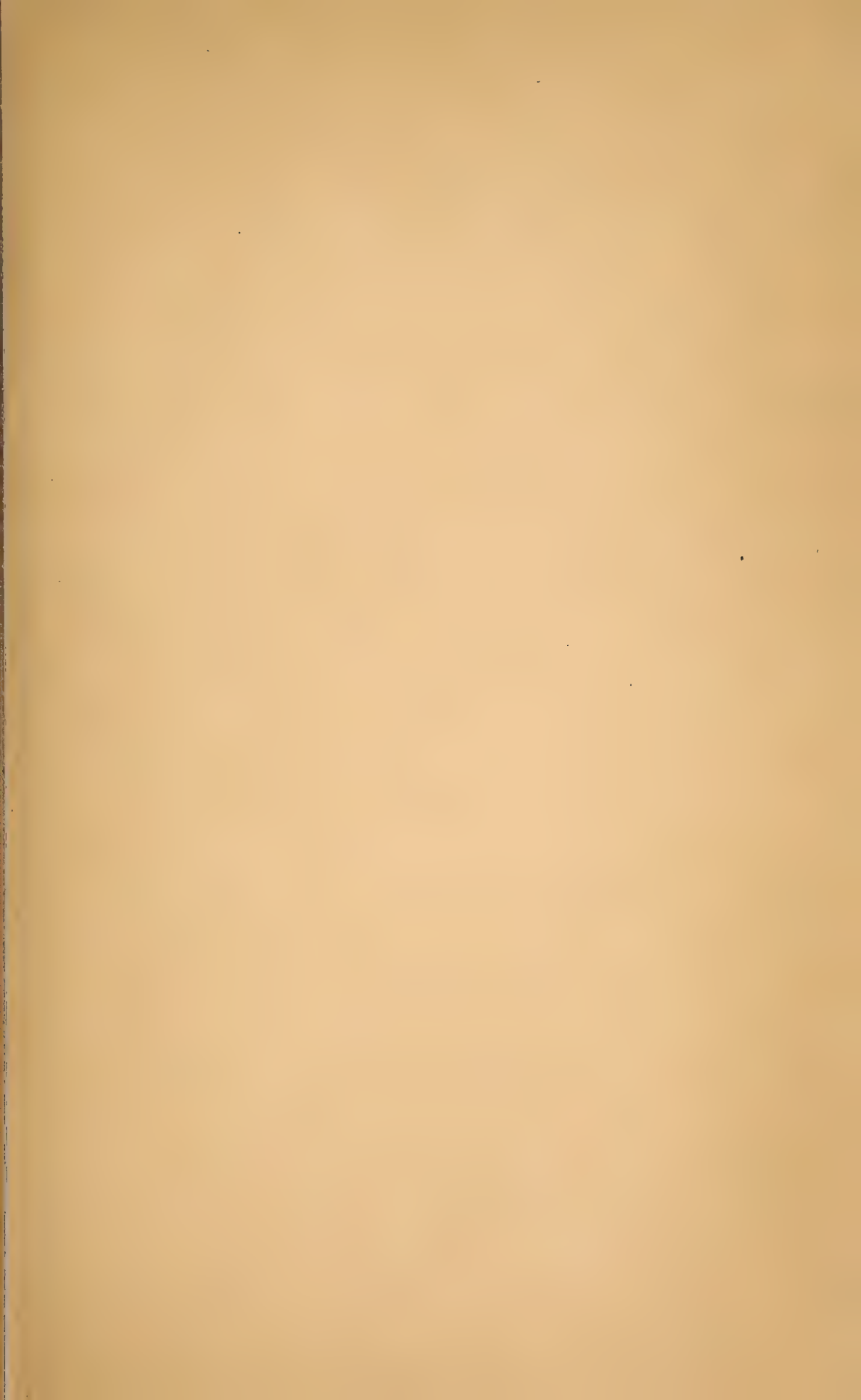
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## ADMITTED FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

Barrows, Cornelia S.	62	Ct.	.....	May '68	W. Jefferson	1868
Clarke, N. J.	76	N. H.	Retired	1849	317 S. Hill	1849
Davis, Emily W.	47	Illinois	.....	1865	2904 Vermont Ave	1856
French, Loring W.	57	Indiana	Dentist	Oct '68	837 Alvarado	1863
Newmark, Mrs. H.	57	N. Y.	.....	Sept 16, '54	1051 S. Grand Ave	1854
Mott, Thomas D.	68	N. Y.	Retired	1852	645 S. Main st	1849
Scott, P. M.	75	Illinois	Real Est	Sept '72	222 Morton Ave	.....
Mellus, J. J.	48	Mass.	Com Mer	1853	157 W. Adams	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	51	Wis.	Hous-wife	April '67	1808 W. First st	1856









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PART II.

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HENRY C. WILEY



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## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1898

### OFFICERS.

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A. E. YEREX.....	First Vice-President
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.....	Second Vice-President
EDWIN BAXTER.....	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....	Secretary and Curator

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1899

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# Historical Society

OF

## Southern California

LOS ANGELES, 1898

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### FIFTEEN YEARS OF LOCAL HISTORY WORK

BY J. M. GUINN.

On the first of November, 1898, the Historical Society of Southern California was fifteen years old. While comparatively young in years, yet it is the senior Historical Society of the Pacific Coast, and is the oldest literary society or association in Los Angeles. On the evening of November 1, 1883, in a room on the southwest corner of old Temple Block, the following-named gentlemen met for the purpose of organizing a historical society: Col. J. J. Warner, H. D. Barrows, N. Levering, Gen. John Mansfield, Prof. J. M. Guinn, Maj. C. N. Wilson, Ex-Gov. J. G. Downey, Prof. Ira More, J. B. Niles, A. Kohler, Don Antonio, F. Coronel, George Hansen, A. J. Bradfield, Maj. E. W. Jones and Prof. Marcus Baker.

Of the fifteen men who took part in that first meeting eight are dead—four have been lost by removal from the city or by withdrawal from the society; only three remain members of the society, viz., H. D. Barrows, N. Levering and J. M. Guinn. Weekly meetings were held throughout the month of November. A constitution and standing rules were drafted for the government of the society.

Although we date our organization Nov. 1, 1883, the organiza-

tion was not completed until Dec. 6, when a full list of officers was elected and a general committee to manage the affairs of the society. According to a resolution passed at the meeting of Dec. 17, the following-named persons were declared the founders of the society: Marcus Baker, J. J. Warner, A. F. Coronel, J. G. Downey, N. Levering J. M. Guinn, John Mansfield, John B. Niles, George Butler Griffin, Edwin Baxter, George Hansen, E. W. Jones, Volney E. Howard, Isaac Kinley, A. Kohler, Ira Moore, C. N. Wilson, J. P. Widney, J. Q. A. Stanley, Horatio N. Rust, J. W. Redway, A. J. Bradfield. The founders numbered twenty-two. The society as first organized led a sort of dual existence. There was the society proper at the meetings, of which papers were read and discussions held; then there was a general committee composed of the seven officers and ten elected members, which transacted all the business and elected new members.

The general public was not invited to attend our meetings. If an outsider wished to enter the arena where we wrestled with history and science, he had to make a written application to the secretary. The application was then submitted to the General Committee. That august body in solemn conclave decided whether the applicant was a fit subject to enter the sanctum sanctorum of our Historical Society. The by-laws or rules that provided for this arrangement were copied from those of the Philosophical Society of Washington, D. C. They proved altogether too aristocratic and exclusive for our western ideas of equality. The general public let us severely alone. A new code of by-laws was adopted in 1886, doing away with the General Committee and throwing our doors open to any one who might wish to enter.

The growth of the society at first was rapid. At the end of the first six months we had enrolled fifty members. There was a rush to get in on the ground floor—to be first. It was something new and it took with that class who are always sighing for something new;

“Still sighs the world for something new,  
For something new;  
Imploring me—imploring you  
Some Will-o-wisp to help pursue;  
Oh, hapless world, what will it do!  
Imploring me—imploring you,  
For something new.”



The newness wore off and then the reaction came. Before the close of the first year of the society's existence we could not get out a quorum. The minutes show the October, November and December meetings of 1884 adjourned for want of a quorum. Then the old wheel horses of the organization buckled down to work and pulled the society out of the slough of despond, and I might add they have been pulling at it ever since.

During the fifteen years of its existence 185 persons have been received into membership. Of these 28 are dead, about 60 have lost their membership through being dropped for non-payment of dues and by vountary withdrawal, leaving at the present time a nominal membership of nearly one hundred.

We have issued 14 annual publications of papers, read before the society. These make over 1100 octavo pages, and form three complete volumes of valuable history, and (including the present issue) parts 1 and 2 of volume IV. We have collected during the past fifteen years and expended in the publication of our annual, and in the purchase of books and newspaper files, nearly \$2500 in cash.

In addition to this, we have received in donations of books, curios, files of papers and periodicals, pamphlets, manuscripts, maps, etc., historical material worth at least \$3000.

Had we been able ten or twelve years ago to have secured fire-proof rooms, centrally located and nicely fitted up, our collection by donations would doubtless ere this have been worth from ten thousand to twenty thousand dollars.

Our society has been somewhat of a tramp in regard to a local habitation. Its first meetings were held in a room on the second floor of old Temple Block, corner of Main and Market streets. From there it moved to a room on the second floor of the Nadeau Block, fronting on First street, and occupied by Justice Morgan as a courtroom. The Nadeau was just completed and, being too large a hotel for the size of the town, a portion of it was fitted up for offices, a courtroom, and a hall for the Y.M.C.A. After remaining there to June, 1884, the society wandered away out to the State Normal School on Fifth street, which in those days was well out in the suburbs; but it soon got lonesome there and came back to the Nadeau, where it remained till 1886, when it took up its lodgings in the Council Chamber of the old City Hall on Second street.

In 1889 the City Board of Education evicted it, and it crossed the hall into the Police Court room over the jail, where for a time it dwelt in peace but not in prosperity. The surroundings were uncongenial and the associations unpleasant, and although there were considerable unwritten history and uncollected curios in its new quarters, they were of such a character that it did not desire to collect or preserve them. After a few months the educational solons moved to more comfortable quarters in the new City Hall on Broadway, and the society moved into its former quarters, which in the meantime had been transformed into a City Court room. There it remained until April, 1896, when it took to the road again—tramped out to Pasadena four times, and has put up for the night at the residence of various members in different parts of the city.

Notwithstanding the nomadic proclivities of our society, its general reputation is good both at home and abroad. Its publications are appreciated. They are to be found in many of the great public libraries of the United States. They have gone into libraries in Europe, Australia, Canada and New Zealand. The prospects of our society are good. Our collection of books and curios increase each year. Our standing among the historical societies of the country is first-class.

Our publications have done much toward advertising Southern California—not in the sense of puffing it for real-estate speculation, but in presenting its history, growth, development and resources in a dignified and conservative manner. Not a single cent of the money expended in the publication and circulation of more than seven thousand copies of our annuals has come out of the money raised by county and city taxation. The members of the society have contributed it out of their own pockets for the public good, and have done it without asking or expecting any pecuniary reward for their philanthropic work.

Looking backward to Nov. 1st, 1883, the date of our society's organization, and comparing the city as it was then with what it is today, its wonderful growth and development in the fifteen years past seem more like some trick of magic than stern reality. Then its population was about 14,000, today 110,000. Then there was not a business block of any pretensions south of First street except the Nadeau. South of the Nadeau on Spring street was a wagon factory;

south of that Scovill's planing mill, and next, on the corner of Spring and Second, where the Bryson Block stands, was the old brick schoolhouse built in 1854. Across Second street, where the Hollenbeck stands, was a horse corral, surrounded by a high board fence. South of Second, on Spring street, where now stretches a mile of business blocks, was then principally built up with one-story residences. Just below Third street on Main stood the old Roundhouse, and back of it extending to Spring was Lehman's Garden of Paradise, a pleasure resort—Adam and Eve, however, had taken their departure. The old serpent was scotched and the "Tree of Knowledge" had been cut down to prevent bad little boys from breaking windows in their attempts to stone the fruit off it. The finest residence portion of the city, and the most aristocratic, was Fort street, now Broadway, between Second and Third. There was not a business house of any kind on Broadway, where now there is a mile of them.

The city had but two parks—the old Plaza, which was in a sadly demoralized condition, and Sixth-street Park, which was inclosed by a dilapidated picket fence. An open water ditch ran through it. There were a few stunted trees in it that seemed ashamed of their surroundings. No flowers, and no signs "Keep off the grass." There was no grass to keep off. A sign at the Olive-street corner warned heavy teams not to cross the park.

There were but two principal street-car lines and one branch. The Main-street line turned on Washington street and ran to Figueroa, then on to the city limits. The Spring-street line extended from Sixth and Pearl to Johnson street in East Los Angeles. The cars ran every twenty minutes—three trips to the hour—providing always that the mules did not object. There was a branch line that ran on Arcadia street and Aliso to Boyle Heights. It made a trip every hour. There were no paved streets in the city, and with a few trifling exceptions, nothing except graveled sidewalks. Street cars propelled by electricity had not been dreamed of, and the lighting of the city by electricity was a bugaboo to frighten the gas company. There was not a telephone in the city, and no free mail delivery. Everybody went to the postoffice to receive and deposit his mail. If my recollections are correct, there were no mail boxes at the street corners, nor any place except at the postoffice. The City Hall was a



straggling old adobe at the corner of North Spring and Franklin streets, where the Phillips Block now stands. The old house had been built for a dwelling by Antonio Rocha away back about 1825. It was demolished about 1885, aged 60 years. In the rear of it was the city and county jail, inclosed by a board fence 15 feet high. Fifty teachers were then sufficient to dispense mental pabulum to the school children of the city—now it requires the services of 500. The Los Angeles High School was then the only high school in Southern California; now there are eight in this county alone. The contrast in the conditions existing in the country districts then compared with the present were as marked as in the city. The city of Pasadena, with its palatial private residences, its massive business blocks and paved streets, had no existence. It was a colony devoted to orange growing. The nucleus of the future city was then a small grocery store and blacksmith shop, located at the corner of Colorado street and Fair Oaks. The settlement was trying to forget its primitive name—Indiana Colony. It had recently christened itself Pasadena. An express wagon carried the few passengers who cared to make the journey to Pasadena at the rate of one dollar the round trip. Now it can be made for 20 cents. The cities of New San Pedro, Redondo and Long Beach had neither a local habitation nor a name. The site of Monrovia was a cattle range, and Alhambra a sheep pasture. Fifteen years is but little more than one-fifth of the allotted three score and ten of a human life, and but a fleeting moment in the life of a city or a nation, and yet behold what history our city and county have made in that time!

How often have we, the workers of our society, when we have asked some intelligent and public-spirited citizen to join our ranks and aid us in our work, been answered thus: "Oh, I have not been here long enough to know much about the history of the city or county," and yet that same person, although his residence here may reach back less than a decade, has lived, and is living, in the most eventful years of our city's history. It is certainly fully as important to preserve the history we are making every day as it is to collect that which was made long since by our predecessors.

## HUGO REID AND HIS INDIAN WIFE

BY LAURA EVERTSON KING,

(Read March 7, 1898.)

In Thompson & West's History of Los Angeles County we find the following short sketch of Mr. Reid:

"Hugo Reid, a native of Scotland, came to Los Angeles in 1831, and was a merchant there in company with Wm. Keith and Jacob P. Leese. He had formerly resided in New Mexico, and disappointment in a love affair while there is supposed to have soured him. He is said to have been very eccentric, and finally retired to San Gabriel, where he married an Indian woman, and devoted himself to the study of the aborigines. He has left to posterity some very valuable essays on the language, history, customs, and legends of the Cahuilla Indians, which we have made use of in preparing our chapter on "The Aborigines." He at one time owned the Santa Anita Ranch, and also a large part of the property subsequently acquired by Mr. B. D. Wilson, and now held by that gentleman's widow, and by his son-in-law, J. de Barth Shorb, Esq. Mr. Reid died at Los Angeles, December 12, 1852."

There are some corrections to be made in the foregoing sketch of his life. If my memory does not play me false, he was not eccentric, unless his marriage with an Indian woman could have been considered an eccentricity. He might have "gone farther and fared worse," as she was a noble woman in many respects, but being an Indian, her noblest characteristics were left to be discovered by those who loved her and who knew her best. It was through her that he acquired his wealth, and through her he was enabled to write his essays on the life and customs of the Indians of the San Gabriel Valley. His wife, "Doña Victoria," as everyone knew her, owned the Santa Anita Rancho; also the property now known as Lake Vineyards, bought by Mr. B. D. Wilson. My recollection of Mr. Hugo Reid is that he was a quiet, unassuming gentleman of literary tastes.

It was in the old garret of his house that I saw my first English periodicals. Seated on the floor, with London Punches strewn

around the great, rough-hewn beams overhead, strung with ropes of "Piñones" and "Coras" filled with dried fruit, I whiled away the long spring afternoon, regardless of the outside world until aroused from my books by Doña Victoria calling me to come down from among the spiders and sup with her. Descending I would find her seated on the ground just outside the corridor of the house, directing her Indian servant to make "tortillas." Seated before a small fire, dressed in a costly gown of black satin, with an embroidered shawl of crepe around her shapely shoulders, daintily taking the broiled beef in her fingers, she would give me a lesson in Indian etiquette. Not all the dainty dishes of a king's banquet could equal the unforgotten flavor of that simple supper. While eating she would tell me stories, and give me rules for social life, the principles of which might well be engrafted among the rules of social life today.

Losing her only daughter a year before, and I coming upon the scene after her death, the first white child in her world, doubly endeared me to her. Generous to a fault, she would have loaded me with her daughter's jewelry, and if I did not come to visit her every day she would send her servant to see what kept me from her.

Then Mr. Reid educated their son and daughter in English, Spanish and French. She considered it time thrown away. With mind like a child and manners like a queen, she deemed it a waste of life to learn from books what she had already learned from nature. She always said that her possessions were more than her husband's, and she knew nothing about letters. That study had killed her daughter, she was firmly convinced, and so I was never allowed to remain in peace among the books. Mr. Reid made frequent visits to far-away countries, sometimes to China and the Sandwich Islands, bringing home fine and beautiful things, strings of pearls, diamonds, silks, embroidered shawls and sweets from foreign places. His literary tastes were seen in the quantity and quality of his books, and you have all read his papers on the Indians in the Los Angeles Star. I have played many times in my childhood days on the soap works described by him, and gathered many bunches of grapes from the vineyards around the Mission San Gabriel. Mr. Reid built his house of adobe, with walls four feet thick and clapboards hauled from San Bernardino covered the roof. But Doña



Victoria never climbed the stairs, dread of earthquakes always kept her on the ground floor. Two things she held in dread—horses and a carriage, and an earthquake. A “carta” was safe, and oxen never ran away, was a firm conviction with her. In one instance she was correct, in 1855 her house was ruined by an earthquake. And on a bright spring day, as we were crawling along over the road to Los Angeles in her “carreta” her “bueys,” (oxen) feeling spring in the air, put springs to their heels, and gamboled indiscreetly and indiscriminately over the undulating plains to the disquiet and disgust of the naked Indian driver, who was left far in the rear. Thus she lived to see one of her convictions, as well as the rest of us upset. Mr. Reid’s fine library was scattered after his death, the greater portion came into the possession of J. Lancaster Brant. The guardian he had selected for his wife proved dishonest and she was robbed of her fortune, even her personal ornaments were taken from her. I saw her for the last time in 1863, when attended by one faithful servant she came to see her “Lalita” (as she always called me.) Instead of her satins and silk she wore a dress of common print, and a quilt covered her shoulders in place of her crepe shawl. But she was the same grand, proud, cheerful woman. She would accept no favors, only wanted to see and embrace me once more. I never saw her again. She fell a victim of that dreaded disease, smallpox. And so passed from my life one upon whom could be written pages of praise for the grandest and most self-sacrificing life I ever knew.

# THE STORY OF A NATIVE CALIFORNIAN

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read Nov. 7, 1898.)

There is living in this city a native Californian now in his 84th year, and still hale and hearty, whom I have known since 1855, or for more than 40 years. Last year (1897) I took down for the Historical Society some of his recollections of the olden time, together with a few items of personal history, which I herewith present for preservation in the archives of our society:

Ramon Valenzuela, whose present residence is on Seventh street, near the historical Coronel homestead, was born at the Mission San Gabriel, August 31, 1815. His father was Don Gaspar Valenzuela, a native of Santa Barbara, and his mother's name before marriage was Maria Ygnacia Lopez; she was a daughter of Claudio Lopez, for many years principal manager or mayordomo of the then immense missionary establishment of San Gabriel, and right-hand man of Fathers Sanchez and Salvadea. This Claudio Lopez was a very capable man, and he was entrusted with the general management of the various ranchos that were in those days subject to the San Gabriel Mission, including San Bernardino, Ucaipe, El Chino, San Jose, Cucamonga, Santa Anita, Rosa de Castilla, San Pasqual, etc.

Don Ramon, the subject of this sketch, who lived during his boyhood at the Mission, remembers well his grandfather Lopez, and that, as a boy, he used often to go around with him in the vineyards and orchards of the mission, which were extensive. He says his grandfather planted the orange orchard south of the church, which is still in existence and is still, I believe, productive; as well as the large vineyards that flourished in the time of Father Sanchez, but which since have died out; also the "Tuna" (prickly-pear) hedges, portions of which still exist. Large areas of land were cultivated in grain and other crops each year during his long administration of the temporal affairs of the mission. Great numbers of Indians were then under the control of the Friars; and they were made to work in all manner

of useful occupations. Of these laborers Don Claudio had general charge, as well as of the capacious adobe warehouses at the mission, which were the scenes of a busy life, but which, like the actors—overseers and laborers—have entirely disappeared; indeed, to the greater portion of the present generation they are as if they had never existed.

Don Ramon says that they used to slaughter some twelve or fifteen bullocks each Saturday to feed the Indian laborers of the mission alone, besides those killed at the several ranchos.

The plains at that period were covered with cattle, horses, sheep, goats, swine, etc., i.e. *con ganado mayor y menor*.

The various industries carried on at the mission at that period were the making of saddles, fabrics of wool, such as coarse blankets, stuffs to clothe the Indians, etc., and the manufacturing of wine, brandy, oil, soap, blacksmithing, etc. Near the mission there was a large "Jaboneria," where whole hogs were dressed and tried out for conversion into soap.

Don Gaspar, father of Ramon, was a soldier from San Diego, stationed with the small force of eight men and a sergeant at San Gabriel, where he married a daughter of Claudio Lopez. Of the eleven children of Gaspar, five are still living, namely: Ramon, in this city, and Jose Ygnacio at La Ballona; Maria, married to Pedro Ybarra; Estéfana, widow of José Sepulveda of San José; Cesaria, widow, first of Ygnacio Aguilar and second of Lorenzana of this city.

Ramon, the subject of this sketch, was married to Asencion Serano, by Father Tomas Esténega, in 1840, at San Gabriel Mission. To them 14 children were born, of whom 5 sons and 4 daughters are still living, mostly in Los Angeles.

In 1828 Don Gaspar, father of Ramon, after many years of faithful service at the mission, was discharged from military service, and came to the Pueblo as a citizen, and was granted a lot on the east side of San Pedro street, northeast corner of what is now Fifth street, where he planted a vineyard and orchard, and where he lived till his death, which occurred in 1849.

Claudio Lopez (Ramon Valenzuela's maternal grandfather) while still mayordomo at the mission, had commenced planting an orchard and vineyard in the Pueblo on the west side of San Pedro street, opposite the place of his son-in-law, Gaspar, and between the huertas



of Eugenio Valdez on the north and of Encarnacion Urquidez on the south. Other early settlers on the east side of San Pedro street and north of Gaspar's place, were Guillermo Cota and Antonio Maria Lugo. What was the vineyard of the latter is now crossed by Second street, and his residence was the long adobe building, still standing, north of the present home of his granddaughter, Mrs. Woodworth.

Mrs. Valenzuela, wife of Ramon, who still enjoys excellent health, was born at San Gabriel in 1827. Her father was Tomas Serrano, a *ranchero*, and her mother's maiden name was Nicolasa Navaja.

When Don Pio Pico took possession of San Luis Rey, he placed Serrano in charge as *mayordomo*, and later Serrano was appointed as administrator of the rancho of Santa Margarita.

When Don Ramon and his prospective bride were about to be married, Father Tomas Esténeza, who was to solemnize the nuptials, remarked her youthfulness, and concluded that before performing the ceremony, he would consult the record of the date of her baptism, and he found that she was just 13 years 3 months and 3 days old. But Ramon says her parents thought well of him, etc., and so consented to her marriage thus early.

Though Ramon Valenzuela is past the age of four score years, his memory of past events continues unimpaired. His remembrances of the part he took in military actions pending the change of government are very vivid. He was a cavalryman at the Dominguez rancho affair, where the Californians compelled the Americans to retreat with considerable loss. José Antonio Carrillo was commandante of the Californians, about 60 in number, who were mounted but without arms, except the small cannon known as the "old woman's gun." But as the Americans had no cannon, they were compelled in self-defense to maneuver in solid column, which enabled the Californians to draw up their cannon by means of their *riatas* hitched to the horns of their saddles, fire into a compact mass of infantry at comparatively close range, with deadly effect, and then turn and ride rapidly to the rear, where, out of range, they could load again, and so repeat the operation indefinitely, without serious loss on their side. The Americans were forced to withdraw, carrying their dead with them, which they buried on "Dead Man's Island." And so ended that incident.

Afterwards Valenzuela went with the force commanded by Gen. Andres Pico to San Diego, and engaged the Americans at San Pasqual, the Californians at this time being armed with lances and riatas, which California horsemen always carried when mounted. The Californians captured one cannon from the Americans at San Pasqual. From thence the Californians retired to San Bernardino, and then to San Bartolo, where the final action of the war took place.

The Californians did not possess the resources or arms to enable them to contend with any hope of success against the Americans.

Later, Col. Fremont and Gen. Pico made a treaty of peace, known as the "Treaty of Cahuenga," thus ending the war.

Valenzuela says that the failure to prevent the passage by the Americans of the San Gabriel River at the Pass of San Bartolo, made it clear to the Californians that a further struggle was absolutely hopeless, so he, with others, came to town and gave up the contest.

After California became a permanent portion of the United States the native Californians, inheritors of Spanish civilization, adjusted themselves, as best they could, to the new regime, i.e., to American ways, manners and customs, to American laws; in short, to American domination. In this difficult transition a portion of the native Californians were fortunate in having one or more American friends whom they could look to for counsel, while others trusted false friends to their undoing.

Of the former class of Americans—too rarely few in numbers—William Wolfskill and Benjamin D. Wilson, the pioneers, are two notable examples. Speaking from considerable personal knowledge and from the uniform testimony of many native Californians, I think I can say with truth that those two—possibly other—noble pioneers always and without exception, gave good and honest and disinterested advice to the paisanos, i.e., to the Spanish-speaking people of the country, whenever the latter came to them asking for counsel, under the new order of things. Ramon Valenzuela's admiration, even veneration, for Mr. Wolfskill—for "Don Guillermo," as he was known by all the Californians—was unbounded. He and Mr. Wolfskill were for many years, both before and after the change of government, near neighbors and near friends. And, knowing Mr. Wolfskill intimately, as I did, it afforded me pleasure to hear Señor

Valenzuela, now a venerable octogenarian, say, when I was taking down these notes, that "Don Guillermo" Wolfskill had been like a father to him.

And so I have often heard the older native Californians uniformly speak with warm affection of "Don Benito" Wilson, whose friendship for them and for their race had ever been so disinterested and so honorable.

The Californians, as well as the Americans, who took part in the stirring events connected with the change of government, now more than half a century ago, will soon all have passed away.



## PACIFIC COAST DISCOVERIES

BY ALBERT E. YEREX, A.M. L.L.B.

(Read Oct. 7, 1898.)

The Cartographical History of the Pacific Coast of North America is one of vague, shadowy and unstable surmise of long duration.

The views of Columbus and his cotemporaries are best shown in what are known as the La Cosa map and the Ruisch map, which simply delineate very inaccurately a few of the West Indian Islands, a part of the Gulf of Mexico, Florida and the coast line a few hundred miles northward. These maps prevented for a long time after the coming of the Europeans the possibility of the very existence of a Pacific Coast; and I might add, that the Asiatic theory of the new-found lands was maintained with more or less modification for a full century after Columbus. In many of the earliest maps the Pacific Coast was avoided by cutting off the western extension of the new continent by the edge of the sheet, but the confession of an Asiatic belief was still made sometimes in other ways, as when in a certain Portuguese map made between 1516 and 1520 showing Mahometan flags on the coasts of Venezuela and Nicaragua. This map is now being preserved in the Royal Library at Munich. In 1526 a rare book of the Monk Franciscus contained a map which represented South America as a huge island, disjoined from the Asiatic Coast by a strait in the neighborhood of Tehuantepec which as you know is located a little north of the boundary line between Mexico and Guatemala, with the legend "*hoc orbus hemisphaerium cedit regi Hispaniae*" (New Spain extends to this place.) A few years later we find two other maps showing this Asiatic connection, one of which, the Orontius Finaeus Globe, is well known, and is the earliest engraved map showing a return to the ideas of Columbus. This map was made in the year 1531, and was quite extensively circulated. It is formed on a cordiform or heart-shaped projection, and is entitled "*Nova et integra universi orbis descriptio*," (a description of the new-found land.) This map was published quite extensively up to 1572. In 1533 Francis I., in

commissioning Cartier for his exploration, called the St. Lawrence Valley a part of Asia.

The same view is maintained in a manuscript map of Roscelli, the Italian geographer, preserved in the British Museum. At this time it was generally supposed that North America and Europe were united by land. By reference to maps appearing during the latter part of the 15th century, Greenland, then known as Bacallao, was made a prolongation of Northwestern Europe. A map called the Carta Marina, published by Gostaldi at Venice in 1543, shows most clearly the prevailing theories as to the overland connection with both Asia and Europe, as well as a designation of geographical and political divisions on this continent. About the year 1550 we find the first objection to the Asiatic theory by Gostaldi, who only two years earlier made the Carta Marina map above described. In his second map he disjoined the Western Coast of America from the Asiatic by a narrow strait. This theory was followed by Roscelli (previously referred to,) in 1561.

No discoveries, however, had actually been made up to this time to guide these latter gentlemen, their statements being purely theoretical. Two maps now preserved at Florence which belonged to about the year 1550, show an Asiatic connection, and extend the California Coast to the Ganges. The Italian cartographer, Paul de Furlani, made a map in 1560, which is preserved in the British Museum, and depicts Chinamen and elephants in the region of the Mississippi Valley.

A land connection with Asia is again adhered to by Johannes Myritus in a map drawn by him in 1587. In 1590 Livio Sanuto loudly disputed the Asiatic theory on the ground that the Mexicans would not have shown surprise at horses in Cortes' time if they formerly had been inhabitants of a continent like Asia, where horses are common. The latest use of the type of map shown in the Carta Marina was just a half century later, viz., in 1598. The belief, however, still lingered for many years in some quarters, and Thomas Morton, in 1636, showed that in New England it was not yet decided whether the continent of America did not border upon the country of the Tartars. Indeed, the last trace of this theory was not blown away until Behring, in 1728, passed from the Pacific to the Arctic Sea.

Such in brief is the history of the inception and decline of the

belief in the prolongation of Asia over against this Western Coast. And, as has been suspected by geographers at intervals since the time of Erastosthenes, third century, B.C., who accepted the spherical theory and had advanced the identical notion which nearly 1700 years later impelled Columbus to his voyage. The beginning of the decline of such belief is traced to the movements of Cortes. Balboa in 1513 by his discovery of the South Sea, later to be called the Pacific Ocean, which name was given to it by Magellan in 1520, had established the continental form of South America, whose limits southward were fixed by Magellan, but it was left for Cortes to It may be interesting to note right here that the Portuguese had pushed on eastward beyond the great peninsula of India and had reached the Moluccas in 1511, where they satisfied themselves begin the exploration to the North which Behring consummated. there was a long space intervening yet before they would confront the Spaniards pursuing their westerly route. The voyage of Magellan, as we shall see, seems to bring the solution near. and if we may believe Scotto, the Genoese geographer, at about the same date, 1520, the Portuguese had crossed the Pacific easterly and struck our Northwest Coast. A new understanding between the rival crowns of Spain and Portugal closed the question rather abruptly through a sale in 1529 by Spain to Portugal of all her rights to the Moluccas for 350,000 ducats; this was known as the treaty of Saragossa. Cortes on his return from Spain, in 1530, resolved to push his discoveries up the coast. The Spaniards now occupied Theuantepec, Acapulco and Zacatula on the sea, and Spaniards were also to be found at Caliacan, just within the Gulf of California on its eastern shore. Up to this time the Spaniards had not succeeded in developing the coast farther north than the Gulf of California; and here Cortes' discoveries on the Pacific Coast ends; for Mendoza, the newly-appointed Viceroy, had visions of his own, and thwarted him in all his subsequent attempts, till finally Cortes himself went to Spain. The name which Cortes Captains gave to the gulf, "the Sea of Cortes," failed to abide. It grew to be generally called the "Red Sea," out of some fancied resemblance to the Red Sea of the Old World. This appellation was supplanted in turn by the name of California, which it is contended, was given to the peninsula by Cortes himself. The origin of the name, however, has been a cause of dispute. Prof. Jules Marcou claims that it was



simply a designation used by Cortes to distinguish a land which we now know to be the hottest in the two Americas, *Tierra California*, derived from *Calida Forna*, meaning "fiery furnace." Bancroft points out a variety of equivalent derivations.

Edward E. Hale, in 1862, traced the name to a romance published it is supposed, in 1510, which might easily enough have been a popular book with the Spanish followers of Cortes. In this romance a certain Emperor of the Greeks defends Constantinople against the infidels of the East. A pagan Queen of Amazons brings an army of Amazons to the succor of the infidels. This imaginary Queen is named *Calafia*, and her kingdom is called *California*, a name possibly derived from *Calif*, which to the readers of such a book would be associated with the East. *California* in the romance is represented as an island rich with gold and diamonds and pearls. That this name as an omen of wealth struck the fancy of Cortes is the theory of Dr. Hale, who adds "that as a western pioneer now gives the name of Eden to his new home, so Cortes called his new discovery *California*." It was not until 1542 that an effort was made to reach farther north than what is now Lower California. At this time Cabrillo, a Portuguese in the Spanish service, explored the coast as far as 44 degrees north, which would take us to about the boundary line between Washington and Oregon. Thus from the time Balboa discovered the Pacific the Spanish had taken 30 years to develop the coast northerly to the latitude of Oregon. In this distance they had found nothing of the Straits of Anian, which, if Humbolt is correct, had begun to take form in people's minds ever since Cortoreal in 1500 had supposed Hudson's Straits to be the easterly entrance of a westerly passage. The earliest maps up to as late a date as 1757 showed California to be an island.

Companius, in speaking of California, remarked about 1694, that it is the largest island which the Spaniards possess in America. And it was not until 1750 that California was at last defined in its real geographical relations. The lingering suspicion of the northerly connection of the California Gulf with the ocean had now nearly vanished; and the peninsula which had been an island under Cortes, then for nearly a century connected with the main land, and then again for more than a century in many minds an island

again, was at last defined as we now know it. The coast line, however, long remained shadowy in a higher latitude.

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#### EARLIEST MAPS AND CONSECUTIVE DATES.

La Cosa, year 1500; Ruysch, 1508; The Pacific, 1513; Homen, 1540; Castilles, 1541; Cabot, 1544; Carta Marina, 1548; Ptolemy, 1548; Martines, 1555—the first to give complete outline of coast; Paule de Furlani, 1574; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 1576.

Sir Francis Drake visited the Coast, including Oregon, as early as 1579, and claimed the country for England under the name of New Albion.

## SOME FAMOUS GOLD RUSHES

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read April 4, 1898.)

Mining rushes are eccentric, erratic and epidemic. They break out in unlikely places when least expected, become contagious, then disappear as suddenly as they came.

In the Klondike excitement the old-time "gold rush" has come again. It is more than a third of a century since we had a genuine epidemic gold rush. The gold fever of early California days was popularly supposed to be one of the lost epidemics. But an old-time rush is on, and symptoms of gold fever are prevalent even among Silver Republicans.

Most of the old-time miners who were wont to rush on the first rumor of a rich strike in some new region have passed over the divide to—"The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns"—and no prospector either. The few of the old rushers who remain this side of the divide, broken in health or borne down with the infirmities of age are no longer able to rush; but the rumor of a rich strike still stirs the blood in their veins and each pathetically sighs "Oh, if I were only young again, I would go too."

The gold rush came early in the history of California placer mining. Some were fakes, pure and simple, others were the direct causes of opening up extensive gold fields that added immensely to the world's store of the precious metal. It is not of the fakes that I write. The stories of the quests for the "Lost Cabin," the "Cement Lode," the "wagon-tire diggings" and the many other ignes fatui that lured honest miners over mountains and deserts are interesting but do not pertain to the subject of this paper. Klondike is not a fake, not an illusion, but many a rush with as substantial a base as Klondike ended as the Klondike rush will end, in disappointment to the many and fortunes to a very few.

One of the earliest of California mining rushes was the Gold Bluff excitement. On the Northwest Coast of California, near the



mouth of the Klamath River, precipitous bluffs, 400 feet high, mark the coast line of the ocean. A party of prospectors in the fall of 1850, who had been up in the Del Norte country, were making their way down to the little trading and trapping station of Trinidad to procure provisions. On reaching the Bluffs, thirty miles above Trinidad, they were astonished to find stretching out before them a beach glittering with golden sands. They could not stop to gather gold; they were starving. So, scraping up a few handfuls of the glittering sands they hastened on. In due time they reached San Francisco, where they exhibited their sand, which proved to be nearly half gold. The excitement began. Companies were formed and claims located at long range. One company of nine locators sent an expert to examine their claims. He, by a careful mathematical calculation, ascertained that the claim would yield forty-three million dollars to each partner. As there was 15 miles of gold beach, the amount of gold in the sands was sufficient to demonetize the precious metal. A laudable desire to benefit the human race possessed some of the claim owners. They formed a joint stock company, with shares at \$100 each. This was the first of those joint stock schemes for dividing profits of mining ventures that became so common later on in California, and are today very popular in the Klondike craze—schemes that usually end in dividing the shoreholders' money among the projectors of the swindle. Gold Bluff mining stock went off like the proverbial hot cakes, and prospectors went off as rapidly. Within two days after the expert's wonderful story was spread abroad nine ships were fitted out for Gold Bluff. The first to arrive off the Bluffs was the vessel containing a party of the original discoverers. In attempting to land in a boat, the boat was upset in the breakers and five of the six occupants drowned, Bertram, the leader of the party making the discovery, alone escaping. The vessel put back to Trinidad and the gold hunters made their way up the coast to the Bluffs. But alas! for their golden dreams. Where they had hoped to gather gold by the shipload no gold was to be seen. Old ocean had gathered it back to his treasure vaults.

The bubble burst as suddenly as it had expanded. And yet there was gold at Gold Bluffs, and there is gold there yet. If the ocean could be drained or coffer-dammed for two hundred miles along the gold coast of Northern California and Oregon all the wealth of

Klondike would be but the panning out of a prospect hole compared to the richness that lies hidden in the sands off Gold Beach. For years after the bursting of the Gold Bluff bubble, when the tide was low the sands along Gold Beach were mined with profit.

The Kern River excitement in the spring of 1855 surpassed everything that had preceded it. Seven years of mining had skimmed the richness of the placers. The northern and central gold fields of California had been thoroughly prospected. The miners who had been accustomed to the rich strikes of early years could not content themselves with moderate returns. They were ready for a rush. The first discoveries on the Kern River were made in the summer of 1854, but no excitement followed the first reports. But during the fall and winter rumors were set afloat of rich strikes on the headwaters of that stream. The stories grew as they traveled on. One that had a wide circulation and was readily accepted ran about as follows: A Mexican doctor had appeared in Mariposa loaded down with nuggets. He reported that he and four companions had found a region paved with gold. The very hills were yellow with outcroppings. While gloating over such wealth and loading it into sacks the Indians attacked them and killed his four companions. He escaped with one sack of gold. He proposed to organize a company large enough to exterminate the Indians and then bring out the gold on pack mules.

This, as well as other stories, equally as improbable, were spread broadcast throughout the State. Many of the reports of wonderful strikes were purposely magnified by merchants and dealers in miners' supplies who were overstocked with unsalable goods; and by transportation companies with whom business was slack. Their purpose was accomplished and the rush was on. It was the first rush that had profited Los Angeles. It came at an opportune time for the town. It was hard times in the old pueblo; business was dull and money scarce. The Southern Californian of December 24, 1854, says: "The great scarcity of money is seen in the present exorbitant rates of interest which it commands, 8, 10 and even 15 per cent. a month is freely paid, and the supply even at these rates is too meager to meet the demand." Think of it, 180 per cent. a year for the use of money, and the crime of '73 had not then been committed. (Bimetallism was in full force and effect and the dollar of the daddies current coin of the realm.) In January the rush began. It



struck the old pueblo like a cyclone. Every steamer down the coast was loaded to the guards with adventurers for the mines. The sleepy old metropolis of the cow counties found itself suddenly transformed into a bustling mining camp. The Southern Californian of Feb. 8, 1855, thus describes the situation. "The road from our valley is literally thronged with people on their way to the mines. Hundreds of people have been leaving not only the city, but every portion of the county. Every description of vehicle and animal have been brought into requisition to take the exultant seekers after wealth to the goal of their hopes. Immense ten-mule wagons strung out one after another; long trains of pack mules and men mounted and on foot, with picks and shovels; boarding-house keepers with their tents; merchants with their stocks of miners' necessities and gamblers with their "papers" are constantly leaving for the Kern River mines. The wildest stories are afloat. We do not place implicit reliance, however, upon these stories. If the mines turn out ten dollars a day to the man everybody ought to be satisfied. The opening of these mines has been a godsend to all of us, as the business of the entire country was on the point of taking to a tree." As the boom increased our editor grows more jubilant. In his issue of March 7th he throws out these headlines:

"Stop the Press! Glorious News from Kern River! Bring out the Big Gun! There are a thousand gulches rich with gold and room for ten thousand miners. Miners averaging \$50 a day. One man with his own hands took out \$160 in a day. Five men in ten days took out \$4500."

Another stream of miners and adventurers was pouring into the mines by way of the San Joaquin Valley. From Stockton to Kern River, a distance of 300 miles, the road was crowded with men on foot, on stages, on horseback and on every form of conveyance that would take them to the new El Dorado. In four months five or six thousand men had found their way into the Kern River Valley. There was gold there, but not enough to go round. A few struck it rich, the many struck nothing but "hard luck," and the rush out began. Those who had ridden into the valley footed it out and those who footed it in on sole leather footed it out on their natural soles or depended on sackcloth or charity. Seven years have passed since the first discovery of gold in California, and in that time the grand army of gold seekers has swept back and forth from Klamath in the



north to Kern in the south in search for new gold fields to conquer, while detachments from this army have plodded in the snows of British Columbia, have penetrated the jungles of Panama, have sailed down to Peru and climbed the Andes to the head waters of the Amazon—and the survivors of these detachments have rejoined the main army rich in experience but poor in everything else.

After the wild frenzy of Kern River the press of the State congratulated the public with the assurance that the era of wild rushes was past—"what had been lost in money had been gained in experience." As if a prospector ever profited by experience. Scarcely had the victims of Kern River resumed work in the old creeks and canons they had deserted when a rumor comes, faint at first, but gathering strength at each repetition, that rich diggings have been struck in the far North. This time it is Frazer River. True, Frazer River is in British Columbia, but what of that! There are enough miners in California to seize the country and hold it until the cream of the mines has been skimmed. Rumors of the richness of the mines increased with every arrival of a steamer from the north. Captains, pursers, mates, cooks and waiters confirmed the stories of rich strikes. Doubters asserted that the dust and nuggets exhibited had made the round trip from San Francisco to Victoria and back. But they were silenced by the assurance that the transportation company was preparing to double the number of its vessels. Commodore Wright was too smart to run his steamers on fake reports. And the very thing that should have caused suspicion was used to confirm the truth of the rumors. The doubters doubted no more, but packed their outfits for Frazer River.

California was played out. Where could an honest miner pan out a hundred dollars a day in California? He could do it every day in Frazer—the papers said so. The first notice of the mines was published in March, 1858. The rush began in the latter part of April, and in four months thirty thousand men—one-sixth of the voting population of the State—had rushed to the mines.

The effect of the craze was disastrous to business in California. Farms were abandoned and crops lost for want of hands to harvest them. Rich claims in the old diggings were sold for a trifle of their value. Lots on Montgomery street that ten years later were worth \$1500 a front foot, were sold for \$100. Real estate in the interior towns was sacrificed at 50 to 75 per cent. less than it was worth

before the rush began. But a halt was called in the rush. The returns were not coming in satisfactorily. By the middle of July less than a hundred thousand dollars in dust had reached San Francisco—only \$3 for each man who had gone to the diggings. There was gold there and plenty of it, so those interested in keeping up the excitement said. The Frazer River was high; wait till it subsides. But it did not subside, and it has not subsided since. It is always on a high. If the Frazer did not subside the excitement did, and that suddenly. Those who had money or could borrow enough from their friends got away at once. Those who had none hung around Victoria and New Westminster until they were shipped back at the government's expense.

After Frazer River came Washoe; but that was a silver craze. In its earlier manifestations it was similar to the gold rushes, but it soon degenerated into corners, freeze-outs and stock gambling. The tragic side of Washoe stock gambling has never been portrayed. The ruined lives, the impoverished homes, the heartaches, the wretchedness and the suicides left in the wake of the bonanza kings' march to wealth are subjects upon which no Californian cares to dwell. No disaster that ever struck the State was so prolific of evil as the mania of thirty years ago for gambling in the stocks of the Washoe silver mines—a gambling mania that made the fortunes of the vulgar silver barons and parvenu bonanza kings of San Francisco. The last of the great gold rushes before Klondike began was the "Ho for Idaho" of 1862-'63-'64. This consisted of a series of rushes, first to the northern part of the territory in 1861-'62, when what is now Idaho was part of Washington. The mining district in the north consisted of a number of small camps or basins such as Florence, Oro Fino, Miller's, etc., rich while they lasted, but soon worked out. The principal rush was to Boise Basin in 1864. The Boise mines were what were called "poor man's diggings." There were no big strikes or rich pockets, but instead a considerable extent of gold-bearing territory that paid good wages. Those of the mining population who settled down to business and kept away from gambling dens and whiskey mills usually made a small raise before their claims were worked out. The first discovery of gold in Boise Basin was made by a party under the leadership of "Old Grimes," (not, however, the one whose "coat was buttoned down before.")

Grimes was killed by the Indians. The survivors of the party built a fort and stood a long siege by the redskins before they made their escape. The creek where the first discovery was made was named after Grimes and the camp where the fort was built was called Hog'em, because the first locators tried to "hog" all the claims on the creek; later on it became "Pioneer City," but no old Boise pioneer ever recognized it by that name.



## NOTES ON THE MISSION SAN GABRIEL

BY REV. J. ADAM, V.G.

(Read Dec. 6, 1898.)

Among the old books, I have found one that says (translated into English:) "Book in which are entered the most notable things for the direction of the Missionary Fathers of this Mission of the Archangel St. Gabriel, established on the eighth of September, 1771."

The book is written by Father Francisco Palou, bosom friend and companion of Very Rev. Father Junipero Serra. He says on the first page: "In September, 1767, all the fathers being gathered together in our house of Santa Cruz of Tepic, who had left the college of San Fernando, Mex., to go to the Californias, and knowing the great distance that would exist between said missions, and our college, we agreed that on the death of one of our number at the missions, the others would offer 20 masses for the repose of his soul, and it is signed by Father Palou in the Mission of San Gabriel on the 9th of October, 1773. The first suffrage was made for Father Luis Jaume, who was killed by the Indians of San Diego at the commencement of the mission. Then suffrages were made for Father John Chrisostom Gil and Felipe Guitlon, both killed by the Apaches. We read also the masses of Father Juan Diaz, Franco Garces, Joseph Matias Moreno and Juan Barnenecke, who were killed by the Indians of the Colorado.

Masses were also said for the soul of Father Franco Pujol of the Mission of San Miguel. "It is suspected," says the writer, "that he was poisoned." We find the names of 42 missionaries for whom requiem masses were said from 1773 to 1803. Among the last we find the name of Very Rev. Father Fermin Francisco Lasuen, president of these missions (who succeeded Father Palou,) who died June 26, 1803, and also of Father Miguel Sanchez, for many years missionary at San Gabriel, who died on the 27th of July, 1803. He had been a constant sufferer from the asthma.

On page 11 we read that the Viceroy of New Spain, His Excel-

lency, Don Antonio Maria Bucareli, in a decree of May, 1772, approved the withdrawal from Lower California of the Franciscan Fathers in favor of the Dominicans, who assumed charge of said missions, while the Franciscans took charge of those of Upper California. The Viceroy and their superior general in Mexico, required each missionary to give a report of the temporal and spiritual state of his mission each year. "It being impossible," says Palou, "for the president of these missions to visit each locality, I therefore beg each missionary to send, at the end of the year, said report to the president of the missions. For this purpose I require the Rev. missionaries of this church and Mission of San Gabriel to send every year in December all information or exact report of the state of their mission, showing the number of baptisms, marriages and deaths, and the number of families, and what hopes they have of the conversion of the other gentiles of the neighboring ranchos; and if there is any obstacle in the way preventing said conversion, and that they should express themselves freely, so that the superiors may apply the remedy for the evil. They are cautioned in case of any grievance not to have recourse to the Royal Judge, but let the complaint be presented or forwarded to the Rev. president, who acts as judge for these missions; and if recourse must be made to the Viceroy, let it be made by the guardian of his council. Father Palou requires them also, in this book to report the treasures or furniture of church or sacristy, and of their houses; the number of cattle, and the number of new buildings erected since the last report; how many acres of land have been cultivated and with what results; and if their crops have failed they should report the causes thereof. If anything should happen during the year worth noticing, they are directed to include it in the report. The document should be signed by both resident missionaries and one copy should be sent to the president, and another retained for safe keeping in their archives. This document is signed by Father Palou in the Mission of the Archangel St. Gabriel on the 9th of October, 1773.

On page 12 we find the report given in December of the year 1773, of the spiritual increase in said Mission of San Gabriel since it had been founded in September, 1771, two years before. There were in that year 80 Christians, 30 adults and forty-three children. There was one marriage, and three children had died. Then it mentions among the sacred vessels, a chalice of silver, a bell of silver,

a thimble of silver; also a shell of the same material for baptismal purposes, five chosubles, etc. The number of sacred pictures is also given. Then the record describes the first church built in what is called Mission Vieja—Old Mission—whose ruins can yet be seen on the ranch of Mr. Richard Garvey, about a league distant in a southerly direction from the present mission.

This primitive church was 45 feet long and 18 feet wide, built of logs and covered with tule. There was a sacristy behind the altar. Second, a house made also of logs, 45 feet long and 17 feet wide, covered also with tule, divided into two rooms, with doors of wood separating them. Third, a storehouse of logs, 36 feet long by 15 wide, covered also with tule. Fourth, another room, 36 feet long by 18 wide, to keep seed and other things, made also of logs and covered with mud or adobe. Fifth, another room 15 feet square, of lumber, and the room covered with clay or mud, was used for a kitchen. All these buildings were inclosed within a palisade 60 yards square. Besides there were nine small houses of lumber, with mud roof, for the neophytes. The inclosure had two gates. There was another small frame house in which to keep the corn, and two other frame houses for the soldiers. Besides there was another enclosure or corral for the cattle. Then follows a list of wares for the kitchen, for the carpenter shop, and for tilling the fields. They began with eighteen yokes of oxen, plows, etc., etc. The King gave 18 head of cattle; 2 years after, in October, '73, these had increased to 38. They also had 16 saddle horses. They sowed that year one bushel and a half of corn, which bore 21 bushels (or fanegas.)

On page 17 I find that in the year 1776 (the year the United States declared their independence) the mission was moved from the old place to the location where we now see it. The change was made, says the book, because the new place was better adapted for a mission. The buildings could not, of course, be moved, so they began at once with great zeal to erect the needed edifices, at the new site. They first built a house of adobe 50 yards long and 6 yards wide, three and a half yards high, divided into three rooms, one for keeping the seeds, another for tools and the third for the Fathers to dwell in. They built also a chapel ten varas long by six wide, roofed with tule. A corral was erected not far away for the cattle. In 1796 the chapel gave way to a larger church, with walls of adobe, 108 feet long by 21 feet wide, with a roof of tiles.



## SOME AFRICAN FOLK LORE

DR. J. D. MOODY.

Dr. Silas F. Johnson, a young physician of our city, has been laboring for several years as a medical missionary in Western Africa.

Being now at home on a vacation, I have taken advantage of the fact and have spent considerable time with him, gathering facts about African folk-lore and superstitions. Two of these stories which I give, I believe have not before been recorded, at least in relation to these people.

Dr. Johnson's work has been among the Bule tribe, a member of the Fan branch of the great Bantu family of Central and Southern Africa.

Just south of the Sahara Desert is a wide strip of a fertile and densely-populated country, stretching clear across the continent. The central and eastern portion of this territory is called the Sudan. The Fan family occupy the southwestern portion of this region, and the Bule tribe the extreme western portion of this part, near the coast. This lies within German territory, Batanga being the seaport for this region. This is about the northern limit of the Bantu race.

Whether there is a migration now going on towards the south from the eastern portion of the country, I am unable to say, but the Fan branch of this family have been pushing to the west for a long time, the outposts being occupied by the Bules. These are slowly but surely dispossessing the coast people of their ancestral homes. These people, the Bules, in talking about the old times, their traditions, which are few and recent, or about their God, always refer to the East. Some of the old people can remember the last station they occupied to the east of their present location. Among all this great Bantu family certain folk-lore is common property. Much of it suggests contact with the white race in the past, and much of it is of a nature common to themselves and

all aboriginal peoples. The Bules have scarcely any history or any traditions, but they have an interminable number of folk-lore stories having for their central interest the cunning of some animal as displayed in its contests with other animals. The tortoise, the leopard, the python and the monkey family are almost exclusively so used. The tortoise is always the wise one. The fables generally have for their climax the overreaching cunning of this slow creature. Aesop's fable of the hare and tortoise has a singular interest in the light of these stories.

The people delight in these stories. They will gather about a log fire at night, or in their palaver house and listen for hours to their story teller going over his narrative. These stories have no element of history in them, but are fables pure and simple. The reciter will act out the story as he goes along with appropriate gestures. When the climax is reached the interest is gone and the story abruptly ends.

A favorite story is that of the leopard and tortoise, and runs in this wise: Once upon a time the leopard and the tortoise, being together, became very hungry. The tortoise said to the leopard, "let us kill our mothers and eat them." The leopard readily agreed to this, and they further agreed to get their mothers in the morning and kill them and eat them for breakfast. The tortoise that same night gathered a basketful of a fruit of that region which contains a blood-red juice, and took it to a stream and hid it among the bushes on the banks. The next morning they took their mothers to this stream. The tortoise proposed to take his mother up stream a little ways, and that the leopard should take his down stream a little ways and then each kill their mother and have a feast. They each took their stations. The tortoise then took a club and pounded on a log as hard as he could, then taking his basket of fruit, he squeezed the juice into the water, which, running down stream, looked like bloody water. The leopard in the meanwhile waited before killing his mother to see whether the tortoise would carry out his part of the compact or not. Hearing the pounding and seeing the bloody water floating by, he thought the tortoise was surely doing his part, so he took a club and killed his mother. The tortoise in the meanwhile had sent his mother home

by a roundabout way, and now went down to the leopard and helped him devour his mother.

In this story the subterfuges of the tortoise are so transparent that none but the most childish mind would find any interest in it, and it shows something of the childish or childlike workings of the savage mind.

The Bule has no conception of a deity in our sense of God, but they refer to a being whom they call Zambe, who lives far back in the interior. They believe that Zambe made all things, that he has all power, that he is a spirit, and yet while referring him to the interior, that he has no location. They do not think that Zambe has any supervision over their daily lives here or in the future state. They also believe him to have two sons, who also have all power, one living in the interior of Africa and the other in the white man's country. The African one catches elephants and gets ivory and manufactures articles of commerce and trades them to his brother in the white man's country; and he in turn manufactures goods and trades them to his African brother. This seems to be their idea of the origin of trade. They see that articles, manufactured they know not how nor where, pass through their lands. Some one being must have been the guiding force in their making, and this being they call Zambe. As it is evident to them that there are two distinct classes of goods made, they reason that there must have been more than one maker, so they take refuge in two sons as the respective makers.

They believe that there is a town of ghosts down under the ground—probably from the fact of burial in the ground. They believe that at death they will go to this town and that they will see their fathers and all their people there; that they will be living in villages just as in this life, and that the same moral conditions exist there as here. If a spirit does wrong there it will be "caused to die from there," as they quaintly express it, meaning that it will leave this ghost town, and that one of two things will happen to it, either it will become a chimpanzee or some such animal, or else go to a place the name of which means total extinction. As they express it, "he is all gone, there is nothing more of him." Then if an animal which is a transformed spirit, is killed, it, too, goes to this place of extinction.

Another fable gives their idea of the origin of man's superiority to the rest of the animal creation.



It is as follows: Zambe lived back in the interior of the country. One day he called to him man, dwarf—(The Bule consider the dwarf The men will, however, occasionally take a dwarf woman for a wife)—gorilla, chimpanzee, and monkey.

Zambe gave to each one one of their large garden baskets, and in each basket he put seeds of various kinds of vegetables and cuttings of food plants, also an ax, a cutlass and fire, and sent them forth in the world to start homes for themselves. On parting with them he gave such advice as a father would to his sons under similar circumstances.

They started out along the forest path, probably going towards the coast. As they went along the monkey, becoming hungry, plucked some berries or nuts from the bushes by the side of the path. These tasted so good to him that he dropped his basket with its contents, and wandered off into the forest eating what he could find. The others in the meantime went on their way. Soon the chimpanzee became hungry. Gathering some nuts and eating them, he was so well satisfied that he too dropped his basket and went off into the forest, while the others went on. The gorilla was the next to become hungry, and, seeing some fruit growing on the trees near by, plucked and ate it. He too seemed satisfied with this food, and, dropping his basket, wandered off into the forest.

The dwarf saw some bees going into a hole in a tree. He climbed the tree, got the honey and ate it. The taste of it pleased him so well that, looking around and seeing a snail on a tree, knocked it off and ate it also.

(There is a species of land snail in that country, as large as a small plate, which, instead of living in its shell, carries a small conical spiral shell on its back. These snails attach themselves to trees and the natives knock them off and eat them. They make implements out of the shells.)

He was so pleased with these foods that he stopped by the side of the path, took the coals of fire out of his basket and kindled a fire. Then holding the shell in the fire the flesh was easily detached. He then rolled it up tightly in a leaf, and after roasting it in the fire, ate it. He thought the snail and the honey good enough for him, so he left the basket, ax, cutlass and seeds, only taking the fire, and went off into the forest.

Only man was left. Coming to a pretty stream where the soil looked good, he built a shelter, began to clear the forest, burning the brush when dried, and planted the seeds. While the crops were growing he got some bark and built himself a hut.

After a time Zambe started out to look after these children of his and to see how they were getting along. He found the baskets one after another just where they had been dropped. He bewailed the folly of those he had sent out, saying they were not of his children. He went until he came to man's village. He was greatly pleased thereat, and said: "Yes, this man is my child," and ever since man has been Zambe's child.

Dr. Johnson was showing how to make a "cat's cradle" with a string when one of the boys took it and made a great many different kinds, such as the doctor had never seen.

Alfred Wallace makes a similar statement in regard to the children in Borneo.

The natives have a singular game played with tops. They cut off the end of the snail shell, spoken of before, making it about an inch and a half long. One man will lay his top on the hard-beaten ground; another man will take his station a few feet away, and, holding his top with the fingers, with the point in the hollow of the hand, then giving a throwing motion of the arm, together with a peculiar twist of the fingers, he sends it spinning along the ground like a top towards the other one, which, if it touches, he claims as his own.

The rainbow by them is regarded as a huge python; when one appears they at once begin to attack it with guns and bows.

## CAPITAN AND TIN TIN

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

(Read April 7, 1898.)

In the words of Polonius, "Still harping on my daughter," you will perhaps say, but the subject of the Mission Indians has always been an interesting one to me. Taught in my early youth to seek that which was best in human nature, I naturally saw only the good in the Indian. In disposition like a child, easily led, but stubborn if driven, he could be managed by those who were kind to him without difficulty. Always looking with reverence upon those whom he considered his superiors, I was free to go and come among them in perfect safety, not safety from bodily harm, but immunity from coarseness or vulgarity. And "hush! there comes Lalita," was the password. In the early fifties, the main street or roadway of the Mission San Gabriel ran about a mile and three-quarters from the church in shape like a reclining letter L, the lines of the long shank of the letter-shaped street vanishing among the live-oak trees to the north of the Mission. On one side and between rows of willows, ran the zanja which watered the "milpas" of the Indians. And on either side of the street were the "jacals" or huts built of adobe and thatched with tule, which was cut in the lake near Pasadena, tied in bundles, dried in the sun, and bound on the roofs with thongs of the same, making a picturesque and weather-proof covering. There dwelt the remnant of the Mission Indians. They planted corn, beans, pumpkins, peas and chiles, and flowers of the brightest hues nodded to their reflections in the rippling zanja.

I passed every morning and evening along this road to school, and was always greeted with a "buenos dias Lalita" from such as were sitting sunning themselves outside their doors. Quiet and gentle old Capitan and his wife raised mocking birds for market. In the spaces between the walls and thatched roof of his house the birds built their nests, and at the proper age for selling he carefully packed his young birds in an old tin pail some one had given him, and walked to Los Angeles, carrying his pail on his arm. Or if from necessity he sometimes sacrificed an old bird it rose to the dignity of a cage made of reeds or cane. Old Capitan was very reliable in



his dealings with customers, and one could always be sure that his bird was a singer; there being but a very slight difference in the feathers of the wings, it was an easy matter to pass upon a novice a female bird. The females do not sing. His birds were his pets, and ate from his hands and sat upon his shoulders. They also came at his call. I remember distinctly, my mother had bought a bird from him, and, escaping from its cage, it flew to the topmost bough of an olive tree. The bird was given up as lost, until some one suggested sending for old Capitan. He came with an old cage, and, setting it upon the ground near by, gave a peculiar cry, which the bird answered, and to the astonishment of all, flew down from his perch and quietly entered the cage. Then he handed the bird to his mistress and returned home, not expecting any more reward than to have shown his influence over his pets.

Then there was "Tin-Tin." Poor "Tin-Tin," whose worst fault was his love of "Agua Ardiente." But then, the Americans were the cause of his downfall, which occurred every Saturday night. All the week he labored faithfully and conscientiously, but on Sunday morning he would be seen by those on their way to the church with his head in the ditch, dragged there by some friend, to cool him off for Monday's work. He was a fine specimen of the Indian, as he was, and should be but for the civilization of the white man; being tall and straight, and well built. But what constitution could stand "fire water" and exposure week after week? In his prime he was taken to the ditch for the last time a victim of his appetite, and the greed of the white man.

I must not forget the church choir, which made the round of every house on Sunday after services. It was composed of four musical instruments, flute, violin, (some were rude enough to call it a fiddle,) triangle and drum. The principal object of the choir was the collection of tithes, which everyone was very willing to pay after listening to the music for an hour. The poet sang "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast." It may have been that looking upon us as "aliens," they wished to impress us with the force of the quotation. The music was wild and weird, and helped to pass an otherwise long and lonely Sunday afternoon. I think that we all felt sad to see the "church choir" gradually transferred from this to the "choir invisible." And let us hope that in their "happy hunting grounds" they have exchanged the fiddle for the bow, and in exchanging their triangle have received the "horn of plenty," and all is on the "square."

## OLD FORT MOORE

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Part of an address delivered July 4, 1897, at the semi-centennial of the first Fourth of July celebration in California.)

It is an historical fact, but one that seems to be unknown to writers of California history, that there were two forts planned and partially built upon Fort Hill, in Los Angeles, during the war for the conquest of California. The first was planned by Lieut. William H. Emory, topographical engineer of Gen. Kearney's staff, and work begun upon it by Commodore Stockton's sailors and marines. The second was planned by Lieut. J. W. Davidson of the First United States Dragoons, and was built by the Mormon Battalion. The first was not completed and was not named. The second was named Fort Moore. Their location seems to have been identical. The first was designed to hold 100 men, the second was much larger. A brief review of some of the events preceding the building of the fort will not be out of place.

After the defeat of the Californians under Gens. Flores and Andres Pico at the battles of Paso de Bartolo and La Mesa, on the 8th and 9th of January, 1847, the American forces under Stockton and Kearney marched into the city and took possession of it.

Lieut. Emory says: "Not altogether trusting to the honesty of Gen. Flores, who had once before broken his parole, we moved into town in line of battle. (The city, under flag of truce, had been surrendered by a committee of citizens to Commodore Stockton.) It was a wise precaution, for the streets were full of drunken fellows, who brandished their arms and saluted us with every term of reproach. The crest of the hill overlooking the town, in rifle range, was covered with horsemen engaged in the same hospitable manner. Our men marched steadily on until crossing the ravine leading into the public square (the plaza) when a fight took place among the Californians on the hill. One became disarmed and, to avoid death, rolled down the hill toward us, his adversary pursuing and lancing him in the most cold-blooded manner. The man tumbling

down the hill was supposed to be one of our vaqueros, and the cry was raised 'rescue him!' The crew of the Cyane, nearest the scene, at once and without orders halted and gave the man that was lancing him a volley. Strange to say, he did not fall." The commodore gave the jack tars a cursing, not so much for firing without orders as for their bad marksmanship.

Shortly after the above episode the Californians did open fire from the hill on the vaqueros in charge of the cattle. (These vaqueros were Californians in the employ of the Americans, and were regarded by their countrymen as traitors.) A company of riflemen was ordered to clear the hill. A single volley effected this, killing two of the enemy. This was the last blood shed in the war; and the second conquest of California was completed as the first had been, by the capture of Los Angeles. Two hundred men with two pieces of artillery were stationed on the hill.

The Angelenos did not exactly welcome the invaders with "bloody hands to inhospitable graves," but they did their best to let them know they were not wanted. The better class of the native inhabitants closed their houses and took refuge with foreign residents or went to the ranchos of their friends in the country. The fellows of the baser sort who were in the possession of the city exhausted their vocabularies of abuse on the invading gringos.

There was one paisano who excelled all his countrymen in this species of warfare. It is a pity his name has not been preserved in history with that of other famous scolds and kickers. He rode by the side of the advancing column up Main street firing volleys of invective and denunciation at the hated gringos. At certain points in his tirade he worked himself up to such a pitch of indignation that language failed him, then he would solemnly go through the motions of "make ready; take aim," with an old shotgun he carried, but when it came to the order "fire!" discretion got the better of his valor; he lowered his gun and began again firing invective at the gringo soldiers; his mouth would go off if his gun would not.

Commodore Stockton's headquarters were in the Abila House, the second house on Gracia street, north of the Plaza. The building is still standing, but has undergone many changes in fifty years.

An amusing account was recently given me by an old pioneer of how Commodore Stockton got possession of the house. The widow



Abila and her daughters, at the approach of the Americans, had abandoned their home and taken refuge with Don Luis Vignes of the Aliso. Vignes was a Frenchman and friendly to both sides. The widow had left a young Californian in charge of her house, which was finely furnished, with strict orders to keep it closed. Stockton had with him a fine brass band, probably the best ever heard in California. When the troops halted on the Plaza the band began to play. The boyish guardian of the Abila Casa could not resist the temptation to open the door and look out. The strains of music drew him to the Plaza. Stockton and his staff, passing by, found the door invitingly open, entered and took possession. The recreant watchman returned when the band ceased to play to find himself dispossessed and the house in the hands of the enemy.

Flores' army was supposed to be hovering around the city, and Stockton determined to fortify. On January 11, Lieut. Emory says: "I was ordered to select a site and place a fort capable of containing a hundred men. With this in view, a rapid reconnoissance of the town was made, and the plan of a fort sketched; so placed as to enable a small garrison to command the town and the principal avenues to it. The plan was approved. January 12, I laid off the work, and before night broke ground." The sailors and marines were detailed by companies to work on the fort, "which work," the lieutenant says, "they performed bravely and gave me great hopes of success." On the 14th, Fremont with his battalion arrived from Caahuenga. There were then about one thousand troops in the city, and the old ciudad put on military airs. On the 18th, Kearney, having quarreled with Stockton about who should be Governor of the conquered territory, left for San Diego, taking with him Lieut. Emory and other members of his staff. Emory was sent East by way of Panama, with dispatches. Stockton appointed Col. Fremont Governor, and Col. Russel of the battalion, Secretary of State of the newly-acquired territory, and then took his departure for San Diego, where his ship, the Congress, was lying. The sailors and marines, on the 20th, took up their line of march to San Pedro to rejoin their ships, and work on the fort was abandoned. Lieut. Emory, in a footnote to his published diary, says "Subsequently to my leaving the Ciudad de Los Angeles, the entire plan of the fort was changed, and I am not the projector of the work finally adopted for defense of that town."

Fremont's battalion was left in charge of the city. The Governor had established his headquarters in the Bell Block, corner of Aliso and Los Angeles streets, that being the finest building in the city. Just before the arrival of Col. Cooke's Mormon Battalion, Capt. Owens, in command of Fremont's battalion, moved it with ten pieces of artillery to the Mission San Gabriel. Col. Cooke was an adherent of Gen. Kearney's, and Owens was a friend of Fremont. The removal was made probably to avoid unpleasantness between the two commanding officers.

The quarrel for superiority between Stockton, Kearney, Fremont and Mason continued, and waxed hotter. Kearney had removed to Monterey, and Col. Cooke with his Mormon Battalion had arrived and been stationed at San Luis Rey. On March 12, Col. Cooke thus defines the situation: "Gen. Kearney is supreme somewhere up the coast; Col. Fremont is supreme at Los Angeles; Commodore Shubrick, the same at Monterey, and I at San Luis Rey; and we are all supremely poor, the government having no money and no credit, and we hold the territory because Mexico is the poorest of all."

On March 23 the Mormon battalion arrived in Los Angeles. Fremont's battalion was mustered out, and the artillery removed to Los Angeles. Fremont shortly afterward left for Monterey to report to Kearney, who had established his claim to the Governorship, and then returned to St. Louis. Col. P. St. George Cooke was in command of the southern military district. On the 20th of April rumors reached the city that the Mexican general, Bustamente, was advancing on California with a force of 1500 men.

"Positive information," writes Col. Cooke, "was received that the Mexican government had appropriated \$600,000 toward fitting out this force." It was also reported that cannon and military stores had been landed at San Vicente, in Lower California, just below the line, and that the Californians were preparing for an insurrection. Precautions were taken against a surprise. A troop of dragoons was sent to Warner's Rancho to patrol the Sonora road as far as the desert. "The construction of a fort on the hill fully commanding the town, which had been previously determined upon, was begun, and a company of infantry was posted on the hill."

On the 23rd of April, three months after work had ceased on Emory's fort, the construction of the second fort was begun, and pushed

vigorously. Rumors came thick and fast of the approach of the enemy. On May 3, Col. Cooke writes: "A report was received through the most available sources of information, that Gen. Bustamente had crossed the gulf near the head in boats of the pearl fishers, and at last information was at a rancho on the western road, 70 leagues below San Diego." Col. Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers had arrived in California and two companies of it had been sent to Los Angeles. The report that Col. Cooke had received reinforcement and that the place was fortified was supposed to have frightened Bustamente and his invading army into abandoning the recapture of Los Angeles.

On May 13, Col. Cooke was superseded by Col. J. B. Stevenson, in command of the southern military district. Work still continued on the fort. As work on it approached completion, Col. Stevenson was exercised about a suitable flag staff for his field works. He wanted one at least 150 feet high. There was no tall timber in the vicinity of Los Angeles. A contract was let to a native of California, Juan Ramirez, to bring timber from the San Bernardino Mountains of a suitable length to make a flag pole. Juan Ramirez, with a number of carretas, a small army of Indian laborers and an escort of ten Mormon soldiers to protect him against the mountain Indians, repaired to the headwaters of Mill Creek in the mountains, where he found suitable timber. He brought down two tree trunks, one about ninety feet and the other seventy-five to eighty feet long, fastened on the axles of a dozen old carretas, each trunk drawn by twenty yoke of oxen and an Indian driver to each ox. The carpenters among the volunteers spliced the timbers and fashioned a beautiful pole 150 feet long, which was raised in the rear of the field work, near what is now the southeast corner of North Broadway and Rock street, or Fort Moore Place.

By the 1st of July work had so far progressed on the fort that Col. Stevenson decided to dedicate and name it on the Fourth. He issued an official order for the celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of American independence at this post, as he called Los Angeles.

The following is a synopsis of the order:

"At sunrise a Federal salute will be fired from the field work on the hill which commands this town, and for the first time from this point the American standard is displayed.

"At 10 o'clock every soldier at this post will be under arms. The



detachment of the Seventh Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, and First Regiment, U. S. Dragoons (dismounted,) will be marched to the field work on the hill, when, together with the Mormon Battalion, the whole will be formed at 11 o'clock a.m. into a hollow square, when the Declaration of Independence will be read. At the close of this ceremony the field works will be dedicated and appropriately named, and at 12 o'clock a national salute will be fired. . . . .

"The field work at this post having been planned and the work conducted entirely by Lieut. Davidson of the First Dragoons, he is requested to hoist upon it for the first time, on the morning of the 4th, the American standard.

"It is the custom of our country to confer on its fortifications the name of some distinguished individual who has rendered important services to his country, either in the councils of the nation or on the battlefield. The commandant has therefore determined, unless the Department of War shall otherwise direct, to confer upon the field work erected at the post of Los Angeles the name of one who was regarded by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance as a perfect specimen of an American officer, and whose character, for every virtue and accomplishment that adorns a gentleman, was only equaled by the reputation he had acquired in the field for his gallantry as an officer and soldier, and his life was sacrificed in the conquest of this territory at the battle of San Pasqual. The commander directs that from and after the 4th inst. it shall bear the name of Moore."

(It was named after Capt. Benjamin D. Moore of the First United States Dragoons.)

The fort was never entirely completed. On the 15th of July the Mormon Battalion was mustered out of service and work on the fort ceased.

It was located along what is now the easterly line of North Broadway at its intersection of Rock street, directly in front of the High School building. It extended southerly from near the northerly line of Dr. Wills's lot across Rock street to about the middle of the fourth lot south of Rock street—or Fort Moore Place—a distance of nearly four hundred feet.

It was not inclosed in the rear. It was a strong position, and two hundred men (about its capacity) could have held it against a thousand if attacked from the front, but its defenders could easily have been outflanked. In the rear of the fortifications was a deep ravine extending from the cemetery diagonally down across North Hill street, and the block between Hill street and Fort street, or Broad-

way, and crossing Temple street at New High street, it came out on Spring street south of the Allen Block. For many years the only road to the old cemetery led up the bottom of this ravine. Many an old-timer has been carried to his last resting place up the cemetery ravine. It was called the Cañada de Los Muertos—the Cañon of the Dead. During the occupation of Los Angeles by the United States troops in 1847, there were frequent rumors of impending insurrections. One of these was the indirect cause of a serious catastrophe and loss of life. On the afternoon of December 7, 1847, an old lady called upon Col. Stevenson and informed him that a large body of Californians had secretly organized and fixed upon that night for a general uprising to capture the city and massacre the garrison. The information was supposed to be reliable. Precautions were taken against a surprise. The guard was doubled and a strong reserve stationed at the guardhouse, which stood on the hillside in the rear of the St. Elmo, about where Beaudry's stone wall is now. A piece of artillery was kept at the guardhouse. About midnight one of the outpost pickets saw, or thought he saw, a horseman approaching him. He challenged, but receiving no reply, fired. The guard at the caurtel formed to repel an attack. Investigation proved the picket's horseman to be a cow. The guard was ordered to break ranks. One of the cannoneers had lighted a port fire (a sort of fuse formerly used for firing cannon.) He was ordered to extinguish it and return it to the armchest. He stamped out the fire and threw the fuse into the chest filled with ammunition. A spark rekindled and a terrific explosion followed that shook the city like an earthquake. The guardhouse was blown to pieces and the roof timbers thrown into Main street. The wildest confusion reigned. The long roll sounded and the troops flew to arms. Four men were killed by the explosion and ten or twelve wounded, several quite seriously.

After peace was declared in 1848, the old fort was abandoned and it fell to ruins. The Historical Society some fourteen years ago, when the land belonged to the city, made an effort to secure its site for a historical building and museum. Although the land had but little value then, the Mayor and City Council were too short-sighted to grant the society's request. The site was sold for a few hundred dollars, and the old fort became one of our lost landmarks.

The regular army officers stationed here fifty years ago all attained high rank in the civil war. Lieut.-Col. Cooke and Lieuts. A. J. Smith, Stoneman, Emory and Davidson were made major-generals. Lieut. Davidson's original plan contemplated the erection of another fort on the south side of the hill now known as Mt. Lookout, and also the cutting away of a jutting point of Fort Hill that interfered with the range of his guns, but these projects were abandoned.

# PIONEER SCHOOLS AND THEIR TEACHERS

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

Only pioneers or children of pioneers can understand the difficulties of obtaining an education in the early days of any State, particularly California; stranded thousands of miles from civilization upon an almost unknown shore, surrounded by dangers, forgotten by friends and neglected by relatives; with no hope of returning home, for the thought of facing the dangers and hardships of crossing the plains a second time would have appalled the strongest heart. But there are compensating phases in the lives of every one, and the prospect of a school for their children was compensation for the difficulties overcome in obtaining teachers suitable for the position. Among the many who came to the Golden State in its early days were men and women of education, but, like angels' visits, scattered few and far between. To find them was no easy task, as some did not possess every virtue, and few were—like Chevalier Bayard—without fear and without reproach.

The first schoolhouse of San Gabriel was built of wild mustard stalks, under the spreading boughs of an oak. As three months was the longest term, and that in the summer, mustard walls were considered sufficient, being cool and airy, the children were not oppressed by the heat nor in want of ventilation. The Board of Trustees was composed of William R. Stockton, Asa Lane, C. C. Twitchel and J. S. Waite. Some of the trustees being teachers, they served in both capacities. The position of teacher was more difficult than that of a general. As the parents of unruly children were in the majority, the punishment of a child directed the wrath of the parents to the board, and charges of ignorance in putting such a man in office generally resulted in a dismissal of the teacher on the ground of cruelty. More immigrants arriving in 1855, it was decided to enlarge the school, so an adobe house was bought of an old Californian. As it was not more than two or three miles distant from the different families and from the Mission, it was considered very central and easy of access. This building consisted of a room about twenty-five feet long, with desks and seats of rough lumber—stakes driven into



the floors with boards upon them were the desks, slanted at an angle which necessitated the children hastening through their writing lessons in as short a time as possible. I am sure that Spain in her hall of inquisition never possessed seats like these; the pupils being nailed to their benches by the quantity and quality of the splinters, were compelled to be on their best behavior. A dirt floor, which four children were detailed every Friday evening to sprinkle and sweep, was the best the school afforded. There were no windows to clean, the two that the building contained were closed by heavy wooden shutters, thrown open during study hours, with the soft summer breezes floating in and the song of the mocking bird filling the air, we studied our sometimes audible lessons. The first teacher I remember was William A. Wallace, sent by the Department of California to study the flora of the State. His meek and mild character could not stand the thorns of adversity which came in the shape of complaints made by the boys to their parents, and the parents, as usual, to the board, that the schoolmaster did not know fractions. His time was so taken up on Saturday and Sundays in the foothills among the flowers that he had no time to do their sums.

The next teacher's forte was recitations; on Friday all learned pieces; none were exempt, from the youngest child to the grown-up man. He even went to the extent of giving a prize of five dollars for the best recitation, and on the last day of the week the walls of our adobe hall echoed to the inspiring lines of "Rienzi's Address to the Romans," "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and "Lord Ullen's Daughter." This teacher's name was Claudius Caesar Twitchel, said by the men who knew him to be a fine scholar; to those who did not know him he seemed a tall, ungainly, unkempt man; and as water ran by the roadside and brushes, such as the Indians used, grew on the bushes the board demanded something more than intellect. He, not caring to comply with their wishes, went the way of the former teachers.

As his successor is still seen on the streets, perhaps it would be wise for me to confine myself to an anecdote which will illustrate one phase of his character. Among his scholars were young men (boys as they were called,) devoted to the only forms of amusement available in the early days, such as horse racing and cock fighting, on Sundays. This side of the teacher's character being still untarnished by his advent to the new El Dorado, he felt it his duty to cor-

rect the morals of his pupils and put before them in so hideous a light their breaking of the Sabbath that, being so much impressed by his sermon, there is no telling where his influence might have extended, had he only remained true to his convictions. But the result only shows how we are all open to temptation, and that the mote in our own eye so distorts our vision that we can see only the beam in the eye of our brother.

In the early days of California there were other entertainments besides dancing and picnics, and these were days when some desperado was to be hung. On such days the public was invited to attend and this teacher, unable to withstand the temptation of seeing a fellow-man swung high in air, dismissed his school that he might attend the sport; the only regret he felt was that he was there too late.

In strange contrast to this teacher was a Baptist minister of stern aspect. He began by reforming our principles; everything was a sin, even a laugh; but he created a discipline in our school which it had never before known. Just as we had begun to like it, a boy who had been expelled for insubordination complained to the board, (which meant his parents) and Mr. Pendleton was given his walking papers.

And now I come to my last, but not least, teacher—a woman. The first advent among us of a woman, whose softening influence was felt for two years, the longest term ever held in our school. She ruled by love alone; being small in stature and delicate in health, she called forth the rough sentiment of the boys and they were always on her side. Mrs. Foster has seen the darkest hours and known the severest sorrows that woman can know—those caused by a drunken husband, and necessity had sent her to us; but I think that even after she had left us and entered upon a more lucrative position, she had a loving memory for our little adobe house under the live oaks. She boarded with us, and she and I walked to school together in the early mornings through the wild flowers, which glistened with dew on every side. The walk through the lanes of willows and the soft greetings of Mission Indians, still make a picture in my memory which time cannot efface.

## GOV. FELEPE DE NEVE

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read May 3, 1897.)

The appointment of Felipe de Neve as Governor of the Californias by Viceroy Bucareli was in every respect an admirable one. The Viceroy, himself an officer of enlarged views, had seen the evil effects of the petty quarrels and obstructive tactics that had signalized the administration of Gov. Barri; and he therefore exercised the utmost care in the selection of the latter's successor; and in the preparation of instructions for his guidance, in his relation both with the commandante and with the padres.

Gov. De Neve, who had been a major of cavalry, came to Loreto, Baja, California, and assumed the duties of Gefe Politico or Governor of the two Californias, March 4, 1775. The military commandante, Rivera y Moncada, for a time practically administered the affairs of the northern province, but as the extent and importance of this newly-settled region were better appreciated, an order was issued by the King, during this year, directing that Gov. de Neve should reside at Monterey, and that Commandante Rivera y Moncada should reside at Loreto and act as Governor of the peninsula. De Neve arrived by land at Monterey in the early part of 1777, and Rivera y Moncada soon after set out for Lower California. During Gov. de Neve's administration many important events in California history took place, including the founding of five missions, two presidios and two pueblos, or towns.

The missions and the dates of their establishment were as follows, to wit: Dolores (San Francisco,) Oct. 9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, Nov. 1, 1776; Santa Clara, July 18, 1777; San Gabriel, Archangel, Sept. 8, 1778; San Buenaventura, March 31, 1782.

The presidios, or military posts, established were: San Francisco, 1776; Santa Barbara, 1780. And the pueblos were: San José de Guadalupe, Nov. 29, 1777; Los Angeles, Sept. 4, 1781.

It was under de Neve's Governorship that steps were taken to lay the foundations of civil or secular institutions in the newly-settled territory. Almost from the first occupation the desirability of en-



couraging agricultural and other useful industries, whereby the necessities of the military establishments might be supplied at home instead of from abroad, was forced on the authorities, Gov. de Neve's attention having been called to this matter by Viceroy Bucareli. He selected two valleys, one on the Porciuncula (Los Angeles) River, and the other on the Guadalupe, through which valleys he had passed on his journey north in 1777, as being well adapted to agricultural and pastoral pursuits, and also as eligible sites for the location of permanent pueblos or towns.

As showing the constructive statesmanship of Gov. de Neve, as well as the high estimate of his character and ability held by his superiors in authority, it may be noted that, not only was he invited to formulate a reglamento and general plan for the government of the presidios, and of pueblos to be established, etc., but his comprehensive plan, including provisions for colonization and for the distribution of pueblo lands, etc., was approved and adopted almost without change, by decree of the King of Spain, and ordered carried into effect by Croix, Commandante-General of Provincias Internas del Occidente. The far-reaching effect of some of these "regulations" of Gov. de Neve are felt even by the Anglo-American citizens of Alta California to this day.

Many interesting episodes occurred during Gov. de Neve's administration which are too voluminous for detailed insertion here. Among these may be mentioned the contention that arose between him and President Serra concerning the technical power of the latter to administer the rite of confirmation, in which both the Governor and the President of the missions held out stoutly, and eke conscientiously—as so many representatives of church and state, before and since, have done—for their respective prerogatives. While the differences between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities were earnest, even at times to the point of bitterness, during the rule of de Neve, the contest was carried on at least more decorously and in a more manly fashion than it had been under the rule of his predecessor, de Barri.

Gov. de Neve showed statesmanship of a high order in his recommendations and regulations for the government of the new province, which were carried into effect, partly in his own time, and partly by his successors, and whose influence on the material and social well-being of the settlers was of a permanent and most beneficent

character. Evidently he clearly saw that the missionaries would never be able to convert the Digger Indians of Alta California into self-governing citizens. Therefore he early took steps towards the founding of a civil State by establishing towns or pueblos, which should be entirely separate from and independent of the missionary establishments, and also providing, as an essential part of the plan, for the distribution of pueblo lands to actual settlers, etc.

In September, 1782, de Neve was promoted to the office of Inspector-General de Provincias Internas, and received also the cross of the Order of San Carlos; on the 10th of the same month he was succeeded as Governor by Pedro Fages; and the next year he was appointed Commandante-General de Provincias Internas. He died Nov. 3, 1784.

Gov. de Neve's services and ability were duly appreciated by the governing authorities of New Spain, as is evidenced by the honors conferred upon him as above noted. During the latter portion of his term as Governor of California he resided at San Gabriel, directing the founding of the new pueblo of Los Angeles. Considering its location in the midst of a magnificent and fertile valley, with one of the finest and most genial climates in the world, he must have foreseen with prophetic eye that the modest civic settlement whose foundations he had laid, and in which he apparently took a deep interest, was to have a great future.

Gov. de Neve had no family. In manners he was courteous; and Bancroft with fine antithesis pays him this just compliment, that while other officials followed, more or less faithfully, the policy laid down in superior instructions, he largely dictated that policy; and he further finely says of him: "Finding that the friars would not submit to amicable recognition of the secular authorities, he proposed to restrict their control of the mission temporalities and of the natives, in the interests of colonization, of real civilization and the rights of man."

## RARE OLD BOOKS IN THE BISHOP'S LIBRARY

BY THE REV. J. ADAM, V.G.

(Read Dec. 5, 1898.)

In Bishop Montgomery's library are found some rare old books. Many of those have no duplicates in existence. These books formerly belonged to the mission libraries.

One book gives in alphabetical order a list of the Indians baptized at the Mission San Antonio de Padua. It gives very little that is interesting. Here are some examples of the Indian names found in it: Higuaichi, Talehuc, Teage, Tizecolmi, and one is named Bon, which has an English sound.

Among these books are several on music. One of these is dated as far back as 1770, a year after the first explorer set foot in Upper California. If I were a musician I might entertain you by giving a concert of this old music, and since I have mentioned a concert, allow me to suggest an idea that occurs to me as I write: Could we not engage some lovers of music to study these old music books and give a concert for the benefit of our Historical Society? We might realize handsomely from such an entertainment. One of these books of music is written in Italian and is called "Caccolta Armonica," namely, a collection or selection of harmony. In the first page some one that signs himself Peoria has written the following words in English: "Behold how I loved! Behold how you are loved! Behold how much you are loved! Behold how you are loved!" Poor Peoria! if he had lived in our time he could have written "Behold how little people love! Behold how little you are loved!" However, the book is not composed of profuse love songs, but all the hymns seem to be sacred, beginning with these beautiful words, "Mandarni im raggio al meno di pieti ligure to the sperc l mio Auore,"—which means "Send me at least a rag of mercy o Lord; in Thee my heart puts its trust."

Among these music papers I find one called a mass for four voices, with violin, tromb, organ and bajo (bass viol,) written by Ygnacio Jerusalem. Some of you, perhaps, are not aware that in the old



times every mission had a set choir of musicians selected from among the Indian neophytes. These sang mass and vespers and hymns accompanied by string and wind instruments. Some years ago while pastor of Santa Cruz I had the pleasure of hearing three survivors of the old mission musicians—Lorenzo, Bustico and another whose name I cannot recollect. They sang for me on Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday, and it was a treat to hear them. They sang and played their violins. After service Saturday morning one of them came to my house to know if their services would be needed for Easter Sunday. I told him no; he asked the same question three or four times. I could not see then what his object was in asking so often. I paid them and soon after one of the altar boys ran to me saying: "Father, one of the Indian singers is lying down drunk outside the church door. Then I understood why he insisted on knowing whether their services were wanted or not. As soon as they found out they were free they indulged in their old habit. Another priest told me that when he wanted to secure the Indian musicians for the choir he had to lock them up in a room a day or two before in order to be sure of their services. And the amusing part of it was that, knowing their weak points, they would present themselves and say: "Father, here we are, lock us up if you wish to have us sing on such a day," etc.

In some missions they had as many as one hundred players and singers, but they have nearly all disappeared. Once a year at least each one of them was given a new suit, and other privileges were granted to them to encourage them to serve in the choir. Among the old books are fragments of the so-called "Mise Catalona"—Catalonian mass—which used to be sung by the Indians on great feast days. It is believed these were copied by the Indians themselves. Strange to say, that after being here for more than 15 years, I have never come across any of these old books in our library. Another manuscript found is called "General Information or Statement of the Mission of Soledad," taken December 31, 1834. Said mission was situated in Monterey county, a few miles from Salinas City. I visited Paraiso Springs last summer. Part of the mission property was sold by Bishop Amat about 25 or 30 years ago. I passed close by the ruins of the old mission, and nothing remained of it except a few adobes. This statement says that up to that time—namely 1834—there had been 2234 baptisms, 675 marriages and 1724 deaths.

At that time there were 350 Indians living at the mission. They had 4500 head of cattle, 4950 sheep, and horses, mules and burros, 163. Crops in wheat, sowed 84 bushels, harvested 163; in barley, 25 bushels, harvested 120; in Spanish peas, 20 bushels, harvested 31; in horse peas, 2.2 bushels, harvested 22; in corn, 2 bushels, harvested 60; in beans, 2 bushels, harvested 8; total, 406 bushels.

It finishes the statement by saying that in that year no improvements were made, but that the Indians were occupied in the field and their domestic duties; that the church was well supplied of things for divine worship, and that the tools for tilling the soil were almost useless.

While at Santa Cruz I collected from the attic of my house some papers of the old missions, and from them could see that each missionary was obliged every year to send a report to his superior in Mexico of the temporal and spiritual state of his mission. Boxes were filled with these reports in the convent of San Fernando, Mexico. When I visited the capital ten years ago and asked the one venerable Franciscan left to take care of the church to show me some of those papers, with a sigh he said they exist no more. The government confiscated our convent and opened a street through our property, seized all papers and, thinking them not worth keeping, burned them. Many things we might know of the dealings of the Fathers in missionary times if our modern vandals had spared these documents. As it is, they should be gathered up from the different missions for safe keeping; otherwise in a few years nothing will be known of them, as to my own knowledge in our time they have been used to light the fire in some places.

# HOW A WOMAN'S WIT SAVED CALIFORNIA

DR. J. D. MOODY.

For centuries the longing eyes of Europe had been turned toward India and the Far East. The glowing reports of the few adventurous travelers who had penetrated these regions from time to time aroused the cupidity of the people of Europe and fired them with an intense desire to share in this marvelous wealth.

India was a word to conjure with. It was this dream of the wealth of the Indies which led Columbus to brave the dangers of an unknown sea. His supposed success aroused the world and soon ships of every nation were pointing their prows towards this golden magnet.

When it was realized that the new-found world was not India, strenuous efforts were made to find a waterway across this continental barrier. Out of these centuries of fruitless search it slowly dawned upon the commercial world that the great highway to India lay directly across the continent.

From the first conception of this idea began the struggle for the possession of the Pacific Coast.

The commercial instinct of Great Britain early led her to secure a foothold on this coast, and once having a foothold she coveted the whole coast for her own. It was not the trade of these regions alone, great though it was, that led to this move, but she felt that the power holding the seaboard both on the Atlantic and the Pacific held within its grasp the key to the trade with the Orient.

In the beginning of this century Russia held all of Alaska and a station on the coast a little way above San Francisco. England possessed the mainland adjacent to Vancouver Island, and disputed with the United States for the possession of the Oregon country. The rest of the coast belonged to Spain.

Already some American statesman had dreamed of a great empire on the Pacific Coast growing out of the development of our western frontier, and some, at least, looking into futurity, saw the necessity of directing this stream of Oriental wealth to our own



shores—a dream which is only just now about to be fulfilled.

At the beginning of this century the Pacific Coast and all the intervening territory between that and the Mississippi River was a veritable terra incognita. But from time to time hunters, trappers and other adventurous spirits penetrated these wilds, and, coming back, told marvelous tales of eternal sunshine and fertile lands. Restless humanity turned longing eyes towards these regions. This spirit of territorial expansion crept into Congressional debate and began to educate our statesmen in the possibilities that lay before us.

Our thinking men were beginning to feel that all of the Pacific Coast opposite our eastern border, with all of the intervening territory naturally did, and eventually should, belong to us. This idea led them to keep a jealous eye on England's movements in the Pacific.

The Spanish possessions of Alta California were far from the home government, and held by a fiction of colonial authority that could easily be broken—and even after the independence of Mexico made this Mexican territory, it was practically as far from the then home government and as lightly held; and it was evident that at no distant day it would be owned by a stronger government. After a time the Russians abandoned their California settlements and retired to the extreme north.

Great Britain and France were understood to be watching for a pretext to interfere and take possession of the country. American statesmen, however, were alert to foil, if possible, any such attempt. Under government auspices and by private enterprise expedition after expedition had crossed the deserts and penetrated the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. At the time of our story, in 1842-3, the Oregon question was not yet settled, but was a source of great anxiety, and the cause of frequent communications between the governments.

St. Louis was at this time the great emporium of the West. It was here that traders and expeditions were fitted out, and it was here that returned trappers and travelers congregated. The stories of the wonders they saw, the rich plains, immense herds of buffalo and other game, great mountains, and golden opportunities, fired with enthusiasm the already restless population of the Eastern States. Emigrants began pouring into the Oregon country and were looking to the government for sympathy and for substantial aid. Thos. H.

Benton, Senator from Missouri, had his home here. He was a man of wide culture and of great influence in the national councils. There were none of the statesmen of that day who saw the possibilities of our country's future and who could plan for it as he.

His home was the center in which gathered men who held in common with him one great zeal for western expansion. Here travelers from the West met statesmen and tradesmen from the East and talked of the wonders of this newest world, and planned for this great consummation.

His daughter, Jessie Benton, was at this time but a miss in her teens, but of far greater average intelligence than most of her age. She was her father's amanuensis, and as such she listened with wonder and delight to these conversations, and early became enthused with their far-reaching plans.

The Mexican war was beginning to loom up on the political horizon. Causes growing out of the social conditions in the South were urging it on. This to many seemed the great question of the day, and, strange to relate, many of the New England men of influence joined with the southern men in their opposition to this western expansion. Western interests were by them relegated to the future. It is amusing in the light of today to read some of the debates in Congress on this subject. The whole country beyond St. Louis to the Pacific was declared valueless and that it could never be populated. It was feared that a strong stand by our government on the Oregon question would be resented by Great Britain, and it was to their interest in this junction in Mexican affairs to placate her, so they threw every obstacle in the way of this western movement. But Senator Benton threw the whole weight of his influence, political and social, in favor of this extension. He gathered about him in his Washington home a group of men who thought as he did. They not only saw with the mind's eye a great nation in the future, but also the necessity for a great commerce to sustain that nation in its greatness.

On the tombstone of Senator Benton at St. Louis is carved a hand with the finger pointing to the West, and underneath these words:

"There is the East,

"There is the road to India."

The dream of Columbus was still haunting the minds of men. About this time John C. Fremont, a young lieutenant of engineers,

became an inmate of Senator Benton's family, and was destined to play a considerable part in this opening of the West.

In 1842 Whitman, a missionary to Oregon, learned definitely of an attempt soon to be made by the British to fully occupy Oregon, which up to this time had been under the joint control of Great Britain and the United States.

His wonderful ride to Washington and its results is a matter of history. It aroused the country and lent an additional interest to this discussion. Lieut. Fremont had lately been engaged in an expedition into the Indian country, and this contact with its wild activities but whetted an appetite already keen with the explorer's enthusiasm.

This was a period of great excitement in our country. Trouble with Mexico was brewing. James Buchanan was Secretary of State. Much of the correspondence and many of the public documents coming to his office were in the Spanish language. These he took to Senator Benton's house for translation. His young daughter did much of this work and thus came to have a comprehensive knowledge of these national questions, a knowledge which she soon made good use of. The necessity for a better acquaintance with this western territory became imperative. In 1842 western influence secured the fitting out of an expedition to the "frontier beyond the Mississippi," as the orders read, and with Lieut. Fremont as its leader. As the government did not wish to have any trouble with England arise at this time, and possibly fearing some hidden reason for its going, insisted that it be conducted as a peaceful, geographical expedition. The western men had to proceed cautiously.

Lieut. Fremont did not like these orders, and with Senator Benton's influence, secured a modification allowing it to go to the Rocky Mountains, with South Pass, the gateway to Oregon, as the particular point to be examined. Those in the secret meant that it should be more than this; that in fact, it should lend a direct aid to the emigration into Oregon in order that we should possess the land ourselves. Miss Benton had now become Lieut. Fremont's wife, and as his secretary, accompanied him to St. Louis, where he was to fit out the expedition. Among other things he added a howitzer to his equipment. This coming to the notice of the department at Washington, the chief of the Topographical Bureau sent an order at once for his return to Washington to explain why, in fitting out a scien-



tific expedition, he had added this military equipment.

Fremont in the meantime, having gotten his party together, had moved to Kaw's Landing (near where Kansas City now stands,) in order that his horses might feed on the tender new grass as a better preparation for the long journey before them. His wife, as his secretary, was to open his mail and forward such as concerned him, together with such supplies as were needed to complete the organization. In this capacity she opened the letter from Washington. When she read its contents she instinctively saw that it would delay and hinder the plans formed with so much care and circumspection, and she also felt that in this order a hidden hand was at work. Her woman's wit grasped the situation, she retained the order and wrote her husband to start at once and ask no questions.

Attached to Fremont's party was a Frenchman, De Rosier, one of his most trusty men. His wife was in St. Louis and soon to be confined. He was with her at this time. Mrs. Fremont feared that duplicate orders might have been sent by some other means. In her quandary she thought of De Rosier, and felt that she could trust him. She sent for him and asked him how soon he could start with a message to Lieut. Fremont. He said "at once." She explained to him the necessity for hurry, and directed him to go overland and by the most direct way, taking advantage of every cut-off he could make. The route this way would be shorter than by the river, the route on which any duplicate orders would probably be sent. In her letter she told Lieut. Fremont that there was need of hurry, and to start at once with the horses in such condition as they were and not to await further supplies. On receipt of her letter he moved at once to Bent's Ford, a long ways westward and quite out of reach of any orders from Washington.

When Mrs. Fremont received this order she was sitting in her room with her work basket by her side doing some sewing for a little daughter. Instead of forwarding this with the rest of the mail, she tucked the order underneath the baby clothes in the basket and sent instead the now famous order. Lieut. Fremont did not know the reasons for her vague but imperative command until eighteen months after, when he returned from this trip. He had faith in his wife and went without a question.

Mrs. Fremont at once wrote to his chief in Washington just what she had done, and giving as her reason the forward state of the

preparations for the expedition, and the lateness of the season which would make necessary a wait of a whole year, if now delayed.

Her father, Senator Benton, approved of her action and defended her so successfully that nothing more was said about it.

In this expedition Lieut. Fremont was accidentally turned into California and traversed a good portion of that Territory. The reports of this expedition electrified the whole country, and aroused a great interest in Europe. In 1842 one thousand emigrants crossed the mountains into Oregon and in 1843 two thousand more went through the pass explored by Fremont. Those living at the time report the excitement both in this country and in Europe as something wonderful. The reports of this expedition led to a third just in time to snatch the golden California from the hands of the British, ready to clutch it (Benton.) Had this second expedition been abandoned at this time, under these orders from Washington, undoubtedly the British would have gained possession, not only of Oregon, but of the whole Pacific Coast.

It was a brave thing for Mrs. Fremont to do, the retaining of this order and the sending the expedition off, but she had faith in her husband, in her father's protection, and in a great western empire for this country.

Thus it was that a woman's wit saved to us California—and the Orient as well.

# EL ESTADO LIBRE DE ALTA CALIFORNIA

## THE FREE STATE OF UPPER CALIFORNIA

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read March 5, 1898.)

There is no other State or Territory in our Federal Union that, during its civic life, has lived under so many different forms of government as California has.

First a semi-civic semi-ecclesiastical colony of Spain; from that it changes to a province of the empire of Mexico, next a Territory of the Mexican republic, then the free and sovereign State of Alta California—an independent government—a nation all by itself; back again as a department of the supreme government of Mexico; next the California republic, with the Bear Flag as its emblem; then a Territory of the United States, with a military Governor, and lastly a sovereign State of the Federal Union. The story of the California republic and its emblem, the Bear Flag, has been told many times; and by dramatic historians magnified beyond its real importance, but the story of the rise and fall of *El Estado Libre y Soberano de Alta California* (The Free and Sovereign State of Upper California) under its self-constituted Governor, Juan Bautista Alvarado, is almost an unknown chapter of California history. Written in quaint provincial Spanish on the pages of the old pueblo archives in fragmentary chapters is told the story of its stormy life and untimely death; or rather, is told the part that Los Angeles played in the life drama of *El Estado Libre* (The Free State.)

The effort to free California from the domination of Mexico and make her an independent government was one of those spasmodic blows for liberty the records of which are scattered thickly over the pages of history. The origin of the movement to make California independent and the causes that led to an outbreak against the governing power were very similar to those which led to our separation from our own mother country—England—namely, bad Governors. Between 1831 and 1836, when Alvarado, a native-born Californian, became Governor, the Territory had had six Mexican-born Governors.



Two of these the Californians deposed and deported out of the country, and a third was made so uncomfortable that he exiled himself. Many of the acts of these Governros were as despotic as those of the royal Governors of the colonies before the revolution. California was a fertile field for Mexican adventurers of broken fortunes. Mexican officers commanded the troops, Mexican officials looked after the revenues and embezzled them. There was no outlet for the ambitious native-born sons of California. There was no chance for them to obtain office. And one of the most treasured prerogatives of the free-born citizen of any republic is the privilege of holding office.

A series of petty arrogances court scandals, overbearing acts of officials, arbitrary arrests, and banishments and imprisonments of prominent men running through the administrations of Governors Victoria, Gutierrez and Chico resulting in several petty revolutions, finally culminating in an uprising or revolt at Monterey in Nov., 1836, headed by Castro and Alvarado. They collected an army of 75 natives and an auxiliary force of 25 American hunters and trappers under the command of Graham, a backwoodsman from Tennessee. By a strategic movement, Alvarado and Castro captured the Castillo which commanded the presidio where Gutierrez and the Mexican army officers were stationed. The patriots demanded the surrender of the fort and the arms. The Governor refused to surrender. A shot from the cannon of the castillo was fired into the commandante's house, scattering the Governor and his staff. This, and the desertion of most of his soldiers to the patriots, brought the Governor to terms. On the 5th of November, 1836, he surrendered the presidio. He and about 70 of his adherents were placed aboard a vessel in the harbor and shortly afterward shipped to Mexico. With the Mexican Governor and his officers out of the Territory the next move of Castro and Alvarado was to call a meeting of the diputacion or Territorial Congress. A plan for the independence of California was adopted in which it was declared that "California is erected into a free and sovereign State, establishing a Congress which shall pass all the special laws of the country; also assume the other necessary supreme powers." "The religion will be Roman Catholic apostolic, without admitting the public worship of any other, but the government will molest no one for his private religious opinions."

The diputacion issued a declaration of independence that arraigned the mother country, Mexico, and her officials very much in the style that our own declaration gives it to King George III.

Castro issued a pronunciamiento ending with *viva la federacion, viva la libertad, viva el estado Libre y Soberano de Alta California!* (The Free and Sovereign State of Alta California.)

Thus amid *vivas* and pronunciamientos, with the beating of drums and the booming of cannon, Estado Libre de California was launched on the political sea. But it was rough sailing for the little craft. Her ship of state struck a rock and for a time shipwreck was threatened. For years there had been a growing jealousy between Northern and Southern California. Los Angeles through the efforts of José Antonio Carrillo had succeeded in obtaining a decree from the Mexican Congress in 1835 making it the capital of the Territory. Monterey had persistently refused to give up the Governor and the archives. In the movement to make California a free and independent State, the Angelenos recognized an attempt on the part of the people of the north to deprive them of the capital. Although as bitterly opposed to Mexican Governors and as active in fomenting revolutions against them as the people of Monterey, the Angelenos chose to profess loyalty to the mother country. They opposed the plan of government adopted by the Congress at Monterey and formulated a plan of their own in which they declared California was not free; that "the Roman Catholic apostolic religion shall prevail in this jurisdiction and any person publicly professing any other shall be prosecuted as has been the custom heretofore;" and closed by professing their loyalty to Mexico.

San Diego and San Luis Rey sided with Los Angeles, Sonoma and San José with Monterey, while Santa Barbara, always conservative, was undecided, but finally issued a plan of her own.

Alvarado and Castro determined to suppress the revolutionary Angeleños. They collected an army of 80 natives and 25 American riflemen under Graham and Coppinger and with this force prepared to move against the recalcitrant sureños (southerners.) The Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles began preparations to resist the invaders. A force of 270 men was enrolled, part of which was Indian neophytes. To secure the sinews of war, José Sepulveda, second alcalde, was sent to the Mission San Fernando to seize what money there was in

the hands of Mayordomo. He returned with two packages which, when counted, were found to contain \$2000. Scouts patrolled the Canimo del Rey as far as San Buenaventura and pickets guarded the Pass of the Cahuenga and the Rodeo de las Aguas to prevent northern spies from entering and southern traitors from getting out of the pueblo. The southern army was stationed at San Fernando under the command of Alferez Rocha. Alvarado, pushing rapidly down the coast, reached Santa Barbara, where he was kindly received and his force recruited to 120 men, with two pieces of artillery. On the 16th of January, 1837, from San Buenaventura he dispatched a conciliatory letter to the Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles, but intimated in it that he had a large force which he would use against their army if it became necessary. The hint had the desired effect. The Ayuntamiento concluded that Juan Bautista was not such a very bad fellow, after all. Commissioners were sent to treat with him. After considerable parleying no decision was reached. Alvarado cut short the negotiations by demanding the immediate surrender of the Mission San Fernando, intimating that if his demand was not complied with at once he would take it by force. The Angelenos had a wholesome fear of Graham's riflemen. These fellows, armed with long Kentucky rifles, shot to kill, and should they be turned loose on the southerners, the male population of Los Angeles would be greatly reduced, so the Commissioners with very bad grace ordered the mission vacated and their soldiers to return to Los Angeles. Rocha, the commander of the southern army, swore more terribly than "the army in Flanders."

The day after the surrender of the mission, Jan. 22, 1837, the Ayuntamiento held a session, and the members were as obdurate and belligerent as ever. They resolved that it was only in the interests of humanity, and to avoid bloodshed that the mission had been surrendered to the enemy; and declared that California was not a free and sovereign State; that Juan Bautista was not its Governor, and that Los Angeles was ready to defend the national integrity and maintain the laws of the supreme government. Next day Alvarado entered the city without opposition, the Angelenian soldiers retiring to San Gabriel, and from there scattering to their homes.

An extraordinary session of the most illustrious Ayuntamiento was called. A treaty of amity was agreed upon by which Alvarado was recognized as Governor. The belligerent sureños vied with each



other in expressing their admiration for the new order of things. Pio Pico wished to express the pleasure it gave him to see an *hijo del pais*—a son of the country—in office; and Antonio Osio, the most belligerent of the southerners, declared “that sooner than again submit to a Mexican dictator as Governor, he would flee to the forest and be devoured by wild beasts.” Alvarado made a conciliatory speech, in which he thanked Pico and the Council for the good opinion they had expressed of the Territorial government and himself. He promised that he would see to it that offices were conferred on native sons. Hereafter they would examine into the character of government officials. The supreme government had sent men here who had in many cases turned out to be “either knaves or fools.” He begged their pardon for using such harsh terms, but they were indicative of his frankness. Then he intimated to the members of Council that it took money to support a standing army, but under certain circumstances such an army was necessary; therefore would they please turn over to him the money they had taken from the Mission San Fernando. With a wry face very much such as a boy wears when he is told that he has been spanked for his own good, the *alcalde* paid over the balance of the mission money to Juan Bautista; and the Governor took his departure, leaving, however, Col. José Castro at the Mission San Gabriel with part of the army to watch the *Angeleños*. Peace had apparently been established throughout the realm. And Estado Libre de California took her place among the nations of the earth. But the reign of peace was brief. At the meeting of the *Ayuntamiento*, May 27, 1837, Juan Bandini and Santiago E. Arguello of San Diego appeared with a *pronunciamiento* and a plan—San Diego’s plan of government. Monterey, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles had each formulated a plan of government for the Territory, and now it was San Diego’s turn. Agustin V. Zamarano, who had been exiled with Gov. Gutierrez, had crossed the frontier and was made *Commandante-General* and Territorial Political Chief *ad interim* by the San Diego revolutionists.

The San Diego plan restored California to obedience to the supreme government. All acts of the *diputacion* and the Monterey plan were annulled, and the northern rebels were to be arraigned and tried for their part in the revolution, and so on through twenty articles. On the plea of an Indian outbreak near San Diego in

which the red men it was reported "were to make an end of the white race," the big cannon and a number of men were secured at Los Angeles to assist in suppressing the Indians, but in reality to reinforce the army of the San Diego revolutionists. With a force of 125 men under Zamorano and Portilla, "the army of the supreme government" moved against Castro at Los Angeles. Castro retreated to Santa Barbara and Portilla's army took up its position at San Fernando. The civil and military officials of Los Angeles took the oath to support the Mexican Constitution of 1836, and this absolved them from all allegiance to Juan Bautista and his Monterey plan, at least so they thought. Alvarado hurried reinforcements to Castro at Santa Barbara and Portilla called loudly for "men, arms and horses" to march against and conquer the northern rebels. But neither military chief advanced beyond his own frontier, and the summer wore away without a battle. There were rumors that Mexico was preparing to send an army of 1000 men to subjugate the rebellious Californians.

In October came the news that José Antonio Carrillo, the Machavelli of California politics, had persuaded President Bustamante of Mexico to appoint Carlos Carrillo, José's brother, Governor of California.

Then consternation seized the Free-State men of the north and the sureños (southerners) of Los Angeles went wild with joy. They illuminated the town that night and the big cannon boomed. It was not that they loved Carlos Carrillo, for he was a Santa Barbara man, and had opposed them in the late unpleasantness, but they saw in his appointment an opportunity to get revenge on Juan Bautista for the way he had humiliated them. They congratulated Carrillo on his appointment and invited him to make Los Angeles the seat of his government. Carrillo was flattered by their attentions and consented. The 6th of December, 1837, was set for his inauguration, and great preparations were made for the event. The big cannon was brought over from San Gabriel and the city was ordered illuminated on the nights of the 6th, 7th and 8th of December. Cards of invitation were issued, and the people from the city and country were invited to attend the inauguration ceremonies "dressed as decent as possible," so read the invitations.

The widow Josefa Alvarado's house, the finest in the city, was secured for the Governor's palacio (palace.) The largest hall in the

city was secured for the services and "decorated as well as it was possible." The city treasury being in its usual state of collapse, a subscription for defraying the expenses was opened and horses, hides and tallow, the current coin of the pueblo, were liberally contributed. On the appointed day "The Most Illustrious Ayuntamiento and the citizens of the neighborhood," so the old archives read, "met His Excellency, the Governor, Don Carlos Carrillo, who made his appearance with a magnificent accompaniment." The secretary, Narciso Botillo, "read in a loud, clear and intelligible voice the oath, and the Governor repeated it after him." At the moment the oath was completed the artillery thundered forth a salute and the bells rang out a merry peal. The Governor made a speech, when all adjourned to the church, where a mass was said and a solemn Te Deum sung; after which the citizens repaired to the house of His Excellency, where the southern patriots drank his health in bumpers of wine and shouted themselves hoarse in vivas to the new government. An inauguration ball was held. The "beauty and the chivalry" of the south were gather there, "The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men," and it was

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

The tallow dips flared and flickered from the porticos of the houses, bonfires blazed in the streets, and the big cannon boomed salvos from the old Plaza. Los Angeles was the capital at last, and had a Governor all to itself, for Santa Barbara, always conservative, refused to recognize Carrillo, although he was a citizen of that place. The Angeleños determined to subjugate the Barbareños. An army of 150 men under Casteñada was sent to capture their city. After a few futile demonstrations Casteñada fell back to San Buenaventura. Then Alvarado determined to punish the recalcitrants of the south. Gathering together an army of 200 men by forced marches he and Castro reached San Buenaventura and by a strategic movement captured all of Casteñada's horses and drove his army into the Mission Church. For two days the battle raged, and cannon to the right of them and cannon in front of them at long intervals "volleyed and thundered." One man was killed on the northern side, and the blood of several mustangs watered the soil of their native land. Indeed, in the California revolutions the bronco was



frequently called upon to die for his country. It was easier for the native marksman to hit the horse than the rider. The southerners slipped out of the church at night and fled up the valley on foot. Next day Castro's caballeros captured about 70 prisoners. Pio Pico, with reinforcements from San Diego, met the demoralized remnant of Casteñada's army at the Santa Clara River and the southern army, or what was left of it, fell back to Los Angeles. Then there was wailing in the old pueblo, where so lately there had been rejoicing, and curses not loud but deep against Juan Bautista. Gov. Carlos Carrillo gathered together what men he could get to go with him and retreated to San Diego. Alvarado's army took possession of the southern capital and some of the leading conspirators were sent as prisoners to Vellejo's bastille at Sonoma. Carrillo received a small reinforcement from Mexico under a Capt. Tobar. Tobar was made general and given command of the southern army. Carrillo, having recovered from his fright, sent an order to the northern rebels to surrender within fifteen days under the penalty of being shot as traitors if they refused.

Instead of surrendering, Castro and Alvarado, with a force of 200 men, advanced against Carrillo. The two armies met at Campo de Flores. Gen. Tobar had fortified a cattle corral with rawhides, carretas and cottonwood poles. A few shots from Alvarado's artillery scattered Tobar's rawhide fortifications and convinced Carrillo of the error of his ways. He surrendered. Gen. Tobar made his escape to Mexico. Alvarado ordered the misguided Angeleñan soldiers to go home and behave themselves, and brought back with him their captive Governor; but unwilling to humiliate him by taking him through his former capital, Los Angeles, he passed through San Gabriel, San Pasqual and the Verdugos and thence on to Carrillo's rancho, near Ventura, where he left him in charge of his (Carrillo's) wife, who became surety for the deposed ruler. Carrillo after a time again claimed the Governorship on the plea that he, having been appointed by the supreme government, was the only legal Governor, but the Angeleños had had "too much Carrillo." Disgusted with his incompetency, Juan Gallardo, at the session of May 14, 1838, presented a petition praying that this Ayuntamiento do not recognize Carlos Carrillo as Governor because he had recently "compromised all the country from San Buenaventura south into the declaration of a war the incalculable calamities of which

will never be forgotten to the remotest ages, not even by the most ignorant. Seventy citizens signed the petition, but the City Attorney, who had done time in Vallejo's bastille, decided the petition illegal because it was written on common paper, when paper with the proper seal could be obtained. Gallardo presented his petition on legal paper at the next meeting. Then the Ayuntamiento decided to sound the public alarm and call the people together to give them "public speech" on the all-important question. The public alarm was sounded, the people gathered at the City Hall, speeches were made on both sides. When the vote was taken 22 were in favor of the northern Governor, 5 in favor of whatever the Ayuntamiento decides, and Sebulo Vareles, the recalcitrant agitator of the pueblo, alone favored Carlos Carrillo. So the Council decided to recognize Don Juan Bautista Alvarado as Governor and leave the supreme government to settle the contest between him and Carrillo.

Notwithstanding this apparent burying of the hatchet there were rumors of plots and intrigues in Los Angeles and San Diego against Alvarado. At length, aggravated beyond endurance, the Governor sent word to the sureños that if they did not behave themselves he would shoot ten of the leading men of the south "full of large and irregular holes," or words to that effect. As he had about that number locked up in the Castillo at Sonoma, his was no idle threat.

His threat so terrified the deposed Governor, Carlos Carrillo, that he took to sea in an open boat with three of his retainers, doubtless with the intention of escaping to Lower California, but "unmerciful disaster followed him fast and followed him faster." He was wrecked the first day out, cast ashore on the Malibu Coast, and compelled to ignominiously foot it home to his wife, who, in all probability, took the nonsense out of him. At least he gave Alvarado no more trouble.

One by one Alvarado's prisoners of state were released from Vallejo bastille at Sonoma and returned to the old pueblo sadder if not wiser men. At the session of the Ayuntamiento, October 20, 1838, the President announced that the senior regidor, José Palomares, had returned from Sonoma, where he had been compelled to go by reason of "political differences," and that he should be allowed his seat in the Council. It was granted unanimously. "Political differences" for a civil war is as good a term, and indeed more expressive, than our "late unpleasantness." At the next session of the Ayunta-

miento Narciso Botello, its former secretary, after five and a half months' imprisonment at Sonoma, put in an appearance and claimed his office. The Council decided that since he had been forced to be absent by circumstances beyond his control, he had not forfeited his secretaryship. Then Narciso claimed his back salary for the five and a half months that he was a prisoner, \$220 in all. The demand struck terror into the hearts of the regidores. The treasury was empty.

The last horse and the last hide had been paid out to defray the expenses of the inauguration festivities of Carlos, the pretender, and of the civil war that followed. Indeed, there was a treasury deficit of whole caballadas of horses and bales of hides. A financial panic threatened the old pueblo if the demand was enforced. But the old regidores were equal to the emergency. They postponed action and referred the case to the Governor to decide. He decided in favor of Narciso; then it went to committee after committee. The case is still pending in the Court of Claims of El Estado Libre—at least I know of no decision.

The sureños of Los Angeles and San Diego, finding that in Alvarado they had a man of courage and determination to deal with, submitted to the inevitable and ceased from troubling him. He was invited to visit Los Angeles and peace once more reigned in the old pueblo. A few months later he was commissioned Governor by the supreme government. El Estado Libre de California was a nation no more. Indeed, Alvarado months before had abandoned the idea of founding a new nation, and had made his peace with the supreme government by taking the oath of allegiance to the Constitution of 1836.

Thus ended California's war of independence. The loyalists of Southern California received no thanks from Mexico for all their professions of loyalty, while the rebellious northerners obtained all the rewards—the capital, the Governor and the offices. The supreme government of Mexico gave the deposed Governor, Carlos Carrillo, a grant of the island of Santa Rosa in the Santa Barbara Channel, but whether it was given him as a salve to his wounded dignity or as an Elba or St. Helena, where in event of his stirring up another revolution Alvarado might banish him a la Napoleon, the archives do not inform us.



# REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

1898.

To the Officers and Members, Historical Society of Southern California:

I beg leave to submit the following report—

Number of meetings held.....	8
Number of papers read.....	18
Number of new members elected.....	7
Titles to papers presented:	

## JANUARY.

1 Who Were the Aborigines of America.....	Prof. A. E. Yerex
2 Isla de Los Muertos.....	Mrs. M. Burton Williamson
February—No meeting held.	
March—Held in Pasadena.	
3 Hugo Reid and His Indian Wife, Dona Victoria.....	Laura Evertsen King
4 El Estado Libre de Alta California.....	J. M. Guinn

## APRIL.

5 Stephen C. Foster.....	H. D. Barrows
6 Capitan and Tin Tin, Types of Mission Indians.....	Laura Evertsen King
7 Some Famous Gold Rushes.....	J. M. Guinn

## MAY.

How a Woman's Wit Saved California.....	Dr. J. D. Moody
John G. Nichols.....	H. D. Barrows
June—Held in Pasadena.	
Key West.....	M. M. Meyers

## OCTOBER.

Pacific Coast Discoveries.....	A. E. Yerex
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## NOVEMBER.

Pioneer Teachers and their Schools.....	Laura Evertsen King
A Native Californian's Story.....	H. D. Barrows
The Evolution of the Pueblo de Los Angeles.....	J. M. Guinn

## DECEMBER.

My Travels in Switzerland.....	Rev. J. Adam
Coronado's Journey.....	A. E. Yerex
Notes on San Gabriel Mission.....	Rev. J. Adam
Rare Books in Bishop Montgomery's Library.....	Rev. J. Adam

The society continues this year the publication of the Pioneer Register. Several biographical sketches, read before the Society of Pioneers, appear in this issue. The Society of Pioneers takes 200 copies of our Annual, for distribution among its members.

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

# CURATOR'S REPORT

## BOOKS.

Whole number of bound volumes.....	905
Number of pamphlets and paper-covered books.....	4115

## PAPERS AND MAGAZINES FILED FOR BINDING.

Number of daily newspapers.....	4
Number of weekly newspapers.....	9
Number of monthly magazines.....	5
Number of quarterlies.....	9

The society has received from the Royal College of Belles Letters of Stockholm, Sweden, a number of books in the Swedish language. The society has also received three handsomely illustrated volumes, the titles of which are Ustica, Canosa and Ben-sert. These volumes were donated to the society by their author, His Royal and Imperial Highness Archduke Ludwig Salvator of Austria, through his publishers, Heinrick Mercy & Sons, Prague, Austria.

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

# TREASURER'S REPORT

JANUARY 3, 1898, to JANUARY 3, 1899,

1898.

## RECEIPTS.

January 3.	Balance on hand as per Treasurer's Report.....	\$ 36 45
	Dues collected to January 1, 1899.....	94 50
	Membership, eight members .....	16 00
	Paid by Pioneer Society.....	40 00
	Received from individuals, account, publication.....	45 00
	<b>Total receipts to January 2, 1899.....</b>	<b>\$232 45</b>

1898.

## DISBURSEMENTS.

Feb. & March.	Paid printer's bill (Bowers & Son) for publica- tion of Annual of 1897.....	\$129 00	
	Paid Photograph company for portraits, etc...	10 30	
December 31.	For postal card notices of meetings.....	5 00	
	For postage, express and other incidentals, as per Secretary's bill and statement.....	6 60	
	By errors and omission in last year's report— one check for payment of incidentals.....	5 85	
	Balance.....	75 70	
		<b>\$232 45</b>	<b>\$232 45</b>
	<b>Balance in hands of Treasurer.....</b>		<b>75 70</b>

E. BAXTER, Treasurer.

January 2, 1899.

# PIONEER REGISTER

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## Pioneers of Los Angeles County

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### OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1898-99.

#### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

WM. H. WORKMAN,	J. W. GILLETTE,
H. D. BARROWS,	J. M. GUINN,
B. S. EATON,	M. KREMER,
LOUIS ROEDER.	

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LOUIS ROEDER .....	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....	Secretary

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# PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES

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EX-MAYOR JOHN G. NICHOLS.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read before the Pioneers, Feb. 1, 1898.)

John Gregg Nichols, who served several terms as Mayor of Los Angeles in the early fifties, was born in Canandaigua, Ontario county, New York, December 29, 1812. His father, Wm. Nichols, was a native of Edinboro, Scotland, who came to America with his parents when a child, settling in Middlebury, Vt., and his mother, whose maiden name was Fanning, was a native of Stonington, Ct.

The subject of this sketch went with his parents in the winter of 1827-8 to Fulton county, Ill., where he remained till he attained his majority. He served through the Blackhawk Indian war in 1832. In 1833 he went to the Galena lead mines, where he remained till 1842. In 1838 he was married to Florida Cox, by whom he had nine children, six of whom are still (1898) living, one of them, T. H. Nichols, being now Auditor of the city of Los Angeles.

In 1842 Mr. Nichols moved with his family to Jackson Co., Iowa. He served as Sheriff of that county two terms. In May, 1849, with his family he started for California, across the plains via Great Salt Lake and the Cajon Pass, arriving where the town of San Bernardino now is Dec. 31, 1849.

In crossing the plains Mr. Nichols commanded a large train of about 100 wagons, which he brought into the Great Salt Lake Valley in good shape about the first of September. There the train disbanded, many of the members having in view the late terrible experiences of the Donner party, feared to proceed on to California by the northern route.

Having consulted with some mountaineers and with returned Mormons as to the feasibility of the southern route, it was thought that a train could be taken through to Los Angeles at that time of year at far less risk than by the northern route. Accordingly a train of nearly a hundred wagons was made up, and under the leadership of Mr. Nichols, set out for that place. After traveling some

300 miles, two mule (pack) trains overtook and passed them, and their animals ate up the grass along the line. The animals of Mr. Nichols commenced dying for want of forage; most of the wagons were stranded along the route, and many of the people were compelled to come into California on foot, or on pack animals.

It had been thought that the train, with no bad luck, could come through from Salt Lake in twenty-five days; instead, the main body was on the road three months, and some members of the party, falling behind, were still longer in reaching their destination.

The valley of San Bernardino at the time of Mr. Nichols' arrival was occupied mainly by the Lugos as a stock ranch. Mr. Nichols remained there a couple of months on account of illness in his family, he meanwhile making several trips to Los Angeles, where he made the acquaintance of the American residents, Stearns, John Temple, Alexander and Mellus, Wilson and Packard, etc., his intention being to go on to San Francisco as soon as his family had regained their health. But on consulting with the above-named Americans, they advised him to settle in Los Angeles and aid them in establishing the American régime here; and he finally concluded to do so. Although California had come under American rule in 1846, local government here as elsewhere throughout the Territory, was carried on largely according to Mexican laws and customs, as they had existed before the change.

A city election was held in May, 1850, the first under the Constitution of 1849, and Mr. Nichols was elected Recorder and Hodges as Mayor, as also was a Common Council of five members, consisting of John Temple, Manuel Requena, Ygnacio del Valle, Julian Chaves and B. D. Wilson. The office of Recorder then corresponded nearly to that of Police Judge; it had jurisdiction in criminal but not in civil cases. The Legislature of '50-'51 merged the offices of Mayor and Recorder, making the former ex-officio Police Judge, as well as Mayor.

In May, '51, Mr. Nichols was elected Mayor, and he performed the duties of both offices. During the period of eleven years from 1851 to 1862 he was elected as Mayor three times. During this time also he was elected as a member of the City Council and of the School Board. He aided in starting the first American private school in 1850, on Los Angeles street, which was taught by Dr.

Weeks, a Congregational minister, and his wife. Afterwards the public schools were organized, and Mr. Nichols and John O. Wheeler were elected trustees, and they built the first two two-story brick schoolhouses, the one long known as the Bath-street Schoolhouse, and the other, which stood on the site of the present Bryson Block, corner of Spring and Second streets, both of which for so many years were familiar landmarks, and centers of our city educational interests, but which have been since demolished.

Mr. Nichols says he built in 1854 the first brick dwelling house in Los Angeles, namely his two-story residence on the west side of Main street, next south of the present site of the Bullard Block. He says he paid the maker of the bricks. Capt. Jesse Hunter, \$30 per thousand for them. Capt. Hunter built another brick house, which is still standing, adjoining the residence of the late Gov. Downey. Capt. Hunter's brick kiln was somewhere in the rear of the present Potomac Block, near the foot of the hills.

Mr. Nichols, during his incumbency as Mayor, inaugurated the plan of granting what were known as "donation lots" to actual settlers on the Pueblo vacant lands. It was on his official recommendation that the Common Council authorized Maj. Henry Hancock to subdivide these lands outside of Ord's Survey, into 35-acre lots; and that in order to secure the actual settlement and improvement of these unoccupied city lands, they should be donated to any person who would go upon them and make improvements to the extent of two hundred dollars.

While he was Mayor, Mr. Nichols strongly (though unsuccessfully) urged the Council to adopt the scheme of bringing the water from up the river to the top of Fort Hill to a reservoir for the supply of the city for domestic use and the extinguishment of fires by gravity, etc. Afterward a company, known as the Canal and Reservoir Company, took up the idea, and, going well up the river, brought the water over the hills to reservoirs within the city for irrigation.

After 1862 Mr. Nichols turned his attention to farming and to mining, etc.

A son of Mr. Nichols, John Gregg, Jr., was the first American child born in Los Angeles, i.e., whose parents were both Americans. The date of this youngster's birth was April 24, 1851.

Mr. Nichols remembered well a striking saying of Wm. H. Sew-



ard, the great Secretary, which he made when he visited Los Angeles soon after the close of the war, and which he has never seen published. It was uttered at a dinner tendered to Mr. Seward at the Bella Union Hotel, then the leading inn of Los Angeles, but which is now known as the St. Charles. After he had eulogized California, and especially Southern California, very highly, saying it had a bright future, etc., some one observed "but we very much  
**FIVE HISTORY**

**CREGO**  
 need a railroad." Mr. Seward replied: "Be patient, you will soon have four railroads, one by the southern route, one by the 35th parallel, one by the central route and one by the northern route."

As Mr. Nichols said: "How literally this prophecy has come true."

During the last few years Mr. Nichols has resided with his son in this city, enjoying, notwithstanding his great age, fair health and a clear intellect, almost to the last. He died January 22, 1898, at the age of 85 years. Mrs. Nichols died May 31, 1878.

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**STEPHEN C. FOSTER,**

**BY H. D. BARROWS.**

(Read April 4, 1898.)

Away back in December, 1863, Mr. Foster, at my request, gave me a brief sketch, both of his own life and of his brother-in-law by marriage, Col. Isaac Williams of El Rancho del Chino. And again in November, 1896, he gave me fuller details relating to himself, together with some account of the early Alcaldes and Mayors of Los Angeles who preceded him and who succeeded him as the chief executive officers of our city during that period.

I hope to be able to give some account of these latter officials as recounted by Mr. Foster, in a future paper. Mr. Foster had a wonderfully retentive memory, of the minutest details of life in California 50 years ago. More than that, being an educated man, and having an eye for the picturesque, his description of events and persons, and of manners and customs of the pastoral period of California history possesses a peculiar charm. And above all, the kindly, sympathetic spirit towards the Spanish-speaking Californians and others of the olden times which pervaded all that he wrote or said concerning them, is worthy of unreserved commenda-

tion and admiration. These characteristics are well illustrated in the two papers contributed to our society by Mr. Foster and published in our Annual for 1887, entitled "The Earliest Kentucky Pioneers of Los Angeles," and "My First Procession in Los Angeles, March 16, 1847." Also in other writings of his as quoted in our annual of 1896, in the sketch of Don Antonio M. Lugo.

Mr. Foster was born in East Machias, Washington county, Maine, December 17, 1820, of English ancestry. He was educated, first in the district school, and then at Washington Academy; and he entered Yale College in 1836, graduating in the class of 1840, after which he taught school nearly four years in Virginia and Alabama. In 1843 he went to New Orleans and attended lectures at the Louisiana Medical College. In '44 he went to Jackson county, Missouri, where he practiced medicine with a Dr. Harlan.

In 1845 he crossed the plains to Santa Fé, N. M., in company with an Irish schoolmaster by the name of A. J. Murphy, with a small invoice of goods. In October, 1845, he sold out to Murphy, and started for California, by way of Chihuahua and Sonora. On his arrival at Oposura, the news was received of the breaking out of the Mexican war. He remained there till June, 1846, being unable to find any party coming to California; for it was out of the question for him to undertake the journey alone.

He then returned to Santa Fé, in company with a man and his wife named Kennedy, from Lowell, Mass. Kennedy had charge of the putting up and keeping in order of the machinery of a cotton mill at San Miguel, near Hermosillo, and Mrs. Kennedy had charge of the girls who worked in the factory. Kennedy and wife were going home by way of Santa Fé.

Soon after Mr. Foster and his party reached Santa Fé, the American military forces under Gen. S. W. Kearney arrived there, (August, '46.) Mr. Foster obtained employment as clerk in a store until the month of October. About that time the "Mormon Battalion" of infantry, 500 strong, under Lieut. A. J. Smith, was formed. Mr. Foster was employed as interpreter of this force, of which Lieut.-Col. Philip St. George Cooke then assumed command.

The battalion set out for San Diego by way of the unsettled portions of Chihuahua and Sonora, (now Arizona.) The only towns

they passed between the Rio Grande and the Pacific Ocean were Tucson and the Pima villages.

The journey was attended with many hardships, including short rations; for the battalion was only provisioned for sixty days, whereas the journey consumed 110 days.

The force arrived at San Diego about the 20th of January, 1847. From there they were ordered to San Luis Rey, where they occupied the Mission buildings, which were in much better condition than those of the Mission of San Diego.

The command reached Los Angeles March 16, 1847. It marched into the city on the day of the funeral of Señora Sanchez, wife of Pedro Sanchez, and mother of Tomas A. Sanchez, whom many of our older citizens still well remember.

As Mr. Foster understood the Spanish language well, he immediately and for many years, took a prominent part in public affairs, both as a private citizen and in various official positions.

He was appointed Alcalde of this city January 1, 1848, by the military Governor of the Territory, Col. R. B. Mason, and served in that capacity and as interpreter, until May 17, 1849. On the 3rd of June of this year Gov. Riley, under instructions from Washington, issued a proclamation to the people of California to elect delegates, to meet at Monterey Sept. 1, 1849, to form a State Constitution; and Capt. H. W. Halleck, captain of engineers, U.S.A., and Secretary of State, wrote to Mr. Foster, requesting him to use his influence to have the people of the Los Angeles district hold an election of delegates, to represent them in the convention.

The election was duly held, and Abel Stearns, Manuel Dominguez, Pedro C. Carrillo, S. C. Foster and Hugo Reid, natives, respectively, of Massachusetts, California, Maine and Scotland, were chosen, and at the appointed time they were on hand, and assisted in forming a Constitution, under which California was rescued almost from a state of anarchy, incident to a change of government and the derangement caused by the wonderful gold discoveries that occurred immediately thereafter, and under which she prospered for nearly thirty years.

Mr. Foster, in the Evening Express of March 8, 1878, gave an exceedingly interesting and picturesque account of how he helped to make the Constitution of California and of his journey to Mont-



erey, etc., which I hope to read some day, before this society.

Of course, his services came to be very valuable to the community in those early years immediately after the change of government, when a large proportion of the people of this city and section spoke only the Spanish language, and whose laws and ancient archives were almost wholly in that language, and therefore inaccessible to the newly arrived English-speaking settlers. Mr. Foster served as State Senator during 1851-'53, and was twice elected Mayor of Los Angeles, in 1854 and in 1856, but resigned in September of the latter year to take charge of the estate of his brother-in-law, Col. Isaac Williams of El Chino Rancho, who had just died.

August 18, 1848, Mr. Foster was married to Doña Maria Merced, daughter of Don Antonio Maria Lugo, and widow of José Perez. From this marriage five children were born, three of whom died in infancy and two sons are now living.

Mr. Foster was in his 78th year at the time of his death, which occurred in this city on the 28th of January, 1898.

During the latter years of his life he was quite infirm, although he was able to walk about, and his bent, venerable figure was familiar to many of our citizens. While his wife, who is one of the kindest-hearted and most sympathetic of women, and his dutiful sons, would have been delighted to have had him remain at their home at San Antonio on the San Gabriel River, where they could have ministered to his wants in his old age, he seemed to prefer without any quarrel or real cause of dissatisfaction with them or anybody, so far as I can learn, to live in town rather than out in the country. He had lived so long in the thick of active life in the city that it apparently became irksome to him to pass his time in the quietude and isolation and monotony of ranch life. His intimate acquaintance with the old Spanish archives of the Pueblo, and with old land titles, enabled him to earn a small stipend from title searchers, and thus modestly maintain himself and at the same time gratify his liking for city life in preference to the monotony of life in the country.

Like Hugo Reid, the pioneer of San Gabriel, Stephen C. Foster, was in many respects a remarkable man. Both these men were scholars, and scholars who spend their lives on the frontier are likely to develop peculiarities. While both were genial and "cor-

riente," as the Spanish say, with their intimates, they were inclined to reticence towards strangers and towards the world in general. From this cause probably they acquired the reputation with some people of being eccentric. With scholarly instincts, they may be said to have lived lives apart from their ordinary outward lives, as seen in their intercourse with their fellows. I think this view accounts sufficiently for any eccentricities they may have seemed to exhibit.

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MEMORIAL SKETCH OF DR. JOHN S. GRIFFIN,

BY H. D. BARROWS.

Another good man is gone. Dr. John Strother Griffin, for many years an eminent physician and surgeon of Los Angeles and a pioneer of 1846, died August 23, 1898, at his home in East Los Angeles; at the advanced age of 82 years, nearly 50 of which were passed in this city. Dr. Griffin was the second pioneer educated physician to arrive in Los Angeles, Dr. Richard Den, who came in 1843, being the first. Both of these doctors being men of high personal character, as well as skilled in their profession, were naturally esteemed most highly, both by the native Californians and by the foreigners who settled here in early times; for the extensive demand for their professional services caused them to be widely known throughout Southern California. For many years, or till the infirmities of age compelled him to withdraw from active practice, Dr. Griffin stood among the very foremost physicians and surgeons of Los Angeles and of California, and as a citizen his standing was no less prominent. He more than any other one was the father of East Los Angeles. He was one of the original incorporators and a stockholder of both the Los Angeles City Water Co. and the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank.

When this city and section were terrorized by an organized banditti which killed Sheriff James R. Barton and party in January, 1857, and the city was placed under quasi martial law, Dr. Griffin by general consent was placed at the head of the semi-military defensive organization of our citizens.

On his social side Dr. Griffin was one of the most genial of men. He comforted and consoled his patients, as well as cured their physical ailments, when they were curable. Many of the older pioneers

of this society know well how genuine was the respect and friendship which were universally felt for such men as Dr. Griffin and Don Benito Wilson and a few others like them, by the Californians and Americans who lived here in the olden time, but who now have nearly all passed away. It is indeed worth more than mere material riches to die with the respect and affection of one's neighbors, although the sordid are not always able to grasp this view of the matter until too late or until the crisis comes that ends for them the drama of human life. They pile up vulgar riches as the chief good, which they cannot take with them either into the grave or into another world; and neglect a good name only to learn when compelled to make their exit, that they have none—or only the hollow mask of a good name, to leave behind them.

Some eight or nine years ago the writer of these lines took down from Dr. Griffin's own lips some notes of his life which were published, with a fine tippie steel engraving, in the Illustrated History of Los Angeles County. A few salient facts condensed from that sketch may not be without interest in this connection.

Dr. Griffin was born at Fincastle, Virginia, in 1816. His father, John Caswell Griffin, who died in 1823, was a native of Virginia, as was his father before him. His mother, Mary Hancock, was a daughter of George and Margaret (Strother) Hancock, both of prominent Virginia families. She died in 1825.

Being thus deprived of both his parents in early boyhood, he went to Louisville, Ky., where he lived until maturity with his maternal uncle, George Hancock, who gave him a classical education. In 1837 he was graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, after which he practiced his profession at Louisville until 1840, when he entered the United States army as assistant surgeon and served as such under Gen. Worth in Florida, and at Fort Gibson on the southwest frontier. In 1846, being attached to the Army of the West under Gen. Kearny, with rank of captain, he proceeded to Santa Fé with the command, which set out from this place in September for California, arriving at the river Colorado in November, and at Warner's Ranch, in what is now San Diego county, Cal., Dec. 3, 1846. Dec. 6, the battle San Pasqual was fought with the Mexican forces, and on the 10th the command, with its wounded, arrived at San Diego, where Commodore Stockton with his squadron had arrived a short time before.



On the 1st of January, 1847, the two commands, being united, with Dr. Griffin, the doctor as ranking medical officer, set out for Los Angeles.

On the 8th the Americans met and repulsed the Mexican forces at the San Gabriel River, and crossed that stream some ten miles southeast of Los Angeles; and on the 9th another engagement took place at La Mesa, and on the 10th they took possession of Los Angeles, which then contained a population of only 3000 or 4000 souls.

About the 12th or 13th of Jan. Gen. Fremont's forces arrived at Los Angeles from the north. Gen. Kearny's command was transferred to San Diego, where Dr. Griffin was given charge of the general hospital.

In May, 1847, he was ordered to report for duty at Los Angeles, under Col. J. D. Stevenson, where he remained a year, when he was transferred to the staff as medical officer of Gen. Persifer F. Smith. From 1850 to '52 he was stationed at Benicia; he was then ordered to accompany Maj. Heintzelman in an expedition from San Diego against the Yuma Indians on the Colorado River; after which he returned to duty at Benicia. In '53 he was ordered to report for duty at Washington, D. C., where he remained till 1854, when he resigned his commission in the army and returned to California, and permanently located at Los Angeles, where he resided till his death.

In 1856 Dr. Griffin was married to Miss Louisa Hays, native of Maryland, sister of Judge Benjamin Hays, an historical character of Southern California. She died May 2, 1888. at the age of sixty-seven.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston married a sister of Dr. Griffin. After his death at the battle of Shiloh Mrs. Johnston resided for many years and until her death recently, with her brother and children in this city, where she was universally held in the highest estimation.

## HENRY CLAY WILEY.

Dr. J. C. Fletcher, a graduate of Brown University in 1846, and for many years a resident of Rio de Janeiro and of Naples, Italy, but now a citizen of Los Angeles, contributes the following data concerning Mr. Wiley's boyhood. He says:

"My earliest recollections of him were in the thirties, about 1832. He was a small boy when his father came to Indianapolis. His father was a merchant tailor, and he was a fine-looking man. I went to school with two of Henry's brothers. His eldest brother was a man of fine parts, and a well-known citizen (now deceased) of Indianapolis, whose daughter married the son of Gov. Wright of Indiana. The next older brother, James, entered the navy; and I last saw him as an officer, in 1853, on the U. S. steam man-of-war Saranac at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He was distinguished as a good officer and a fine, benevolent man.

"When in 1890 I came to Los Angeles, one of the first persons to greet me was H. C. Wiley, and never did I have more cordial greeting or, afterward, more kindly treatment.

"As Henry C. Wiley was contemporary with my younger brothers, I did not see so much of him in his boyhood days as I did of his elder brothers with whom I went to school."

Of his later years, J. F. Burns, an early pioneer of Los Angeles, says:

"Henry C. Wiley, a member of this society, passed away on Tuesday, October 25, 1898, which takes away another of the old pioneers of Southern California who lived nearly half a century of his allotted 69 years in this sun-kissed country. He was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1829; here, and later at Indianapolis, he received a liberal education, when, at the age of 18 years, he joined the commissary department of the United States army in the campaign against Mexico; and he faithfully served his country until the close of the Mexican war. Leaving the army, he resided and traveled in all the coast States of Mexico, till 1852, when he arrived at San Diego, Cal., where he resided during the 50's. He was elected and served as Sheriff of said county, with ability and honorably discharged the duties of his office. In the 60's, after his term expired, he removed to Los Angeles county, where he permanently settled. He soon became noted among his friends for his

traits of true friendship, frankness and liberality. He loved outdoor active life and sports, and was a generous giver to the needy. In 1868 to 1872 he was Under-Sheriff, serving with J. F. Burns, Sheriff of this county. In the discharge of his official duties he was brave and fearless, just and generous. In 1872 Mr. Wiley formed a partnership with D. M. Berry in the real-estate business; and they were the resident agents for the "Indiana Colony," now Pasadena, "The Crown of the Valley." Through their energy and activity and foresight they laid the foundation of the fairest city in our land. Mr. Wiley was always a consistent Republican in politics, and ever ready to render valuable service to his party. He was one of the pioneers who from the first saw that Los Angeles would be a great city, and was a judicious investor in Los Angeles realties.

"He leaves a devoted widow and two daughters to mourn his demise. He was kind in word and manner and gained a wide circle of friends and very few, if any, enemies."

---

#### HORACE HILLER.

(Read before Pioneer Society June 7, 1898.)

Since the last stated meeting of our Pioneer Society an honored charter member has passed away. It is fitting that a brief memorial sketch of his life should be placed among the records of the society.

Horace Hiller was a native of Hudson, New York. He was born in 1844, and was the son of Henry and Henrietta Winans Hiller. He came to Los Angeles by rail via the southern route in 1870. He was engaged in the lumber business during all his residence in Los Angeles; at the time of his death he was the president and manager of the Los Angeles Lumber Company.

In 1867 he was married to Miss Abby Pearce; she with three children, one daughter and two sons, survive Mr. Hiller. He left two living brothers; one, Sidney Hiller, succeeds his brother as manager of the lumber company, and the other, Henry, is now in St. Petersburg, Russia.

Horace Hiller was a man of sterling character, as all you who knew him well can testify. Though he was modest and quiet in his ways, he had strong convictions, to which he was thoroughly



loyal; he was a man of fine business habits and won the respect of the community and of all with whom he had dealings. He responded to all the manifold duties of good citizenship, and in his demise he is sincerely mourned by a wide circle of friends.

His death occurred as the result of a lamentable accident, May 20, 1898.

---

### WILLIAM BLACKSTONE ABERNETHY.

William Blackstone Abernethy, son of James R. and Rosa Abernethy, was, on his father's side, a direct descendant of the eccentric but celebrated English surgeon, Dr. John Abernethy, (a great-grandson) and on the mother's of the great English scholar, John Locke. His father went when but a boy to Missouri, where he laid out the town of Paris in Monroe Co., whose growth and progress he carefully watched and materially assisted. Here he taught school, studied law (in which he made himself so thorough that he was for three consecutive terms elected to the office of Circuit Judge.) Here too he established his home and raised a large family of children, of whom Wm. B. was one. His father was identified with the old-time Whig party, his belief in its principles being strong enough to prove itself by works. Several negro slaves coming into his possession by inheritance, he, some years before the civil war, gave them their freedom.

W. B. Abernethy was raised in an ideal home, one of a very happy family, surrounded by the best and most cultured people of the day. His father being a "born" musician, and an enthusiast in the art, which he also studied to the limit of his opportunities, his children were given every possible advantage in that direction, and "old settlers" there will speak in glowing terms of their proficiency both vocally and instrumentally, "but especially Willie, who used to be carried when but a little boy to sing in neighboring towns." He had two brothers-in-law, Messrs. H. J. Glenn and S. E. Wilson, who made yearly trips across the plains bringing large bands of horses and mules, which they would sell at Sacramento, returning home by steamer to make ready for another trip. When he was about 16 years old his sisters, Mrs. Glenn and Mrs. Wilson, with whom he had always been a great favorite, decided to come across the plains "for the trip, and Will must come with them," so in March, 1853, he bade

farewell to the East and came "over the Rockies" to California, reaching Sacramento, which was then almost the beginning and ending of everything in the State, late in August of that year. The Indians were numerous on the plains then, and the journey could only be made with large trains. The stories told by Mr. Abernethy of the experiences of their train were of most thrilling interest, as were also his sketches of early days in the mines and on the great cattle ranches of Northern California, for, being a boy, with all a boy's enthusiasm and love of adventure, he wore spurs and learned to throw a lasso like the cowboys, and went prospecting with old miners with the greatest zeal. In 1864 he first engaged in mercantile pursuits on the Sacramento River, going afterward to the San Joaquin Valley, where he married Miss Laura Gibson, daughter of Rev. Hugh Gibson.

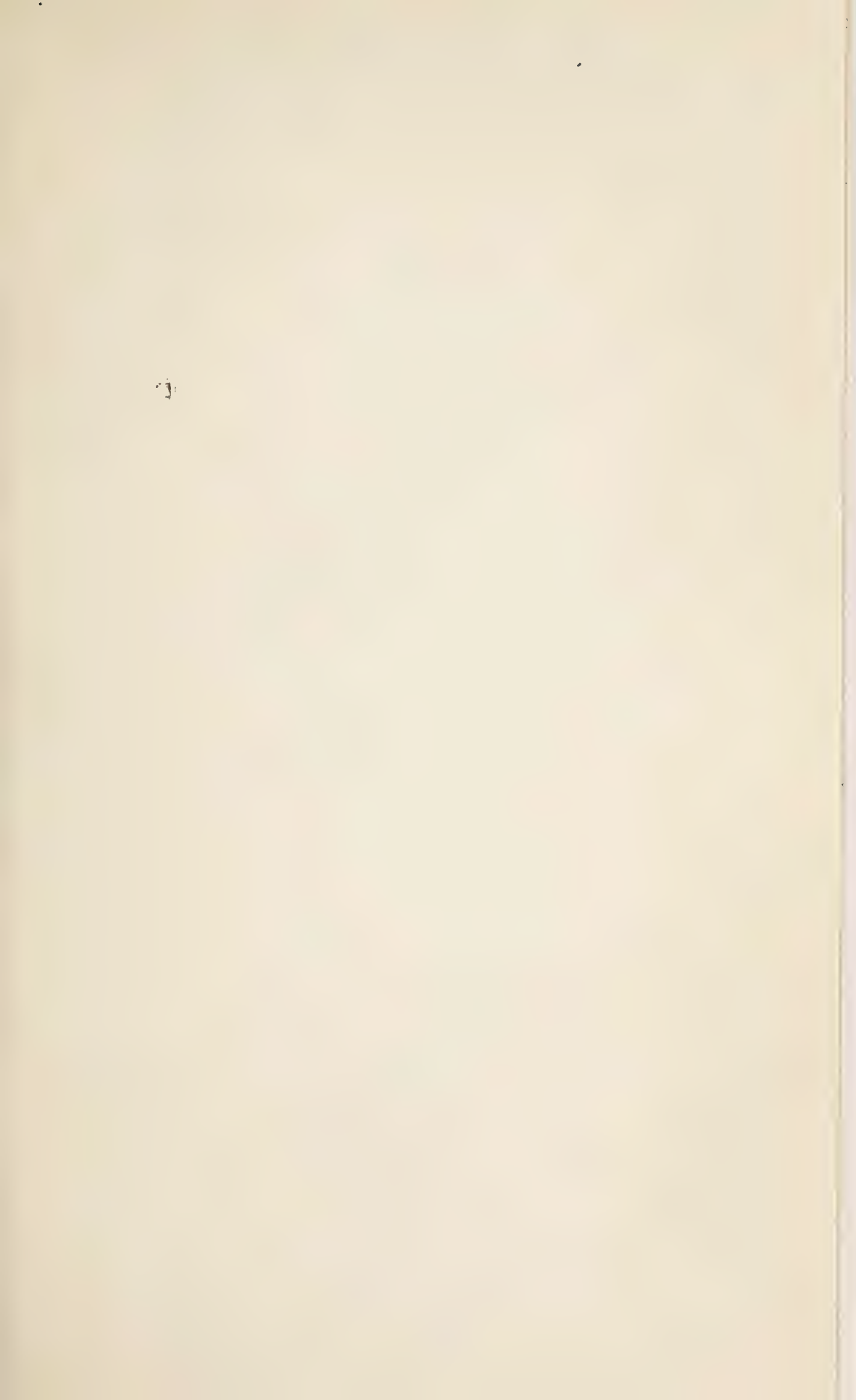
In April, 1872, they came to Los Angeles. Things prospered, the world went well until the breaking of the "boom," when reverses began coming, one by one, and then thick and fast. Business cares and crosses grew heavy, plans and purposes were wrecked, deep bereavement came, but he never lost one iota of his gentle sweetness, courage or faith. That he was a true Christian no one who knew him ever doubted. In talking with his wife not long before he was taken away he said: "Financially things have gone very hard with us, but I am not discouraged . . . I do want to have the love and esteem of my fellow-men . . . to be honest and true is better than any amount of wealth . . . I think, my dear, if I could only feel square with the world; that I owed no man anything, I would be ready to go to my long home"—and God took him, very swiftly; before the dawn of November 1st, 1898, while talking with his wife in his cheeriest way. There was no time for "sadness of farewell, no moaning of the bar when he put out to sea"—and there will never be any sorrow or sighing "in the presence of the King."

## NAMES OF MEMBERS ELECTED

Since the last Roll of Membership was published, Feb. 1, 1898.

NAMES	AGE.	BIRTH PLACE.	ARRIVAL IN CO.	RESIDENCE.	AR. IN STATE
Anderson, Mrs. David.....	69	Ky.....	Jan. 1, 1853	641 S. Grand ave.	1852
Austin Henry C.....	62	Mass....	Aug. 30, 1869	3118 Figueroa st.	1869
Anderson, John C.....	54	Ohio ....	May 24, 1873	Marrovia .....	1873
Bell, Horace.....	67	Ind.....	Oct., 1852	1337 Figueroa st.	1850
Biles, Albert.....	62	England.	July, 1873	141 S. Olive st..	1873
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.....	62	England.	July, 1873	141 S. Olive st..	1873
Brossmer, Mrs. E.....	55	Germany	May 16, 1868	1712 Brooklyn av.	
Carter, N. C.....	58	Mass....	..... 1871	Sierre Madre....	1871
Clark, Frank S.....	55	Conn....	Feb. 23, 1869	Hyde Park.....	1869
Conner, Mrs. Kate.....	60	Germany	June 22, 1871	1054 S. Grand av.	
Chapman, A. B.....	68	Alabama.	April 1857	San Gabriel....	1855
Durfee, James D.....	58	Illinois..	Sept. 15, 1858	El Monte.	1855
Ensign, Elizabeth L.....	53	Missouri.	Nov. 15, 1860	1525 Rockwood.	
Evarts, Myron E.....	68	N. Y....	Oct. 26, 1858	Los Angeles....	1852
Franklin, Mrs. Mary A.....	51	Ky.....	Jan. 1, 1853	253 Avenue 32..	1852
Gilbert, Harlow.....	58	N. Y....	Nov. 1, 1869	Bell Station....	1869
Gerkins, Jacob.....	58	Germany	..... 1854	Glendale.....	1854
Hamilton, A. N.....	54	Mich....	Jan. 24, 1872	611 Temple....	1872
Holbrook, J. F.....	52	Indiana..	May 20, 1873	155 Vine.....	1873
Judson, A. H.....	59	N. Y....	May 1870	Pasadena ave....	1870
Moulton, Elijah.....	78	Canada..	May 12, 1845	East Los Angeles	1845
McComas, Joseph E.....	64	Virginia.	Oct. 1872	Pomona.....	1853
Newell, Mrs. J. G.....	52	Indiana..	Jan. 1, 1853	2417 W. Ninth..	1852
Prager, Samuel .....	66	Prussia..	Feb'y. 1854	Los Angeles....	1854
Proctor, A. A.....	67	.....	Dec. 1872	416 E. Pico.	
Quinn, Richard.....	68	Ireland..	Jan'y 1861	El Monte .....	1861
Raphael. Hyman.....	60	Germany	Sept. 1871	451 West Lake..	1871
Rose, L. J.....	71	Germany	..... 1860	Grand av & 4th	1860
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.....	67	Ohio ....	Dec. 1859	589 Mission road	1859
Stoll, W.....	59	Germany	Oct, 1, 1867	844 S. Hill.....	1867
Slater, John L.....	63	La.....	Jan. 10, 1861	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Snider, C. A.....		England.	May 8, 1873	1301 Orange....	1873
Toberman, J. R.....	62	Virginia..	April, 1863	615 S. Figueroa..	1859
Udell, Joseph C.....	78	Vermont.	..... 1860	St. George Hotel	1850
Ward, James F.....	62	N. Y....	Jan. 1, 1872	1121 S. Grand av.	
Workman, Alfred.....	55	England.	Nov. 28, 1868	212 Boyle ave.	
White, Caleb E.....	68	Mass....	Dec. 24, 1868	Pomona.....	1849
Weil, Jacob.....	69	Germany	..... 1854	Pasadena.....	1853
Wiggins, Thomas J.....	63	Missouri.	Sept. 14, 1854	El Monte.	













Organized November 1, 1883  
PART III

Incorporated February 13, 1891  
VOL. IV

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

AND

PIONEER REGISTER

Los Angeles

1899

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1899

### OFFICERS.

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# Historical Society

OF

## Southern California

LOS ANGELES, 1899.

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**ABEL STEARNS**

BY H. D. BARROWS.

One of the very earliest American settlers of California, and for many years one of the most prominent and influential citizens of Los Angeles, was Abel Stearns.

Mr. Stearns, or "Don Abel," as he was called both by the native Californians and by the Americans—(in Spanish-speaking countries people, high or low, rich or poor, are called by their Christian names, with the prefix Don or Dona)—was a native of Salem, Mass., where he was born in the year 1799, just one hundred years ago.

He came to Mexico in 1826, where in 1828 he was naturalized; and to Monterey, California, in 1829. In 1833 he settled in Los Angeles, which remained his home till his death, which occurred at San Francisco in 1871, at the age of 72 years.

His residence was on the site of the present Baker Block; and it was for many years, both before and after the change of government, a prominent social center for Southern California. It was here that the beautiful daughters of Don Juan Bandini entertained their wide circle of acquaintances from San Diego, Santa Barbara, etc., at grand balls and other charming social functions characteristic of life in Spanish countries. Here Commodore Jones in 1842, and Captain Fremont in 1846 and '47, and other distinguished his-

torical characters at various periods were hospitably entertained.

The house was a one-story adobe, as were all the houses here in the olden time, and covered the entire ground occupied by the present block, with an extensive "patio," or inner court in the center.

At once on his arrival in California, Mr. Stearns took an interest in the material and political welfare of the community in which he became an enterprising member. And because he joined with others, Californians and Americans, including Alvarado, Castro, Captain Cooper, Hartwell, etc., in energetic opposition to the flagrant misgovernment or mal-administration of Mexican Governors sent here; and to the sending hither of felons as soldiers in large numbers; and also because he joined actively in a general movement of the people, wherein they demanded of Governor Victoria that he should call together the Departmental Assembly in order that it might put in force the law of 1824, and the "*Reglamento*" of 1828, providing for the granting of public lands to citizens—he, Stearns, incurred the enmity of Victoria, who attempted to expel him from the country. Whereupon the people became so exasperated with the Governor's arbitrary course, that they arose in their wrath and drove him from office, compelling him to resign, and to leave the country. And, as if by the irony of fate, the same vessel on which Stearns was to have been transported, carried Victoria himself from San Diego to Mazatlan.

If ever a people were justified in resisting oppression by revolution, the people of California of that period had just cause for their action in opposing the making by Mexico a "Botany Bay" of California; and in protesting against the high-handed nullification of a national law by Governor Victoria.

Forcible resistance to tyranny, especially after all peaceful remedies fail, is generally accounted commendable in any people. And certainly no reason can be assigned why Californians should be judged by any different rule. (See Bancroft, vol. 3, pp. 193 et seq., for the admirable manifesto of Pico, Bandini and Carrillo.)

After settling at Los Angeles, Don Abel engaged in trading at the Pueblo and at San Pedro. In 1836 he was Sindico or fiscal agent of the town.

In 1842 Mr. Stearns sent gold (about twenty ounces) from the first placer mines discovered in California (to wit, on the San Francisco rancho in this county) to the Philadelphia mint, by Mr. Alfred Robinson. The particulars of this matter are related in letters



written by Stearns and Robinson, as printed on pages 20-21 of the Centennial History of Los Angeles County published in 1876.

At about this period Mr. Stearns purchased the Alamitos rancho with its live stock for \$6000, as a foundation for his future landed wealth. He subsequently acquired large tracts of land, including the ranchos Los Alamitos, Las Bolas, La Laguna de Los Angeles, and a half interest in Los Coyotes.

The first real estate acquired by him soon after his arrival, was the tract in this city on which the Arcadia and Baker blocks now stand.

In 1845 he was active with many others against Governor Micheltorana and his "cholos," whom as convict soldiers the Governor had brought with him from Mexico. The full details of this movement furnish ample justification for the action taken by the people in the premises.

In 1846 Mr. Stearns was Sub-Prefect and was appointed agent of the United States government by Consul Thos. O. Larkin, with whose plans he earnestly co-operated.

In 1849 he was one of the members of the first Constitutional Convention, representing the Los Angeles district, and later he served as Assemblyman, Supervisor, City Councilman, etc.

Don Abel Stearns eventually became one of the largest land and cattle owners in California, and although he lost stock heavily by the great two years drouth of 1863-4, and by other reverses, he left at his death an immense estate to his widow, now Mrs. Arcadia de Baker.

Before the greath drouth of the 60's he branded some 20,000 calves annually, which indicated that he owned as high as 60,000 head of cattle.

At one time the extensive Arcadia Block, built in '58, which, it was reported, cost some \$80,000, was mortgaged for something like \$30,000, for which it was sold under foreclosure late in the 60's. But better times came in about '68, and he redeemed the block, having sold, as was reported, five ranches for \$250,000, he still retaining one-fifth interest in the said ranches.

Mrs. Stearns (Dona Arcadia, now Mrs. Baker,) was the daughter of Don Juan Bandini and his wife Dona Dolores de Bandini, daughter of Captain Jose M. Estudillo of San Diego. Mr. and Mrs Stearns had no children.

## A VISIT TO THE GRAND CANYON

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

We are told that the shrill whistle of the engine and the bustle of railroad cars will soon penetrate the Coconino forest that leads to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Anything that hints at a "timetable" is entirely out of place in the presence of this solemn, silent and magnificent exhibition of the prodigality of time. And after the railroad we shall expect to find trolley cars running up and down the canyon, claiming the distinction of running down the steepest grade of any electric road in the world, and air-line bridges spanning the distance from one dome or spur of granite to another. The railroad indicates progress, yet does it not seem a desecration, an insult to centuries of solitude?

With its various canyons the Grand Canyon covers an area of several hundred miles in length. Dutton says its total length "as the river runs," is about 218 miles.

The Grand Canyon is entered, in Arizona, by way of the Colorado Plateau. This leads into the Kaibab division, considered the sublimest part of the canyon. It is reached by three routes, but the favorite one in summer is by way of the little lumber town of Flagstaff. This town lies almost at the foot of the San Francisco mountains and is reached by the railroad. Leaving Flagstaff in the early morning a stage ride of sixty-five or seventy miles conveys the travelers to the rim of the Grand Canyon.

On a day in June in 1895, a large party of Californians started from Flagstaff for the canyon. We occupied three large stages, some of the party being outside with the driver. A stage ride that occupies something like twelve or thirteen hours, may seem a tedious journey, but such did not prove the case. The ascent was gradual. The first half of the trip was through the Coconino forest, which occupies a large portion of the Colorado plateau.

The entrance along the road presented charming vistas, with valleys green with verdure, groves of dark green pines alternating with groves of the quaking aspen whose slim white trunks and branches contrasted with their glossy light green leaves that trembled with each breeze, and, in the background the snow-capped

peaks of Mt. Agassiz and Mt. Humphrey of the San Francisco mountains. All these give an enchanting beauty to the journey. Add to this landscape the glorious mountain air, odorous of pine, of a high altitude, and it is no wonder that buoyancy rather than discomfort is felt by the party.

Along the stage line were relays where fresh horses were in waiting and tired ones were watered and rested. Although we had thoroughly enjoyed the ride so far, yet we were glad to dismount and stand or walk about under the shade of the pines as soon as the stages arrived at the first relay.

Farther along the road was a small frame building. This was the half-way house where we could take a longer rest. At this house a hot luncheon had been prepared for us by a woman whose husband had been killed only two or three weeks previous. He and another sheepherder had quarreled over their herds. To the lonely woman, who could not leave the premises immediately, the advent of a party of hungry travelers was hailed as a relief from the solitude of surroundings that were now gruesome to her. The house was simply furnished and clean, as were also the two tiny children of her family of four. But, amid all her hurry of serving a party of almost twenty-five, including the three drivers, the hostess had noticed a bunch of green pods, spotted with brown, that was fastened in lieu of a bouquet in front of my jacket. These pods, gathered because they looked pretty by the wayside, she declared were the "loco weed" (*Astragalus*) considered "dangerous for man or beast, especially horses, to eat," so in a few moments I had thrown the decorative pods in the stove.

After a slight ablution, a little of the dust was brushed off hats, coats and skirts. Luncheon was eaten and a trip was made to the little petrified forest just back of the house; for the half-way house stood near the edge of the forest. While the horses rested we started for it. As the time was limited, I walked at a brisk rate of speed, or rather began to walk, but in a moment's time I found myself out of breath and it was some time before I was able to breathe without panting!

In this little petrified forest we saw long trunks of trees of agatized wood (silicified wood) lying on the ground while around us were strewn logs and chips of the agatized wood. Trees were also growing in this petrified forest. In a short time specimens of agatized wood were collected and the stage ride was resumed.

And now the view has changed; off at a distance extinct volcanoes are visible and the road is strewn with volcanic rocks. These



rocks, called in Arizona "malpais," add to the desolation. Here and there clumps of cactus bloom and lonely-looking wild flowers dot the almost barren plain. But at a distance are pictures of attractive landscapes. After some time the Jack-oak appears and again tall pines outskirt a forest that with every mile grows more wooded, as we near our destination.

Occasionally a tiny pile of stones are seen on the roadside. They tell the story of the mines, for in such places, we are told, some miner has pre-empted his claim, and the pile of stones is erected above his prospective gold mine.

The wind sighing through the trees journeyed with us, the sun set, the night came on. At times some of the party imagined the canyon in view, but others saw only the golden rays of the setting sun as it glimmered through the pine trees.

At nine o'clock as a lower grade was reached the Hotel with its many lights suddenly appeared. The hotel comprised a group of white tents, seventeen in number, including one long dining tent and one little log cabin where we all stopped to register, formed a romantic picture nestled in a little pine covered glen between the hills. Below these hills, not more than three hundred feet away was the Grand Canyon.

After eating our dinner, the guide, with a lantern to light the way through the pine trees, took us up one of the cliffs to take a view by moonlight of one of the smaller canyons into which this immense canyon is subdivided. After a walk of two or three moments the small pine covered hill was ascended and we stood upon the brink of the canyon. The Grand canyon was a surprise in every way. Instead of entering a stupendous gorge and gazing upward we were above and the canyon was below. We enjoyed the glimpse by moonlight and rose early the following morning to get a better view by daylight. We were surprised to find that the pine trees grow so close to the brink that their cones fall into the abyss below. And as you stand on the edge of the rim and look down you see a deep gorge below that is so near one is in danger of falling into it. And stretching from thirteen to eighteen miles across, you see a panorama of jasper cities, a series of gorges and mountain ranges of solid rock. Each naked mountain has a different peak or summit, no two alike. The mountains themselves are individual in their shape. The prevailing color of the Grand canyon is red, a bright rose red, vermillion red, Indian red and varying shades of pink. But as the eyes become more accustomed to the color effect, green, gray and other colors are visible. The sublimity of the Grand can-

yon cannot be felt at the first sight; it increases with every view of it, new forms present themselves. The mind is not prepared to appreciate the infinite variety at first, it is too colossal. Its immensity is felt immediately, but the grandeur of these jasper cities grows more majestic as the mind becomes accustomed to the unfamiliar vision. We know that in order to appreciate the best music the ear must be trained to distinguish musical harmonies, the rhythm appeals to us naturally, but the soul of music comes to us through musical training as well as natural endowment. The eye must be educated in order to appreciate art in its highest sense. I was reminded of this when viewing the canyon. Each view of it only enhanced my admiration of it. This proved that the limitations of sight and color perception had prevented a full appreciation of this stupendous system of gorges. As I have said there are solid rocks elevated into spurs, domes and buttes with here a sharp pinnacle, there a broad amphitheater, a castle not far away and varying forms in every direction.

We are told that water and frost have been the main forces that have carved out this system of canyons. The eroding power of the Colorado river, during perhaps thousands of centuries has cut its way in the form of one rocky gorge after another. It seems incredible that this river, seldom, at the present time, 300 feet wide from shore to shore, could have been such an agent.

As we looked down one of the deep gorges the river looked only like a roily brook about six feet across. Now we began to realize the depth of the gorge that walls the river. Although the Colorado river is about a mile and a quarter below the rim of the canyon it is necessary, in order to reach it, to go down a trail of over seven miles in length.

At an altitude of seven thousand feet the descent down the trail appears no small undertaking. Only a small proportion of those who go to the Grand canyon ever make the descent. Visitors usually content themselves with walking around the rim of the canyon. Of our party of 23 who started down only 12 made the descent to the river and ten of these were gentlemen. On the third day of our arrival we made the descent down the trail.

After an early breakfast our party started, first taking a walk through the pine woods across beds of blue lupines in full bloom and all met at the log cabin of Hance, the guide, who was waiting at the rim of the canyon with his mules saddled for the journey. Besides the mounted travelers there were foot passengers. As the old trail, near the guide's cabin, had been abandoned a ride around part of the

rim was necessary before the descent was made, then single file, mules, men and women began the downward journey, for none were mounted at first, as the zigzag trail was too steep to go down otherwise than on foot. At a signal from the guide the mules are mounted. On the way the precipitous trail is dotted here and there with flowers. The shallow soil on the hard, red sandstone is sufficient for the scarlet lobelia, painted cup (*Castilleja*), blue flax (*linum*), and other red, blue, purple and yellow flowers. Out on rocky ledges the ever present prickly pear cactus (*opuntia*) and the bright scarlet flowers of the mamillaria cactus are seen.

For almost a mile down the trail the view of this part of the Kaibab plateau is indescribably rich in color effect. There is still the predominance of pink and vermillion red. With every curve downward of the serpentine trail the view is changed. We are filled with reverential awe as we see before us the work of a thousand centuries of physical energy exhibited in the dynamic power of stream and rain erosion.

As the defile is now made from one mountain side to another the scene narrows, the broad vistas of rocky ranges are hidden by stupendous mountains of granite that rise abruptly on either side. Down, down the rocky gorge our eyes try to scan below until the brain grows dizzy at the depth visible.

"Do you see," says the guide, "those little green bushes at the foot of that gorge on the left?" "They are cottonwood trees three feet in diameter. I know for I have been there." No wonder we can hardly keep our seat on the saddle as we scan the distance below us.

And now the zigzag trail gives place to long circling trails that outline the base of one mountain after another. The foot travelers are nowhere visible, only the riders are seen following each other in single file deeper and deeper down the mountain road.

The river is nearing, we hear its roar and the splashing of the water-falls.

And now the Colorado river is before us.

To one accustomed to the Father of Waters, the Colorado river appears but a narrow stream. It is not red, but muddy enough to compare favorably with the Missouri in its muddiest passages. The thought of navigators going down the stream through the canyon makes one tremble, for it is so rocky, so turbulent, so shut in by one canyon after another that the wonder grows how anyone could navigate its waters and live to tell the tale.

Juniper and mesquite (*prosopsis rubescens*) trees, the kind our



guide calls "cat's claws"—because this species of mesquite has sharp thorns on it—plenty of hot sand, a deserted looking tent belonging to the guide, a wooden bench, two hungry looking cats, these are the local surroundings at the foot of the trail by the river. Above and around us are the mountains.

We wash our hands in the Colorado river, bathe our faces, collect a few pebbles from the shore, and all repair to such shade as the juniper trees afford us, near the old tent. We sit on the bench and try to eat a luncheon prepared for us at the hotel at the rim of the canyon. It may be we are not hungry, only thirsty, for the water from the river is more acceptable than the luncheon, consisting as it does of bread, ham spread with mustard, hard boiled eggs and olives. We feed some of it to the cats.

The journey down has been a continued pleasure, a picnic, but the journey back again was for the most part a labored effort. The high altitude caused a shortness of breath, a rapid beating of the heart and aching of the limbs whenever some steep ascent made it necessary to dismount from the mules and climb the trail. Sometimes when riding, Stephen, the gray mule, would forage for food, sage brush (*artemisia*) and bunch grass, in the most hazardous parts of the incline trail, often as he turned a sharp corner down and out would go his head, but where his hind feet could find a resting place no one could tell, fear suggested that it might be at the bottom of the canyon, but the sure-footed beast never lost the beat of the trail.

Each traveler had filled his bottle with water at the river and the guide had filled his canteen, but hollow bottomed wine bottles can contain but a small supply of water, and many of our party realized as never before what thirst was. At five o'clock in the afternoon the last rider had gained the summit, having been below the rim of the canyon since half-past eight o'clock in the morning.

## MUY ILUSTRE AYUNTAMIENTO

(Most Illustrious Ayuntamiento, or Municipal Council of Los Angeles)

BY J. M. GUINN.

How was the municipality or corporation of Los Angeles governed under Spanish and Mexican rule? Very few of its present inhabitants, I presume, have examined into its form of government and the laws in force before it came into possession of the United States. And yet its early laws and government have an important bearing on many questions in our civic affairs. The original titles to the waters of the river that supplies our city; to the lots that some of us own, and to the acres that we till, date away back to the days when King Carlos III swayed the destinies of the might Spanish empire; or to that later time when the cactus perched eagle of Mexico spread its wings over California. There is a vague impression in the minds of many, derived, perhaps from Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," and kindred works, or from the tales and reminiscences of pioneers who came here after the discovery of gold that the old pueblo had very little government except mob rule; and that California was given over to revolution and anarchy under the Mexican regime. Such impressions are as false as they are unjust. There were but comparatively few capital crimes committed in California under the Spanish domination or under the Mexican rule.

The era of crime in California began with the discovery of gold. There were no Joaquin Murietas or Tiburcio Vasquezes before the days of '49. It is true there were many revolutions during the Mexican regime, but these, in nearly every case, were protests against the petty tyrannies of Mexican-born governors. California, during the time it was a Mexican province, suffered from bad governors very much as the American colonies did before our revolutionary war. The descendants of revolutionary sires would resent as an insult the imputation that their forefathers were the promoters of anarchy. The California revolutions were more in the nature of political protests than real revolutions. They were usually bloodless affairs. In the half dozen or more revolutions occurring in the

twenty years preceding the American conquest, and resulting in four battles, there were but three men killed and six or seven wounded.

While there were political disturbances in the territory, and several governors were deposed and sent back to Mexico, the municipal governments were well administered. I doubt whether the municipality of Los Angeles has ever been governed better or more economically under American rule, than it was during the last twenty-five years that the most illustrious Ayuntamiento controlled the civic affairs of the town. Los Angeles had an Ayuntamiento under Spanish rule, organized in the first years of her existence, but it had very little power. The Ayuntamiento or Municipal Council at first consisted of an Alcalde (Mayor), and two Regidores (Councilmen); over them was a quasi-military officer, called a *comisionado*—a sort of petty dictator or military despot, who, when occasion required or inclination moved him, embodied within himself all three departments of government—judiciary, legislative and executive. After Mexico became a republic, the office of *comisionado* of the pueblo was abolished. The membership of the Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles was increased until at the height of its power it consisted of a first Alcalde, a second Alcalde, six Regidores, a secretary and a Sindico. The Sindico seems to have been a general utility man. He acted as City Attorney, Tax and License Collector and Treasurer. The Alcalde was president of the Council, Judge and Mayor. The second Alcalde took his place when the first was ill or absent. The Regidores were numbered from one to six, and ranked according to number. The Secretary was an important personage. He kept the records, and was the only paid member except the Sindico, who received a commission on his collections.

The jurisdiction of the Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles, after the secularization of the missions, extended from the limits of San Juan Capistrano on the south to and including San Fernando on the north, and eastward to the San Bernardino mountains—extending over an area now comprised in four counties and covering a territory as large as the State of Massachusetts. Its authority was as extensive as its jurisdiction. It granted town lots and recommended to the governor grants of lands from the public domain. In addition to passing ordinances for the government of the pueblo, its members acted as the executive officers to enforce them. It combined within itself the powers of a Board of Health, a Board of Education, a Police Commission, and a Street Department. During the civil war between Northern and Southern California, it raised and equipped an army and declared itself the superior gov-



erning power of the southern half of the territory. The members served without pay, but if a member was absent from a meeting without a good excuse he was fined \$3. The sessions were conducted with great dignity and decorum. The members were required to attend their public functions "attired in black apparel, so as to add solemnity to the meetings."

The Ayuntamiento was spoken of as the "Most Illustrious" in the same sense that we speak of the "Honorable City Council," but it was a very much more dignified body than our City Council. Taking the oath of office was a solemn and impressive affair. The junior Regidor and the Secretary introduced the member to be sworn. "When he shall kneel before a crucifix placed on a table or dais, with his right hand on the Holy Bible, then all the members of the Ayuntamiento shall rise and remain standing with bowed heads, while the Secretary reads from the oath prescribed by law; and on the member saying, 'I swear to do, etc.' the President will answer: 'If thou so doest, God will reward thee; if thou doest not, may He call thee to account.' " As there was no pay in the office, and its duties were numerous and onerous, there was not a very large crop of aspirants for Councilmen in those days, and the office usually sought the man. It might be added that when it caught the right man it was loath to let go of him.

Notwithstanding the great dignity and formality of the old-time Regidores, they were not above seeking the advice of their constituents, nor did they assume superior airs, as some of our later statesmen do. There was in their legislative system an upper house or court of last appeal, and that was the people themselves. When there was a deadlock in their Council or when some question of great importance to the community came before them, and they were divided as to what was best to do, or when some crafty politician was attempting to sway their decision to obtain personal gain at the expense of the general public, then the "alarma publica," or the "public alarm" was sounded by beating the long roll on the drum, the citizens were thus summoned to the Hall of Sessions, and any one hearing the alarm and not heeding it was fined \$3. When the citizens were convened, the President of the Ayuntamiento, speaking in a loud voice, stated the question, and the people were given "public speech." Every one had an opportunity to make a speech. Torrents of eloquence flowed, and when all who wished to speak had had their say the question was decided by a show of hands. The majority ruled, and all went home happy to think the country was safe, and they had helped save it.

Some of the ordinances for the government of the pueblo passed by the old Regidores were quaint, but not amusing to the culprits against whom they were directed. The "Weary Willies" of that day were compelled to tramp very much as they are now; and if they did not find work in three days from the time they were ordered to look for it, they were fined \$2 for the first offense; \$4 for the second, and for the third they were provided with a job. Article 2 of an ordinance passed in 1844 says: "All persons without occupation or known means of living shall be deemed to come under the law of vagabonds, and shall be punished as the law directs." The Ayuntamiento ordered a census taken of the vagabonds. The census report showed twenty-two vagabonds, eight genuine and fourteen ordinary. It is to be regretted that the Regidores did not define what constituted a genuine and what an ordinary vag.

The Ayuntamiento also regulated the social functions of the old pueblo. Ordinance 19: "A license of \$2 shall be paid for all dances, except marriage dances, for which permission shall be obtained from the Alcalde." The festive lover who went forth to serenade his lady love without a permit from the Alcalde was subject to a fine of \$1.50. If he tried it a second time the fine was doubled, and the third offense landed him in the guard house. Here is a trade union regulation nearly sixty years old: Ordinance 7: "All grocery, clothing and liquor houses are prohibited from employing any class of servants foreign to the business without verbal or written stipulation from their former employers. Any one acting contrary to the above shall forfeit all right to claim reimbursement." Occasionally the Ayuntamiento had lists of impecunious debtors and dead beats made out and published. Merchants and tradesmen were warned not to give these fellows credit.

The old pueblo had its periodical smallpox scares. Then the Councilmen had to act as a Board of Health; there were no physicians in the town. In 1844 the disease became epidemic, and the Ayuntamiento issued a proclamation to the people, and formulated a long list of hygienic rules and regulations to be observed. The object of the proclamation seemed to be to paint the horrors of the plague in such vivid colors that the people would be frightened into observing the Council's rules. Some of the Ayuntamiento's rules might be adopted and enforced now with good effect. The proclamation and the rules were ordered read by a guard at each house and before the Indian huts. I give a portion of the proclamation and a few of the rules:

"That destructive power of the Almighty, which occasionally

punishes man for his numerous faults, destroys not only kingdoms, cities and towns, leaving many persons in orphanage and devoid of protection, but goes forth with an exterminating hand, and preys upon science, art and agriculture—this terrible plague threatens this unfortunate department of the grand Mexican nation, and seems more fearful by reason of the small population which cannot fill one-twentieth part of its territory. What would become of her if this eminently philanthropic Ayuntamiento had not provided a remedy partly to counteract these ills? It would bereave the town of the arms dedicated to agriculture (the only industry of the country), which would cease to be useful, and in consequence misery would prevail among the rest. The present Ayuntamiento is deserving of praise as it is the first to take steps beneficial to the community and the country."

Among the hygienic rules were orders to the "people to refrain from eating peppers, and spices that stimulate," "to wash all salted meats before using," "all residents in good health to bathe and cleanse themselves once in eight days," "to refrain from eating unripe fruit," "to burn sulphur on a hot iron in their houses for fumigation." Rule 4: "All saloon-keepers shall be notified not to allow the gathering of inebriates in their saloons under penalty of \$5 fine for the first offense, and closing the place by law for the second offense." "All travelers on inland roads were compelled to halt at the distance of four leagues from the town and remain in quarantine three days, during which time they shall wash their clothes." Vaccination was enforced then as now.

The Alcalde's powers were as unlimited as those of the Ayuntamiento. They judged all kinds of cases and settled all manner of disputes. There were no lawyers in the old pueblo to worry the judges, and no juries to subvert justice and common sense by anomalous verdicts.

Sometimes the Alcalde was Judge, jury and executioner—all in one.

At the session of the Ayuntamiento, March 6, 1837, Jose Sepulveda, Second Alcalde, informed the members "that the prisoners Julianio and Timoteo had confessed to the murder of Ygnacio Ortega, which was deliberated and premeditated." "He said he had decided to sentence them to be shot and also to execute them tomorrow, it being a holiday when the neighborhood assembles in town. He asked the members of the Illustrious Ayuntamiento to express their opinion in the matter, which they did, and all were of the same opinion "



"Senor Sepulveda said he had already solicited the services of the Reverend Father at San Gabriel, so that he may come today and administer spiritual consolation to the prisoners."

At the meeting of the Ayuntamiento, two weeks later—March 20, 1837, the record reads: "Second 'Alcalde Jose Sepulveda thanked the members for acquiescing in his decision to shoot the prisoners Julianio and Timoteo, but after sending his decision to the Governor, he was ordered to send the prisoners to the general government, to be tried according to law by a council of war; and he had complied with the order."

The prisoners, I infer, were Indians. While the Indians of the pueblo were virtually slaves to the rancheros and vineyardists, they had certain rights which white men were compelled to respect. The Ayuntamiento had granted to the Indians a portion of the pueblo lands near the river for a *rancheria*. At a meeting of the Ayuntamiento the Indians presented a petition stating that the foreigner Juan Domingo (John Sunday), had fenced in part of their land; and praying that it be returned to them. The members of the Council investigated the cause of the complaint and found John Sunday guilty as charged. So they fined Juan \$12 and compelled him to set this fence back to the line.

The Indians were a source of annoyance to the Regidores and the people. There was always a number of the neophytes or Mission Indians under sentence for petty misdemeanors and drunkenness. They filled the chain gang of the pueblo. Each Regidor had to take his weekly turn as Captain of the chain gang and superintend the work of the prisoners.

The Indian village known as the Pueblito, or little town, down by the river, between what are now First street and Aliso, was the plague spot of the body politic in the old pueblo days. Petition after petition came to the Council praying for the removal of the Indians beyond the limits of the town. Finally, in 1846, the Ayuntamiento ordered their removal across the river to a place known as the "Aguage de Los Avilas"—the spring of the Avilas—and the site of their former village was sold to their old-time enemy and persecutor, John Sunday, the foreigner, for \$200, which was to be expended for the benefit of the Indians. Governor Pico, on the authority of the territorial government, borrowed the \$200 from the Council to pay the expenses of raising troops to suppress Castro, who, from his headquarters at Monterey, was supposed to be fomenting another revolution, with the design of overthrowing Pico and making himself Governor. If Castro had any such designs, the

American frustrated them by taking possession of the country for themselves. Pico and Castro, with their respective armies, retreated to Los Angeles, but the Indians' money never came back any more. "The foreign adventurers of the United States of the north," when they gained possession of the old pueblo abated the Indian nuisance by exterminating the Indian.

The last recorded meeting of the Ayuntamiento under Mexican rule was held July 4, 1846, and its last recorded act was to give Juan Domingo, the foreigner, a title to the pueblito—the lands on which the Indian village stood. Could the irony of fate have a sharper sting? The Mexican, on the birthday of American liberty, robbed the Indian of the last acre of his ancestral lands, and the American, a few days later, robbed the Mexican that robbed the Indian. The Ayuntamiento was revived in 1847 after the conquest of the city by the Americans, but it was not the "Most Illustrious" of former times. The heel of the conqueror was on the neck of the native; and it is not strange that the old motto of Mexico which appears so often in the early archives, Dios y Libertad (God and Liberty) was sometimes abbreviated in the later records to "God and etc." The Secretary was sure of Dios but uncertain about Libertad.

## DON YGNACIO DEL VALLE

BY H. D. BARROWS.

Among the many interesting characters of early Los Angeles whom I knew, was Don Ygnacio del Valle. Although, comparatively speaking, I had only a slight acquaintance with Don Ygnacio, I saw him frequently. I knew of his general character and the warm regard in which he was held by his intimates and by the community in which he was prominent for so many years, to greatly admire and respect him for his sterling qualities as a man and a citizen. In person, he was of medium height, rather stout, with pleasing features, and his manners, dignified, courteous and gentle. He has been dead almost twenty years, but I venture to say that all who knew him who survive him retain only pleasant memories concerning him.

Judge Ygnacio Sepulveda, a former District Judge of Los Angeles county, who knew Mr. del Valle well, wrote a memorial sketch of him on the occasion of his death, which occurred in April, 1880. And, though this sketch was published at the time, it will doubtless be of interest to many others of today, besides the members of our Historical Society, to learn what Judge Sepulveda had to say of his friend, inasmuch as something like 90,000 people have come to Los Angeles since Mr. del Valle's death.

Judge Sepulveda says:

" \* \* \* Don Ygnacio del Valle was born in the State of Jalisco, Mexico, on the first of July, 1808. He received a liberal education, his parents having been persons of wealth and position. In the year 1818 depredations were committed on the coast towns of California by pirates under the command of a desperado named Bouchard. To protect the country two military companies, one from San Blas, were sent to California by the Mexican government in 1819. Don Antonio del Valle, father of Don Ygnacio, was Lieutenant of the San Blas company. Six years after the arrival of Don Antonio in California, he sent for his son, Ygnacio, who landed in Monterey on the 27th of July, 1825. In March, 1828, Don Ygnacio entered the service as Second Lieutenant, being attached to the



staff of General Echeandia, Governor of California, with headquarters at San Diego, remaining there until 1833, discharging various functions at that place, as Captain in command of the place and chief custom house officer.

"On the arrival of Governor Figueroa in 1833 Lieutenant del Valle was transferred to Monterey, where he continued to discharge his duties on the staff of Governor Figueroa until the latter's death in 1836, when, on account of the insurrection led by Castro and Alvarado against the government represented by Gutierrez, Lieutenant del Valle, unwilling to take part in the movement, remained separated from the service until 1840, when he obtained his discharge.

"In 1834, Don Ygnacio was appointed Commissioner by Governor Figueroa in the secularization of the missions. He fully carried out his orders with respect to the missions of San Gabriel, Santa Cruz and Dolores. In '42 he was appointed juez of the mining district of San Francisquito. In 1845 he was a member of the Junta Departmental, or Departmental Assembly of California, and in 1846 he was appointed Treasurer of the Department, occupying said office until the United States took possession of the country. In 1850 he was Alcalde of Los Angeles, and on the first election under American rule, he was elected Recorder of the county, and in 1852 was member of the Assembly from Los Angeles county."

After 1861 Don Ygnacio resided on his rancho at Camulos with his family, "devoting his time to the rearing and proper education of his children, and to the development of his beautiful domain."

Don Ygnacio was twice married, his second wife being a daughter of Cerbol Varelas. No issue of the first marriage survives. His widow still resides on Camulos rancho. The eldest of their six children is Hon. Reginaldo F. del Valle, an attorney of this city, who since the death of his father has successively represented Los Angeles county in both the Assembly and the State Senate. A daughter of Don Ygnacio is married to J. F. Forster, son of the Pioneer, Mr. John Forster, formerly of the rancho of Santa Margarita.

All who knew Mr. del Valle in his lifetime will sympathize with and indorse the following eloquent and true words of Judge Sepulveda concerning his friend, the subject of this sketch:

"There was much in his life to engage our affection and respect. Few men have impressed upon the memory of their friends a livelier sense of excellence and unsullied virtue. In the private and domestic circle he was greatly beloved. He was confiding and affec-

tionate. He possessed an enlightened benevolence and a warm sensibility, always eager to advance those who were within the sphere of his influence. He was a man of inflexible honor and integrity, a devout lover of truth, and conscientiously scrupulous in the discharge of his duties. \* \* \* The tears that fall upon his grave are unstained by any mixture of bitterness for frailty or for vice. He lived as a true man would wish to live. He died as a good man would wish to die."

## EARLY CLUB LIFE IN LOS ANGELES

BY JANE E. COLLIER.

(Read before the Friday Morning Club, October 4, 1895, by Miss Jane E. Collier.—Published by permission of the author.)

The Friday Morning Club is scarcely yet old enough to toast itself on its birthdays or banquet itself on anniversaries. Modesty forbids such demonstrations in one so young. But while we are waiting for time to make fast our foundations, strengthen our wavering wills and make clear our purposes, it might not be amiss for us to be also looking about for some reputable ancestors. If we could by searching find out a few club grandmothers who would be a credit to us and upon whose shoulders we might lay at least some of the burdens as well as the honors of our club life it might ease our minds of any fears of a mushroom existence and encourage us to believe that there is in us life eternal. If we can find any trace of having evolved from those early Woman's Clubs of Los Angeles we are entitled to rejoice in the discovery, as one rejoices in finding a long-lost parent. It furnishes us a family tree at once, and having found a branch upon which to hang the Friday Morning Club we can proceed at once to reckon our birthdays and make preparations for mild festivities, befitting one who, having ancestors, is not to be looked upon lightly or frowned down unceremoniously.

We are entitled to claim some kinship, I think, to what was, I believe, the first woman's club of Los Angeles, organized April 13th, 1878, seventeen years ago, in Dr. Lockhart's parlors. Mrs. C. M. Severance was made President; Mrs. B. C. Whiting, Vice-President; and Mrs. M. D. Spalding, Secretary and Treasurer. All three of these ladies are at present officers of the Friday Morning Club. The Treasurer's book shows a membership of twenty-five at the beginning. Many of the names may also be found on the books of the Friday Morning Club. Among them are: M. Seymour, Mrs. S. D. Furrey, Mrs. C. B. Jones, Miss Pigne (now Mrs. Wood), Miss Brousseau, Mrs. M. C. Graham and Miss Collier.

What this Woman's Club was for and what it was going to do were as vital questions then as they are now in reference to our own



club. It was accused of being progressive, and there was a suspicion at least in the "legal male mind" that its members might at any moment adopt bloomers as a club costume. Yet the constitution and by-laws were inoffensively feminine and conservative, there being no hint in them of that deadly reformatory spirit that is so ruinous to the peace and stagnation of society in general. The constitution simply recited that "the object of this association shall be, primarily, to become an organized social center for united thought and action, and, ultimately, to furnish a central resting place for the convenience of its members."

The first meetings were held in the parlor of Union Hall, which was on Spring street nearly opposite the old Court House site. The place of meeting was at that time considered a trifle suburban. I remember that I entered the club hall for the first time with considerable fear and trembling as it was my first acquaintance with a certain "eminent woman of our age" except as I had known her through the pages of a bulky green book in my mother's library: Mrs. C. M. Severance. She was the central figure and moving spirit in those early club days. From her many of us got our first ideas of what club life ought to be and might be. If we have not yet reached either her ideal or our own we trust that we are at least in the morning of realization, and that the full light of success may soon break upon us. The club work of those early days did not vary materially from the work of today, though our numbers were small and our programmes did not materialize with unvarying certainty.

I believe the first paper I heard read in that club was one by Mrs. Chapin on "The Importance of Protecting Home Industries." The Southern California Fruit Packing Company was then just struggling into existence and the writer urged us to take it under our fostering care. I doubt not that it owes its present prosperity to our timely interest.

Mrs. Whiting was kinder to us then than she is now, and read papers to us on the importance of cultivating a love of agricultural pursuits: Industrial Education, in fact. But that was before Mrs. Wills had deserted art and taken to work of which we will speak later. We have reason to congratulate ourselves that labor has always had able advocates among us.

And I remember that Miss Stevens gave us a paper on dress reform with practical illustrations. She had evolved some sort of a Greek gown from her classical brain and, producing this wonderful creation, she subjugated Miss Seymour into a dummy upon which

to display its charms. It was supposed to be less objectionable than the short skirts, the bicycle not having yet appeared as a reason for their existence, and, of course, the mere matter of health and convenience counted for nothing in their favor. It was not until pleasure demanded them that they dared to appear upon our streets. But let us not lose heart though a reform in street dress is brought about by love of a pastime rather than by force of common sense; at least the result is good; let us clasp that fast to our fainting hearts and be comforted. Miss Stevens bent her energies toward compromise, but today proves that it was a bicycle and not compromise that was needed.

One of the reformatory measures undertaken by the Woman's Club of '78 was an attempt to have a competent, and in every way desirable woman made librarian of the city library. Miss Pigne, now Mrs. Wood, was our candidate. We went in full force, twenty in all, before the honorable body having the power to make the appointment, with our petition. They listened to us in respectful silence and then requested us to retire, which we did, gracefully, of course. They then promptly elected Pat Connolly librarian, as previously "fixed." While we could not approve of the appointment we took what cold comfort we might in an approving conscience and continued our fight as we have done to this day without effective ammunition, which is the ballot. We may not always use it when once it is granted, but I think we will occasionally be able to bring down some game with it. Some advance has certainly been made in our city library, however, since the reign of Mr. Connolly, fifteen years ago, for since that time its work has been confided to the care of capable women who, we hope, may continue to administer it with satisfaction to the public and credit to themselves.

Perhaps one of the most noteworthy social events in our early club life occurred January 9th, 1879, in Union Hall. On that occasion the club members gave a dramatic burlesque of their meetings. The burlesque was written by one of the most talented members, Miss Stevens, now a teacher in Oakland. The club was at that time divided into four sections: art, education, work and discussion, with an occasional fifth day for recreation. Each section was most royally travestied. In the old programme which I have before me the names of those who took part are so skillfully disguised that I am thrown back upon my memory to recall them: Mrs. Bradfield, Mrs. Spalding, Mrs. Chloe B. Jones, Miss Seymour, Mrs. M. C. Graham and Miss Collier occur to me. If the audience took the

travesty seriously the fault could not have been due to the acting, though, strange to say, none of these ladies have since attained to any eminence in dramatic art.

This pioneer club must have had frequent leanings toward things in "lighter vein," for in addition to its efforts in the dramatic art I find in searching through old club manuscript that they once perpetrated the staring innovation of electing a man to associate membership. The gentleman was Mr. C. W. Gibson, and the honor was doubtless conferred for love and affection: qualities rare in men toward women's clubs. The paper conferring the degree has fallen into my hands and reads as follows:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that Mr. C. W. Gibson has been examined as to his genealogical, physiological, psychocological and phrenological character and found worthy, and as there is a presumption that equal satisfaction would follow the investigation of his biology, osteology, neurology, plutocracy and representative democracy:—we, the ladies of the Woman's Club of Los Angeles, have, "in full conclave, unanimously, *in maxima concordia*, and full regalia, elected him by our most sacred rites of *hic, haec, hoc; hocus, pocus, locus*; and *sum, es, est*, to membership associate of the most ancient and honorable body, known in history as the Woman's Club of Los Angeles, and we call upon the thirty-two points of the compass, the zenith and nadir, and the universe in general, to recognize said Mr. C. W. Gibson as entitled to all the honors and privileges of our society. In proof of genuineness we append our seal. Mrs. Lucy Jenkins, President. Mrs. Baxter, Secretary."

Alas! there is no record of the Friday Morning Club ever having admitted men as associate members, but we offer as excuse for this neglect the same one that they offer for not granting us the ballot: "They do not want it."

I have not been so fortunate as to find the minutes of those early meetings in '79 and '80 and have therefore had to fall back upon my treacherous memory for many of these incidents, but there are doubtless a number of ladies here this morning who can recall many things of interest that I have omitted.

It is certain that the Friday Morning Club has in it some of the same blood that flowed in the veins of that early Woman's Club, and is entitled to claim relationship with it. So far as the books show which I have access to, this venerable club grandmother must have died somewhere in 1880. Death was probably caused by Mrs. C. M. Severance going east; that was a chock that early club life was scarcely strong enough to resist.



From 1880 to 1885 there seems to have been a break in club life in Los Angeles. At least I have failed to secure any records of that time, but a revival seems to have taken place on January 8th, 1885. On that date thirty ladies met in Bryson's hall to discuss organization. Dr. Fay, who was always an advance guard when a liberal movement was on foot, led the meeting, and with the masculine element to give them a start, the ladies once more set forth on permanent organization.

The object as stated in article 2 of the constitution is: "the intellectual and social improvement of its members, and any kindred work approved by the club. The President was Mrs. C. M. Severance; Vice-Presidents—Mrs. M. C. Graham, Mrs. S. C. Hubbell, Mrs. H. M. Ross; Treasurer, Mrs. E. M. Willard; Secretary, Mrs. C. W. Gibson; Board—Mesdames Frank Gibson, D. G. Stephens, F. C. Howes, Pigne, Bath, and Wills. This club grandmother seems to have had an excellent constitution and great vitality, as she entered at once upon a successful career.

The club first turned its thoughts toward an exhibit of woman's work at the world's fair at New Orleans, but after hearing a report from their committee, Mrs. D. G. Stephens and Mrs. Hagan, they withdrew suddenly, appalled at the discouragements.

The first formal address before this club was made by Mrs. Jeanne Carr on "Women in Business," and was full of interest. Miss Clark and Miss Macy kept them informed on kindergartens. But the chief interest doubtless centered around the Art Committee, of which Miss Willis was chairman, and her paper on Michael Angelo, illustrated by a large collection of photographs, must have been a treat indeed. This of course was before Mrs. Wills had deserted art and taken to cooking schools and work, but these things show that the world moves, and doubtless cooking will become an art if artistic people take hold of it.

The Flower Festival Home, which is one of the most creditable and successful institutions of our city, had in a measure its origin in this woman's club of 1885. The work section, consisting of Mrs. D. G. Stephens, Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Howes, announced as their subject for March 7th, 1885, the "Condition and wages of working women of Los Angeles." Committees were appointed to inquire into the subject and report on that date. Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Frank Gibson investigated the matter thoroughly and reported that the most urgent need was for a well-conducted, inexpensive family boarding-house, a home where young women on small salaries could have the comforts and protection of a home at slight expense. Con-

siderable enthusiasm was aroused, and the ladies, Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Stephens—we all know of what stuff they are made—having once taken up a cause were not disposed to desert it hastily. The subject was continued for several meetings and finally culminated in Flower Festival being given to raise funds toward establishing a home for working girls. Its success was beyond all expectation, and as the enthusiasm grew and the work increased a separate society was formed under the name of the "Flower Festival Society," making the Home their special work. The new society drew largely from the working element of the Woman's Club, but they could not have been enlisted in a better cause. And it seems to me that in no way can a woman's club better fulfill its mission than as a center from which collective thought crystallizes into individual action. If our club life succeeds in suggesting to any of us a field for efficient individual work it certainly has not been in vain. But effective work to be done by a society must be specific, must be clearly defined. It cannot be effectively done by forming a society and selecting the work afterward. The society must be formed for the work—not the work for the society. Such was the method of the Flower Festival Society, and its work has long since ceased to be an experiment, it has become history. You all know it, or may know it if you are interested to look it up.

One other thing inaugurated by this club and successfully carried out was the nomination and election of Mrs. Anna S. Averill as a member of the School Board of Los Angeles in November, 1886. The work was done almost entirely through the primaries. A committee of ladies, three in number, called upon the leading politicians of each party and asked them to present Mrs. Averill's name for nomination. The gentlemen took hold of the matter not only cheerfully but with enthusiasm and carried it forward to success without it being necessary for the women to patrol even the outskirts of the political campaign.

These are only a few of the many things our club grandmothers busied themselves about, and as I look through the records of their deeds and misdeeds I am struck with the courage of their convictions and am surprised that Los Angeles does not come nearer being a model city when we consider all their efforts in her behalf.

This club grandmother, born January 8th, 1885, lived until May 5th, 1888. She seems to have expired on that date in the middle of a sentence, evidently from exhaustion brought on by too violent work at a flower festival.

And so passed away two loved and honored societies, but their

works do follow them, and from their ashes has sprung the Friday Morning Club, fully armed for battle when a principle is involved, but loving peace more than war, yet ever ready to extend the hand of fellowship to earnest effort in any good cause. But the world moves only so fast as the individual moves, and if we each push on a little every year to better thinking, we will have made our largest contribution to the world's betterment; for it is what we make of ourselves rather than what we make others do that counts for real growth. And if the Friday Morning Club makes three hundred women thoughtful, fair minded, joyous, loving justice as well as mercy, it has done a work of which it need not feel ashamed.



## IN THE OLD PUEBLO DAYS

(Homes and Home Life in Old Los Angeles.)

BY J. M. GUINN.

In its old pueblo (or village) days Los Angeles was not a thing of beauty; indeed it was homely almost to ugliness. There were no freaks or fads in its architecture; no external ornamentation of its dwellings, and but little attempt at variety in house building. The houses were nearly all of one style—square walled, flat roofed and one story high.

In the old pueblo days every man was his own architect and master builder. He had no choice of material, or, rather with his ease loving disposition he chose to use that which was most convenient; and that was adobe clay, made into sun-dried brick. Time was the essence of building contracts then. When a prospective house builder was granted a lot from the public domain, the Ayuntamiento (town council) usually gave him a year's time in which to complete his house; if it was not convenient for him to finish it in that time it was easy to get an extension.

The Indian was the brick-maker and he toiled for his task-masters like the Hebrews of old for the Egyptian, making bricks without straw—and without pay. There were no labor strikes in the building trades then. The Indian was the builder and he did not not know how to strike for higher wages. The adobe bricks were moulded into form and set up to dry. Through the long summer days, they baked in the hot sun, first on one side, then on the other; and when dried through they were laid in the wall with mud mortar. Then the walls had to dry and dry perhaps through another summer before the house was habitable.

The prevailing roofing material was bituminous pitch or "brea," brought from the mineral tar springs west of the city, where it boiled up from the earth. There was but little wood used in house construction then. It was only the aristocrats who could indulge in the luxury of wooden floors. Most of the houses had floors of the beaten earth. Such floors were cheap and durable. A door of rawhide shut out intruders and wooden-barred windows admitted sunshine and air. Nails were not essential in house building.

Thongs of rawhide took their place as fasteners. It took time but it cost very little money to build a house in the old pueblo days.

There were some comfortable and commodious houses in the old town. The "Palacio de Don Abel," (Palace of Don Abel Stearns) as the natives called it, which covered the present site of the Baker block was large; and it was luxurious in its appointments within; and so was the Carrillo house, and the "casa" of Alvarado and some others; but externally even these were not handsome or imposing.

In its old pueblo days Los Angeles was not aesthetic. Beauty was sacrificed to utility and ease. "The majority of its buildings," said Don Leonardo Cota in the Ayuntamiento, sixty years ago, "present a gloomy, a melancholy aspect, a dark and forbidding aspect that resembles the Catacombs of Ancient Rome more than the habitations of a free people." There was no glass in the windows of the houses. There were no lawns in front, no sidewalks and no shade trees. The streets were ungraded and unsprinkled, and when the dashing "caballeros" used them for race courses, dense clouds of yellow dust enveloped the houses. There were no slaughter-houses and each family had its own "matanza" in close proximity to the kitchen where the bullocks were converted into beef. In the course of time the ghastly skulls of the slaughtered bovines formed veritable Golgothas in the back yards. The crows acted as scavengers and when not employed in the street department removing garbage, sat on the roofs of the houses and cawed dismally. They increased and multiplied until the "Plague of the Crows" compelled the Ayuntamiento to offer a bounty for their destruction.

The legendary of the hearth stone and the fireside, which fills so large a place in the home life and literature of the Anglo-Saxon, had no part in the domestic system of the old time Californian. He had no hearth-stone and no fireside; nor could that pleasing fiction of Santa Claus coming down the chimney with toys on Christmas eve, that so delights the children of today, have been understood by the youthful Angelenos of long ago. There were no chimneys in the old pueblo. The only means of warming the houses by artificial heat was a pan (brasero) of coals set on the floor. The people lived out of doors, in the open air and invigorating sunshine; and they were healthy and long-lived. Their houses were places to sleep in or shelter from rain.

The furniture was meagre and mostly home-made. A few benches or rawhide bottomed chairs to sit on; a rough table; a

chest or two to keep the family finery in; a few cheap prints of saints on the walls; these formed the decorations and furnishing of the living rooms of the common people. The bed was the pride and the ambition of the house-wife. Even in humble dwellings, sometimes, a snowy counterpane and lace-trimmed pillows decorated a couch whose base was a dried bullock's hide stretched on a rough frame of wood. A shrine dedicated to the patron saint of the household was a very essential part of a well-regulated home.

In old pueblo days the fashions in dress did not change every year. A man could wear his grandfather's hat and his coat, too, and not be out of the fashion. Robinson, writing of California in 1829, says, "The people were still adhering to the costumes of the past century." It was not until after 1834, when the "Hijar Colonists" brought the latest fashions from the City of Mexico, that the style of dress for men and women began to change. The next change took place after the American conquest. Only two changes in half a century—a garment had to be very durable to become unfashionable then.

Filial obedience and respect for parental authority were early impressed upon the minds of the children. A child was never too old or too large to be exempt from punishment.

Stephen C. Foster used to relate an amusing case of parental disciplining he once saw. An old lady, a grandmother, was belaboring, with a barrel stave, her son, a man 30 years of age. The son had done something of which the mother did not approve. She sent for him to come over to the maternal home to receive his punishment. He came. She took him out to the metaphorical woodshed, which in this case was the portico of her house, where she stood him up and proceeded to administer corporal punishment. With the resounding thwacks of the stave she would exclaim: "I'll teach you to behave yourself." "I'll mend your manners, sir." "Now you'll be good, won't you?" The big man took his punishment without a thought of resisting or rebelling. In fact, he seemed to enjoy it. It was, no doubt, to him, a forcible and feeling reminder of his boyhood days.

In the earlier years of the pueblo, great respect was shown those in authority and the authorities were strict in requiring deference from their constituents. In the pueblo archives of 1828, are the records of the impeachment trial of a certain "Judge of the Plains." The principal duty of such a judge was to decide cases of disputed ownership of stray cattle. This judge seems to have had a very exalted opinion of the dignity of his office. Among other com-



plaints of his arbitrary actions, was as one from young Pedro Sanchez, who testified that the judge had tried to ride his horse over him in the street, because he, Sanchez, would not take off his hat and stand uncovered while the "Juez del Campo" rode past.

In these days when municipal and state taxation have become so excessive, it is pleasant to know that there was a time in our city's history, when there were no taxes on land and improvements, that there was a time when men's pleasures and vices paid the cost of governing. Under Mexican rule the municipal funds were obtained from the revenue on wine and brandy; from the licenses of saloons and other business houses; from the tariff on imports; from permits to give dances; from fines and from the fees of bull-rings and cock-pits. Although in the early "40's" the pueblo or the ciudad, for it had become a city then, had a population of 2,000, and although the municipal council exercised jurisdiction over 6,000 square miles outside, the revenues rarely exceeded \$1,000 a year; yet with this small amount the municipal authorities ran a city and county government and kept out of debt. It did not cost much to run a government in those days. There was no army of high salaried officials then, with a camp following of political heelers quartered on the municipality and fed from the public crib at the expense of the taxpayer. Politicians may have been no more honest then than now, but where there was nothing to steal there was no stealing. The old *alcaldes* and *regidores* were wise enough not to put temptation in the way of the politicians and thus they kept them reasonably honest, or least, they kept them from plundering the taxpayers by the simple expedient of having no taxpayers.

\* The only salaried officers in the days when the most illustrious *Ayuntamiento* was the ruling power in Los Angeles, were the Secretary of that body, the *Sindico* or Tax Collector, and the Schoolmaster. Forty dollars was the monthly salary paid the Secretary, who was also clerk of the *Alcalde's* court; the *Sindico* received a commission on collections; and the Schoolmaster was paid \$15 per month. If like *Oliver Twist*, he cried for more, he was dismissed "for evident unfitness for his duties." The other officials took their pay in the glory of holding office.

The functions of the various departments of the city government were most economically performed. Street cleaning and the lighting of the city were provided for on a sort of automatic or self-acting principle. There was an ordinance that required each owner of a house, every Saturday, to sweep in front of his premises to the middle of the street, His neighbor, on the opposite side doing the

same, met him half way, and so the street was cleaned without expense to the city. There was another ordinance that required each owner of a house of more than two rooms on a travelled street to hang a lighted lantern in front at his door at night from dark to eight o'clock in winter and to nine in summer. So the city was at no expense for lighting. There were fines for the neglect of these duties. The crows had a contract for removing the garbage. There were no fines imposed on them. Evidently they were efficient city officials. It is said that "every dog has his day." There was one day each week that the dogs of the old pueblo did not have, on which to roam about, and that was Monday. Every Monday was dog catcher's day; and was set apart by ordinance for the killing of tramp dogs. Woe betide the unfortunate canine which, on that day, escaped from his kennel or broke loose from his tether and took to the street. A swift flying lasso encircled his neck and the breath was quickly choked out of his body. Monday was a "dies irae," an evil day, to the boy with a dog; and the dog-catcher was properly abhorred and despised then as now by every boy who possessed a canine pet.

There was no ~~paid~~ <sup>fire</sup> police department in the old pueblo. ~~Every~~ <sup>The</sup> houses with their clay walls, earthen floors and rawhide doors were as nearly fireproof as a human habitation could be made. So there was no need of a fire department. I doubt whether any "muchacho" of the old regime ever saw a house on fire. The boys of that day never experienced the thrilling pleasure of running to a fire. What boys sometimes miss by being born too soon!

There was no paid police department in the old pueblo. Every able bodied young man was subject to military duty and had to take his turn at standing guard. These guards policed the city but were not paid.

Viewed from our standpoint of high civilization, life in the old pueblo was a monotonous round of wearying sameness—uneventful and uninteresting. Yet the people of that day seem to have extracted a great deal of pleasure from it. Undoubtedly they missed, by living so long ago, many things that we, in this highly enlightened age, have come to regard as necessities of our existence; but they also missed the harrowing cares, the vexations and the excessive taxation both mental and municipal, that prematurely furrow our brows and whiten our locks.

## THE PIOUS FUND

BY REV. FATHER ADAM, V. G.

In 1857 Hon. John T. Doyle was authorized by the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany of San Francisco, and the Right Rev. Bishop Amat of Monterey and Los Angeles, to take steps to recover for them as official trustees for the Catholic church and Catholic people of this state, the sums due by the government of Mexico to the church on account of the "Pious Fund of California"—the property belonging to which had been appropriated by Santa Anna, in 1842, to the use of the public treasury.

It is my purpose this evening to show how the Pious Fund originated and what vicissitudes it was subject to.

The Spanish monarchs, from the time of the discovery of California in 1542 by the expedition fitted out by Cortez, cherished the object of colonizing this country and of converting its inhabitants to the Catholic faith.

Many expeditions were set on foot at the expense of the crown, for a century and a half, at an enormous expense, but without permanent result. Venegas tells us that down to 1697 the kings of Spain really had no permanent foothold in the vast territory which they claimed under the name of California.

The Spanish government as early as 1643 invited the Jesuits to accompany Admiral Pedro Portal de Casanate in his expedition to California, which, like others attempted previously, failed.

The last expedition undertaken by the crown was equipped in pursuance of a royal cedula in 1697; but it did not sail till 1683. It was confided to the command of Admiral Otondo, and the spiritual administration of the country was again entrusted to the Jesuits, the celebrated Father Kino accompanying the expedition. In spite of many precautions taken and an expenditure of \$225,000, it failed. No wonder that in a Junta general (a public meeting under the auspices of the viceroy) it was determined that "the reduction of California by the means theretofore relied on was simply an impossibility, and that the only mode of accomplishing it was to invite the Jesuits to undertake its whole charge, at the expense of the crown."



The fathers declined the offer, believing as they probably did, that the conduct of the royal officers, civil and military, was the probable cause of the failure of former expeditions. However, their services as missionaries were freely placed at the disposal of the government.

Venegas tells us that individual members of the society, animated by a zeal for the spread of the Christian faith in California, proposed to undertake the whole charge of the conversion of the country and its reduction to Christianity and civilization; and this without expense to the crown, on condition that they might themselves select the civil and military officers to be employed. This plan was finally agreed to, and on the 5th of February, 1697, the necessary authority was conferred on Father Juan Maria Salvatierra and Francisco Eusebio Kino. Two conditions were required by the government, viz: (1) that possession of the country was to be taken in the name of the Spanish crown, and (2) that the royal treasury was not to be called on for any of the expenses of the enterprise without the express order of the king.

Fathers Kino and Salvatierra solicited and received from various individuals and religious bodies voluntary donations, called *limosnas*, or alms. The funds thus collected were placed in their hands, in trust, to be applied to the propagation of the Catholic faith in California, by preaching, erection of church edifices, the founding of religious schools and the like, and under the same system as that pursued by the Jesuits in Paraguay, Northern Mexico, Canada, India and elsewhere.

Details of the earliest contributions obtained can be found in Venegas' "Notice de la California," volume 2. Besides sums given to defray immediate expenses, it was determined to establish a fund or capital, whose income should form a permanent endowment for the missions.

The first contributions seem to have been by the congregation of "Nuestra de los Dolores," which contributed \$10,000; and Don Juan Caballero y Ozio gave \$20,000 more. These donations formed the nucleus of the "Pious Fund." It was increased from time to time by others, and in a few years it attained great magnitude and importance.

For more explicit details, one could read a "Papal Anonimo," or Father Palou, with "The Informe del Director General de Temporalidades y Fondo Pioso," "Documento para la Historia de Mexico," in series, Vol. VI, and other authors.

Among the most important contributions to the fund was one

by the Marquis de Villa Puente and his wife, who in 1735, besides money donations, conveyed to the Society of Jesus, by deed, their estates and property of great value.

With Fathers Kino and Salvatierra were associated Fathers Juan Ugarte and Francisco Maria Piccolo; the former a missionary of singular talent and aptitude for the management of business affairs, having been made *procurator*, or man of business for the missions located in Mexico. Father Kino was unable to accompany his associates to the scene of their labors, and the mission was commenced by Fathers Salvatierra and Piccolo—who, three years later, were joined by Father Ugarte. These missionaries landed in an unknown country remote from all supplies and communications, accompanied by a corporal and five men, with three Indian servants, aiming at no less an object than the spiritual conquest of the whole peninsula, and the country to the north of it, as far as Cape Mendocino. The chronicles of the obstacles they surmounted, the privations, sufferings and perils to which they were exposed, read like a romance, and is full of instruction. Besides the chief object of bringing the native population into the fold of the church, these men never lost sight of the interests of learning and science. They observed and chronicled in the new country all that was of interest in any branch of human knowledge.

It is more than one hundred years since the Jesuits were expelled from Lower California, yet to this day most that we know of its geography, climate and natural history is derived from the relations of these early missionaries.

The "Pious Fund" continued to be managed by the Jesuits till 1768, in which year they were expelled from Mexico by royal order. The missions of Lower California were confided to the "Dominicans" and those of upper California to the "Franciscans." The income and product of the "Pious Fund" was thereafter appropriated to the missions of both orders. The missions were designed, when the population should be sufficiently instructed, to be converted into parish churches, as had been done in other parts of New Spain.

Father Junipero Serra, as all know, was the first President of the missions of Upper California, and these missions were governed by him and his successors down to the year 1836, when Francisco Garcia Diego, the last President of the missions, was appointed the first Bishop of the new diocese.

The royal decree against the Jesuits says: "And let all their temporalities be seized in my name." The Crown then took all the

estates of the order, including those of the "Pious Fund," which, however, was held in trust by duly appointed officers. The income and product of the same continued to be devoted, through the instrumentality of the ecclesiastical authorities, to the religious uses for which they were dedicated by the donors.

On the declaration of Mexican independence, Mexico succeeded to the crown of Spain as trustee of the "Pious Fund," and it continued to be managed, and its income to be applied as before, down to September 19, 1836. The Catholic religion being the established religion of Mexico, a law was passed in 1836 by the Mexican Congress endowing the new Bishopric of California with \$6,000 per year and leaving the administration of the "Pious Fund" to said first Bishop and his successors. On February 8, 1842, the law of 1836 was abrogated by a decree of Santa Ana, then President of the republic, and the trust was again devolved to the State, for the purpose of carrying out the trust as established by its donors and founders.

On October 24, 1842, the same President went a step farther and had all the property belonging to the "Pious Fund" sold, capitalizing on the basis of six per cent. per annum; that the proceeds should be paid into the public treasury, and an obligation be assumed by the government to pay six per cent. on the capital. So far no attempt had been made to destroy or confiscate the property or impair the trust.

At that time, namely 1842, the "Pious Fund" property was sold for about two million dollars. The Bishop of California remonstrated earnestly against the decree of October 24, 1842, as violation of his rights and the sacredness of a contract with the Holy See. In 1845 the General Congress passed an act restoring to him and his successors the properties of the fund yet remaining unsold.

There is no doubt that the Republic of Mexico is indebted to the Catholic church of the State of California for due proportion of the interest accrued since the treaty of Queretaro on the capital of the fund which was taken into the national treasury by the Act of October, 1842.

Archbishop Alemany and Bishop Amat claimed from the government of Mexico, as American citizens, not only the twenty-one installments that became due from 1849 to 1868, with interest from the year last named, but also to interest on these installments from the time they became payable. According to Mr. Wadsworth, the fund amounted to \$1,436,033; the interest at six per cent. per annum would be \$86,161.98; of which the missions of Upper Cali-



fornia were entitled to one-half, that is to say, \$43,080.99 per annum, commencing with the year 1849 to 1868. The claim against Mexico was entered by Archbishop Alemany and Bishop Amat as corporations sole. It was proved by their lawyers that the nature of the "Pious Fund" was that of a trust for religious objects, namely, the propagation of the Roman Catholic religion amongst the Indians of both Californias. It was a perpetual trust. Mexico never attempted to deny or impair the trust, but throughout expressed by her laws its sacredness, its religious character and her obligation as a civilized State to respect it accordingly.

The fund was founded in 1735. It was administered by the Jesuits until 1762, and for ten years by the Franciscans. In 1772 it was assumed by the King of Spain. In 1832 Mexico recognized the trust and its religious character; in 1836 Mexico transferred the administration of the fund to the Bishop of the Californias.

The "Pious Fund," with all its receipts and disbursements, was kept not only on a separate account, but as one of its outside bureaus, in which, though administered by the government, the government itself claimed no interest. Finally, in 1845, Mexico passed an act for restoring the fund and all unsold property to the Bishop of California. This was the last legislative act of Mexico dealing with the "Pious Fund."

Against all this body of proofs, the opponents asserted that the fund and its object were more political than religious; that the donors contributed in that view; and that the acts of Mexico in dealing with the fund were for national and political objects. But their assertions had never been heard before, and no proof to substantiate them is offered by them or can be offered; they turned their backs upon the history, not only of Spain but still more of Mexico herself.

#### AMOUNT DUE BY MEXICO.

So long ago as November 16, 1792, the total capital money and property of the "Pious Fund" was almost \$829,000, with a net annual income over expenditures of almost \$8,500. In 1842 it had amounted to \$1,700,000.

The Umpire awarded that the Mexican government on account of the above claim had to pay the sum of \$904,700.79.

By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the Roman Catholic church of Upper California acquired the political status of American citizenship, and its portion of income of the "Pious Fund" thereafter becoming due was of course payable to American citizens. The claim thus became cognizable before the mixed commission

holding its labors in Washington. It was presented in the name of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Roman Catholic church, representing their flocks. The litigation lasted some years. The argument in behalf of Mexico was conducted by Hon. Caleb Cushing and Don Manuel Aspiroz, an eminent Mexican jurisconsult, and by John T. Doyle on behalf of the claimants. The Commissioners differed in their judgments, the Mexicans holding that the California missions were mere political establishments and the funds provided for their support merely public funds. Mr. Wadsworth, as American Commissioner, held the "Pious Fund" to be a charity of private formulation, and a sacred trust put into the hands of Mexico which she had no right to divert for other purposes.

By this difference of opinion the case of the claimants was nearly won, when put into the hands of such an umpire as Sir Edward Thornton, who could not by a judicial decision sanction a spoliation of property devoted by its owners to works of piety and charity. His decision gave to the church of California judgment against Mexico for over 900,000 dollars! This decision in behalf of claimants was given in Washington November 11, 1875.

## ALFRED ROBINSON

BY H. D. BARROWS.

In the recent death at San Francisco of the venerable pioneer, Don Alfredo Robinson at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, sixty-six of which he had lived in California, we are reminded that the last member of that notable first group of Argonauts who settled in California about the year 1830 has passed away. Col. J. J. Warner, who was born the same year as Mr. Robinson (1807), and who reached California soon after the arrival of Mr. Robinson, died also in this same year in which the death of his friend took place. Very few, indeed, even of the second group who came a decade or more or less later, now remain.

Mr. Robinson was probably one of the best known, both by Californians and Americans, of the early English-speaking settlers; and he was held in high estimation by all who knew him, for his thoroughly sterling character.

He was born in Boston in 1807, and he died in San Francisco October 19, 1895. He made several trips to the West Indies whilst yet a boy; and at the age of twenty-one he sailed as shipping clerk on the "Brookline" from Boston, bound on a trading expedition for distant California, where he arrived in February, 1829. The "Brookline," of which Capt. Wm. A. Gale (father of the wife of Col. J. J. Warner) was master, and Bryant & Sturgis, of Boston, were owners, brought probably one of the largest and best assorted cargoes of miscellaneous goods that had ever been offered to the Californians. Mr. Robinson remained in California, acting for some years, as agent of the Boston firm, which sent him out.

In 1846 he published anonymously his "Life in California," giving an account of his voyage, and of the quaint, primitive life of the inhabitants of this then isolated province of Mexico, as he found it in those early days. This book, a copy of which is in our Public Library, will be found to possess an extraordinary charm for those who take any interest in early California annals. It is a standard work, and is followed by most writers who treat on California history, or of the period extending from 1829 to 1842. His intimate business and social relations with the best people of the Territory afforded him excellent opportunities for the acquirement of accu-



rate information. His duties as agent for the Boston firm required him to travel more or less up and down the coast, from San Diego to San Francisco, to bargain for the purchase of hides and tallow, and for the sale of goods. He also purchased otter skins; buying, he says, about 3000 in one year, which he sent to China, the best of them being worth \$60 apiece.

In the early part of 1836 he married Anna Maria, a daughter of Captain Jose de la Guerra y Noriega of Santa Barbara. In October of the next year he sailed with his wife for Boston by way of Honolulu on the "California," James Arther, master. He left his wife in Boston, in order that she might acquire an English education, while he made another trip to California in 1840, resuming his former agency, remaining till December, 1842, when he went East again, on the American ship "Alert," via Mazatlan, carrying dispatches to the U. S. Government from Commodore Catesby Jones; and also taking gold dust from the placers in this county, which had been discovered the year before, to the Philadelphia Mint, for Don Abel Stearns.

From 1848 or '49 he became the agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. It is said that it was mainly owing to his advice that that company decided finally to locate in San Francisco, their preference being Angel Island, Mare Island, or Benecia. After selecting the latter site and spending a large amount of money there, contrary to his advice, they at last concluded to purchase their present location in San Francisco, which is but a very small portion of the donation which the city had previously offered through him to the company gratuitously, the same property now being worth several millions of dollars.

In after years Mr. Robinson acted for a long time as agent for the extensive Stearns estate of this county. Mrs. Robinson died in 1855. I remember seeing her that year when she came here on a visit. She was a splendid looking woman, then in the flower of her youth, and possessing all the characteristic charms that distinguished the Noriegas.

The elaborate account given by Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast," of the ceremonies of the grand wedding at Santa Barbara is in fact an account of the marriage of Mr. Robinson and Senorita de la Guerra y Noriega. There were born to this union eight children, of whom but one, a son, I believe, is now living. The Noriega family was one of the most prominent in California in the early part of this century.

Mr. Robinson witnessed the transition of California from a

sparsely settled province of Mexico to a great State of this Union of nearly a million and a half inhabitants. He saw the gradual changes from the mission era to the pastoral period; from the pastoral to the mining, from the mining to the agricultural and horticultural and commercial epochs, from the Spanish to the Anglo-American regime; from the dominance of Mexican to that of American laws, and from the principal use by the people of the Spanish language, to that used by the Anglo-Saxon races. Indeed, but very few of the present residents of California have any idea of the wondrous changes he saw, from the time the ship in which he came 65 years ago entered the placid waters of San Diego and San Francisco bays, until his death last month in San Francisco. Of all those of mature age, men or women, Californians or foreigners, whom he found here on his first arrival, very few indeed have survived him. The scenes in which he participated and the actors thereof, have passed away, and seem to us of today, almost as unreal as the unsubstantial stuff which dreams are made of.

Mr. Charles R. Johnson, also an early pioneer and still a resident of this city, is a nephew of Mr. Robinson.

## VALUE OF A HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WALTER R. BACON

The study and preservation of the History of California is the chief object of this society, and I present you these few words for the purpose of fixing attention upon this object, and demonstrating the utility of the society, as one of the conservators of good government, and a considerable factor in the advancement of civilization, and if this is shown, each member should require himself to devote such share of his time and energy to its advancement as is proportionate to the importance of the object and results.

No country or community advances except through the patriotism of its people; it might be said, the *intelligent* patriotism of its people. Patriotism is love of country, and intelligent patriotism is only possible when the patriot knows of the lives, deeds and characters of the citizens of his country who have served it as to make it worthy of his patriotic love. Love of home is inherent in humanity whether savage or civilized, but love of country is the property only of those peoples who have so far advanced as to make realities of abstract ideas, and then should only be present when something in the history of that country and its people has placed it in a position entitling it to be held as an example worthy of emulation by civilized men.

We love our country because certain men in humble station more than three hundred and fifty years ago chose it as a place in which to set up and put in force the simple doctrine that men must be allowed freedom of conscience in the worship of God, and because the descendants of these men and others of kindred belief taking hold of that doctrine as a verity and as established of God himself, added to it certain concomitant deductions including the declaration that "all men are created equal and endowed by the Creator with inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and in this land of ours, with singleness of purpose, fought out the fight against the doctrines conceived of old by devils in the human form of Kings and self-appointed spiritual rulers to which their short creed was opposed.

They triumphed, but it only through history that we know of it; it is only through history and tradition which is one form of history, that we even know that George Washington ever lived and



by his military genius and steadfastness wrested the political control of this country from the Crown of England, and as President afterwards, set an example of the ruler great enough to efface itself; do nothing but for the present welfare and future glory of his country, and silently endure the malicious carping of small critics, in order that his far-reaching plans of state might be discussed and adopted by the people out of self-knowledge—only exercised by free men. The great deeds of those gone before have ever been the inspiration to good deeds by the living, but without history to chronicle and hand them down, so far as the later generations go, they may as well never have been enacted, for without knowledge of them there can be no incentive drawn from them. Herodotus has been called the Father of History; he it was who first refused to be content with the chronicle of the names of reigning Kings, and survivors of battles, but supplemented these by philosophical deductions, showing what led up to and what flowed from these battles, and with reflections upon the effect upon his people of the acts or line of policy of the King.

In forecasting results of state policy, we judge largely, almost solely, of what the future will bring forth by what the past has accomplished, and this we can only know by consulting history. The fine flower of endeavor is best nourished in the light of accomplishment of others, and these are the things seized upon by history and by it crystallized—preserved, as in the clear amber, and held up to us to be forever emulated.

"If at first you don't succeed, try again," is a trite saying and contains good advice, but without example and illustration, is absolutely without value to the great majority, and for these examples and illustrations we turn almost solely to history. Who has ever read Xenophen's account of the march of the ten thousand Greeks without feeling the thrill of emulation always excited by the recitation of brave deeds, and without retaining something which in the time of trial rises within him and gives him courage.

As I have intimated, abstract ideas are verities; we are guided by them, in fact we worship them. The deeds of great men gone, in time come to represent ideas; in fact become ideas, and under the clarifying and refining treatment of history we treat them in the abstract. It is the faculty of doing this that marks the line between brute instinct and human intelligence; in the knowledge of this faculty the great dramatists write and present their plays. There are none of us but can enjoy and appreciate the dramatic or tragic play in which but a mere suggestion of a point is made by the words of

the actor, but which with the aid of the cultivated imagination of the hearer, becomes a living sentient idea embracing the whole range of man's life and the entire scope of his passions. It is this faculty that enables us to personify freedom and typify patriotism in our flag, so that while in view of the stars and stripes on any occasion, a mere suggestion of its origin and office, sets in motion a train of thought that sends burning impulses from head to heart and stirs the soul to its very foundations.

Our society is engaged in searching out and preserving the history of this corner of the United States. This means the correct chronicling of the lives of the early explorers, who by their hardihood and perseverance first reached and spied out the land, and in almost inspired prophecy foretold something of its future glory. It means looking into the lives of those later comers, some of whom are still with us and are known by the honorable title of pioneers; it means the faithful recounting of their deeds accomplished under difficulties; the analysis of their steadfast characters and robust personalities, and the holding up to us in an intelligent manner an epitomized statement of the results of their trials, their labors, their sacrifices, and their triumphs, to be an inspiration to us, their contemporaries and eventually their successors, to go forward in the straight path of unwearied effort.

And the lives of these have a special significance to us. They lived under the same skies that we now see; we see the same mountains as shadowed them, and while the face of the country now has no resemblance to its condition as they found it, we need only take a short journey to the eastward to find one that has, and be made forcibly to realize something of the effort involved in producing the change.

So local history has special local significance, and its study and knowledge will be of special value to those of this land, and a faithful chronicle of the lives and deeds of the discoverers and pioneers of this country can have but one effect upon those who read it, *i. e.*, to be an inspiration to follow their virtues and avoid their mistakes and vices.

History is at once scientific and philosophic. Its chief province is the fashioning and formulation out of past events, rules for future guidance in the administration of the state, and its chief beauty as a philosophy is that it is eclectic, in that it sets before its disciples the examples of the past and leaves to the cultivated intelligence of each their interpretation and future application.

Until after Herodotus and Thucydides history was but a more

or less accurate statement of the wonderful acts of individuals, the great public convulsions or picturesque occurrences, and it was only as far away as the latter part of the eighteenth century that the humane philosophy of that period evolved the idea, that the intrigues and scandals of courts and the shock of armies, are only important in proportion to their effect on the well being of the entire community, so that now these things instead of being considered the sole object of historical inquiry, are only of value for the indications they give of the primal causes on which the march of history depends, and now a writer of general history must exhibit the moral and social conditions of a nation with the same clearness and certainty as that pertaining to his dates of the changes in dynasties.

This change in the scope and purpose of history has made necessary, important modifications in historical composition and greatly extended the range of accomplishments requisite for the historian, until now to write passable history the writer must first be a person of broad general knowledge and culture, thoroughly grounded in the knowledge of universal or general history, possessed of the philosophical faculty, and in addition, have the capacity for hard work and infinite painstaking.

Without the aid of the vivid pictures of the great English writers, of the policies, conditions and events, that lead up to the meeting of the barons and King John at Runnymede, the value of the great charter escapes us, and without knowing something of the lives of Nathaniel Bacon, Patrick Henry, Sam Adams and their contemporaries, the Declaration of Independence is but a mass of inane platitudes, but read in the light of their enunciations and contentions and in view of a critical knowledge of the wide difference in physical conditions and social and political pretensions of the colonists and their oppressors, it at once takes on its aspect of sublimity and uniqueness among all the written declarations of the civil and religious rights of man in all his history. So we hold that there is and must be a philosophy of history.

From the discovery of the tables of Justinian in the thirteenth century dates the beginning of the present period of intellectual activity, but hampered by traditions of conservatism, four centuries of effort of the great thinkers of the race were required to so leaven the mass of human knowledge, as to bring us to that perfection in ways of thinking, and in conception of civil rights that allow full swing to individual effort, which has culminated in achievements during the century just closing of such incalculable advan-



tage to the race, as to almost stagger our power of comprehension when we attempt to forecast the future in its light.

A complete inventory of the good points gained in that century of advancement can only be made by philosophical historical appliances. Historical philosophy alone can tabulate the mistakes, point out the pitfalls to be avoided, fully appraise the advantages gained and mark a course for future pursuit which will preserve to us the best and discard the valueless. The limits of a paper to be read in fifteen minutes proscribe further examples of my meaning, but I think that small reflection will convince us all of the value of history, and that in local history a society is the only means for its collection and preservation, the extent of its interest is determined by local boundaries, which limitation will not warrant the publication by private enterprise of purely local histories.

The Society fosters interest in the subject among the people, and develops power of historic research and statement among its members; it defrays the expense of publication of local historical sketches, and thus preserves to the future the early history of the country, and at the same time renders it available for study in the present. In addition, our society owes a duty to the future of more than local importance, it is now or soon will be the conservator of historic articles more fully illustrating the domestic life of the pastoral period of Southern California, than any other collection in existence; it will be the duty of this society to find a permanent abiding place for these which will form an historical Museum that will constitute a primal fountain of information respecting one of the most interesting historic periods of the near past. Upon this society will also fall the labor of cataloguing this museum so that the future student of history may there readily find an illustrated statement of past industrial and domestic art, chronologically arranged and indexed for reference. This society is now also the conservator of a great number of newspaper files, books, pamphlets and manuscripts, which owing to lack of proper storage are in some confusion and in danger of loss, which must be preserved, catalogued, and indexed for future use. For this purpose some spacious, properly arranged and fire proof rooms are necessary. The city should furnish them, but never will until we have a society with the energy and membership sufficient for a long, strong pull. There are other things which will devolve on this society for the doing, in fact, the list is so long that we will not try to itemize the general statement of its objects, purposes and uses.

I think that the mere calling to your attention of the existence

and resources of this society is sufficient to excite your friendly interest in its future. The poorest and meanest of our citizens have a direct interest in its success, how much more imperative then that the more intelligent and capable should manifest by their works an interest commensurate with their responsibilities. One of our chief resources and equipments for work has been and is our honored Secretary, Mr. J. M. Guinn, who, with his gift of concentration of energy and his genius for hard work, has evolved order out of chaos in our local history, has set before us in logical sequence the significant events which make history, and with his faculty for scientific discernment has analyzed and portrayed the characters who made the events. His hands have been loyally upheld for years by our associates of long standing membership, with Mr. H. D. Barrows at their head. Let us later members join heartily in this work and assume our share of the burden, let us advertise the society and exploit its schemes, let us excite public interest to the increase of our membership and the funds in our treasury, in short, let us do those things that will demonstrate our belief in the value of the historical society to the community, and when this is done the future historian cannot complain of us that we scattered the landmarks and historical material intrusted to us, which we should have preserved and handed down to him for illustration of his lesson in history to the people yet unborn.

## JUAN BANDINI

BY H. D. BARROWS.

One of the most prominent and picturesque characters of early California was Juan Bandini. His father, Don Jose Bandini, was a native of Spain (born 1771), who settled first in Arica, Peru, where on the 5th day of May, 1776, he married Ysidora Blanca y Rivera. He afterwards, or about 1820, came with his family to San Diego, California, where he resided till his death, which occurred at Guapa, or San Juan Del Rio, now in San Bernardino county, April 28, 1841. He was buried at the Mission of San Gabriel.

Juan Bandini, or, according to his full baptismal name, Juan Lorenzo Bruno Bandini, was born in the city of San Marcos de Arica, Peru, October 4, 1800. He came to San Diego with his father about the time he attained his majority. He early, or whilst still a young man, took an interest in public affairs, and during his career held many important positions. In 1827-8, he was a member of the Territorial Assembly; he then was appointed a commissioner of revenue at San Diego. He took a very active part in fomenting resistance to the mal-administration of Gov. Victoria, and to the counter revolution of Zamorano in '32. In 1833 he went to the City of Mexico as a member of Congress; and the next year he returned to California as Vice-President of the Hajar and Padres Colonization and Commercial Company and supercargo of the company's vessel, the "Natalie," and also as Inspector of Customs for California. In 1836-8 he was an active leader of the southern opposition to the Alvarado administration. He was the owner of "Tecate" rancho on the frontier, which was sacked by the Indians in 1837-8, by which he lost everything. But Gov. Alvarado made him administrator of San Gabriel mission in 1838-40, granting him also in 1838 "Jurupa," in 1839 "Rincon," and "Cajon de Muscupiaibe;" and other lands at San Juan Capistrano in 1841. He was appointed Fiscal of the Tribunal Superior in 1840-2; and "Sindico" at Los Angeles in 1844—all of which indicates that he was a capable and popular official.

In 1845-6 Don Juan was Gov. Pico's secretary and was a zealous supporter of his administration and especially of his mission policy. He was at the time a member of the Departmental Assembly, and



he was the originator of the projected "Consejo General." He early espoused the cause of the United States and furnished supplies for Stockton's force. His daughters, who were married to Americans, assisted in making the first American flag in California, which was constructed by Dona Refugio, his second wife.

After the change of government, or in 1847, Don Juan was named as member of the Legislative Council, and in 1848 he was Alcalde of San Diego. In 1850 he erected a costly building at that place and engaged in merchandizing. Later he devoted his time to stock-raising in La Baja California, where in 1852 he served as Juez. In 1855 he brought his stock back to San Diego.

He died at Los Angeles November 4, 1859, in his 60th year.

The foregoing are some of the more important events of Mr. Bandini's career.

Perhaps other matters of minor, or less importance might be briefly recounted.

Mr. Bandini introduced into the Departmental Assembly a proposal to make this pueblo the capital of Alta California under the name of "Villa Victoria de la Reina de Los Angeles," which was approved by the Assembly and by the Governor but failed of approval by the national government, although some years afterwards Los Angeles was made the capital by authority of the Mexican government. He also introduced a resolution asking the supreme government to supply teachers for a college or academy in California.

As one of three commissioners appointed for the purpose, Don Juan met with the two others, Governor Echeandia and Jimeno, at Monterey, October 21, 1830, and organized the Custom House at Monterey.

Mr. Bandini was twice married. His first wife, Dolores, was the daughter of Captain Jose M. Estudillo. The children of this marriage were Dona Arcadia, who married, first, Don Abel Stearns, and second, Col. R. S. Baker; Ysidora, who married Col. C. J. Coutts; Josefa, married to Pedro C. Carrillo; Jose M., and Juan, Jr. Of these, only Mrs. Baker and Don Juan, Jr., are now living. Mr. Bandini's second wife was Dona Refugio, daughter of Santiago Arguello. The children of this union now living are: Mrs. Charles R. Johnson, Mrs. Dr. J. B. Winston and Arturo Bandini. Their mother, Dona Refugio, whom many old timers well and favorably knew, died in this city June 29, 1891.

Mr. Bandini and other early California public men have been criticised by Americans because they frequently resisted oppressive laws and corrupt administrations. But critics should remember

that those who took part in this resistance to oppression, generally had good cause for their acts. With equal reason might these same carpers find fault with the opposition of our American revolutionary forefathers to the oppression of Great Britain a century and more ago. A close and impartial study of the causes which drove both the Californians and the American colonists into organized and revolutionary resistance to the constituted authority, will show that the former as well as the latter, not only were justified, but that they were entitled to commendation for their heroic and self-respecting defence of their rights. The native or Spanish-speaking Californians, as a race, were lovers of liberty.

Their great distance, under both Spanish and Mexican rule, from the central government, caused them to be neglected, and often to be sadly misgoverned; and, moreover, not infrequently, it seemed impossible for them to obtain redress for the many and chronic grievances of a political and economic nature which they were compelled to endure, except by resorting to revolution.

The insurrection of 1831 against Gov. Victoria, headed by Pico, Bandini, Carrillo, Stearns and others, well illustrates the truth of the foregoing statement. The Mexican Congress by law provided for the distribution of the public lands of the nation among the citizens in conformity with regulations which were to be issued by the executive branch of the government, but which were not promulgated until 1828. But as under this law and those regulations the co-operation of the local legislative department of the government of California was necessary to make grants of lands to citizens; and, as Gov. Victoria neglected or refused to take any steps to carry out the same, or to call the legislative body together, the people very naturally and justly became impatient that the beneficent land laws of the republic, so far as they related to California, should thus be rendered inoperative. Furthermore, the people especially of Los Angeles, had become exasperated with the Governor, because of their belief that the acts of the Alcalde of Los Angeles, Vicente Sanchez, who during the year 1831 had kept a large number of the most influential citizens under arrest in the guardhouse, mostly for contempt of his authority or for some trivial offense, etc., were inspired by Gov. Victoria. As a result of the stand taken by the revolutionists, Victoria was driven out of the country; but it was not till 1833, when Figueroa became Governor that the laws of 1824 and the "reglamento" of 1828 were carried into effect; and that able and patriotic Governor made grants of land under them, which were duly approved by the Territorial Legislature.

If the considerate judgment of mankind commended the American revolutionists for their contention that "taxation and representation should go together," it can no less approve the stand of the California revolutionists in favor of the execution of laws on which the material welfare of the Territory so closely depended.

In opposing political and other abuses, as Don Juan Bandini and other influential Californians were frequently compelled to do, those gentlemen acted as good citizens and patriots who had the welfare of California at heart.

Bancroft's estimate of the personal qualities of Don Juan Bandini is in the main just. He says of him: "He was a man of fair abilities and education, of generous impulses, of jovial temperament; a most interesting man socially, famous for his gentlemanly manners, of good courage in the midst of personal misfortunes, and always well liked and respected; indeed his record as a citizen was an excellent one. He also performed honestly and efficiently the duties of his various official positions. He was an eloquent speaker and fluent writer."

Don Juan left a valuable collection of "Documentary History of California;" also an original MS., "Historia de California," which are in Bancroft's possession.



## THE STORY OF A PLAZA

BY J. M. GUINN.

In Spanish-American countries the plaza is the center of community life—the heart from which the arterial blood of the pueblo or ciudad circulates. Around the plaza are usually grouped the government buildings and the principal churches. Like the forum of old Rome it is a place where questions of state are discussed and where sometimes revolutionary plots are hatched. It is a meeting place of the people to exchange gossip and to retail the day's doings.

Los Angeles, being a town of Spanish birth, has its plaza, but its royal square has long since ceased to be the center of communal life or a political hotbed for the germinating of revolutions. When Governor Felipe de Neve, nearly one hundred and twenty years ago, founded the pueblo of our Lady of the Angels his first act was to locate a plaza for the geographical center from which his town should radiate. De Neve's plaza was rectangular in form—seventy-five varas wide by one hundred in length. It was located north of the church; its southerly line very nearly coincided with what is now the northerly line of West Marchessault street. On this, the cuartel, or guard house, the public granary, the government house and the capilla or chapel, fronted.

In 1814, when the foundation of the Nueva Iglesia, or new church, was laid, it, too, fronted on the old Plaza; but the great flood of 1815 changed the river's channel from the eastern side of the valley to the western and the waters came up to the foundations; the location of the church was changed to higher ground—its present site. When the final location of the Nueva Iglesia had been decided upon by Gov. Sola in 1818, next in importance was a plaza on which the church should front and since there was none, the evolution of plaza from the ejidos or common land and house lots began. There were evidently some buildings on the designated area, for we find in the old records that the pueblo authorities, in 1825, ordered a house torn down that stood on the Plaza.

Previous to 1818, the trend of the pueblo's growth had been to the northward, but after the location of a site for the new church had been determined the movement to the southward began. June

21, 1821, Jose Antonio Carrillo, one of the aristocrats of the ancient pueblo regime, petitioned the Comisionado for a house lot near the "new temple which is being built for the benefit of our holy religion." A lot 40x60 varas (the present site of the Pico House or National Hotel as it is now called) was granted him. On this lot between 1821 and 1823 Carrillo built, for that time, quite an aristocratic residence, fronting it on the Plaza. It had a wing extending along the line of Main street and one running back from its eastern end to a cross wall, thus inclosing a patio or inner court. Its high gabled roof of red tiles and its white walls gave it an imposing appearance. Its spacious ballroom witnessed many a gay assemblage of the beauty and the chivalry of the pueblo.

Plaza fronts became the fashion with the pueblo aristocracy; and in course of time the homes of the Picos, the Carrillos, the Sepulvedas, the Olveras, the Lugos, and the Abilas were clustered around the square.

There seems to have been no "plano" or plot made of the new Plaza. The building line zigzagged. A moderate deviation was not noticed, but if some one built out too far the authorities pulled down his casa. In 1838, the city authorities ordered Santiago Rubio's house demolished "to maintain the Plaza line." Santiago seems to have been fired with an ambition to outdo his neighbors in Plaza front or rather by building out to obtain three Plaza fronts, but his pride got a fall and so did his house.

When the vacant lots with Plaza fronts were all built upon, the irregular shape of what was originally intended to be a square became more noticeable. So the Ayuntamiento (Council) set to work to solve the problem of squaring the Plaza, but it proved to be as difficult a problem as squaring the circle. Commissioners were appointed and they labored faithfully to evolve plans to remedy "certain imperfections which have been allowed to creep into the form of the Plaza through carelessness; and to add to the beauty of the town by embellishing the Plaza." But like many a commission since then they encountered opposition to their laudable efforts.

Pedro Cabrera's house lot fell within the line of a street that it was proposed to open out to the westward from the Plaza. The Commissioners offered him a larger and better lot in exchange, but Pedro would none of it. He wanted a Plaza front and the new lot had none. Then the Commissioners offered him another lot and for damages the labor of the chain gang for a certain number of days. The pueblo treasury was empty—there was neither a horse nor a hide in the street fund and the prisoners' labor was all

the compensation they could offer. But Pedro was inexorable. He did not propose to be sidetracked in the social scale by losing his Plaza front, so the street had to take a twist around his lot, and half a century has not untwined the twist that Pedro's pride gave the Calle Iglesia (Church street), now West Marchessault. By reducing its dimensions and by giving the lot owners who had built back the land between them and the new building line the Ayuntamiento succeeded in partially squaring the Plaza. The north, south and west lines, after squaring, were each 134 varas or about 380 feet in length and the east line was 112 varas or 330 feet long. At that time Los Angeles street (or Vineyard street, as it was then called) ended at Arcadia and the principal entrance into the Plaza from the south was the Calle de Los Negros—the street of the blacks—vulgarily known in later times as Nigger Alley.

The Old Plaza has been the scene of many a tragedy and of comedies not a few. In the stormy days of Mexican rule when revolutions and pronounciamientos were the escape valves of the pent-up patriotism of California politicians, many a time has it echoed the tread of armed men. Many a gaily-caparisoned cavalcade has ridden forth from it to do battle for the country or rather a part of it; for in most of these contests it was Californian against Californian—the patriots of the south against the rebels of the north and vice versa.

In the Civil War of 1837-38, the "Surenos" (Southerners) were defeated by the Northerners of Monterey at the bloodless battle of San Buenaventura, with a heavy loss of mustangs; and the unfortunates of the southern army who had escaped capture were compelled to foot it home to Los Angeles—an insult too grievous to be tamely borne by the proud caballeros of the south. But greater indignities were in store for them. While footsore and weary they slumbered; in the thick darkness of night—there were no street lamps in the pueblo then—Capt. Espinoza, with a detachment of the northern army stole into the sleeping town. Capturing the drowsy picket guard, he encamped on the Plaza. In the morning when the artistocrats of the Plaza fronts opened their doors they were confronted by armed men. From headquarters on the Plaza, Espinoza began a search for the concealed statesmen and warriors of the pueblo; and ere the set of sun, a dozen or more of the leading men of the south were forced to begin a weary march (or ride) of 600 miles to Vallejo bastille at Sonoma, where as prisoners of state—Alvarado's free State of Alta California—they whiled away the long summer days in durance vile.



In the revolution of 1845, from their military headquarters in the curate's house, Pico and Castro mobilized their allies on the Plaza and in command of 400 caballeros they rode forth to battle against Micheltorena's army of chicken-stealing cholos and Sutter's warriors in bronze. Victorious over Mexican and Indian on the battlefield of Cahuenga, they returned again to the Plaza to receive the plaudits of mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts.

But the old Plaza long ago ceased to be a storm center of political disturbance. Across the plains of the Laguna came the Saxon invader and from the mesa his cannon sounded the death knell of Mexican domination in California.

The Plaza beheld its last military pageant when in 1847 Stockton's invading army, 600 strong, entered the subjugated city and marching up the Calle Principal to the stirring strains of "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," it camped on the public square. The music of Stockton's famous brass band as it floated out on the evening air, did more, it is said, to smooth the creases out of "war's wrinkled front" than all the treaties and conciliatory proclamations of the gringo commanders.

But peace hath her pageants as well as war; and the old Plaza has been the scene of many a gay fiesta, many a brilliant civic parade, and many a solemn church procession, as well. During the Mexican era it witnessed the inauguration ceremonies of two Governors of California. The first were those of Carlos Carrillo, sometimes called the Pretender. On the 6th of December, 1837, Governor Don Carlos Carrillo, "accompanied by a magnificent cavalcade" (so an old record says), entered the city and crossing the Plaza took the oath of office in the Juzgado or Hall of Sessions and at the head of his retinue he repaired to the church, where he listened to a solemn mass. For three nights, in honor of the occasion, the Plaza fronts were brilliantly illuminated and the big cannon on the square boomed forth the glad tidings that Los Angeles was the capital of California, and that she had a Governor of her own. Then Alvarado, the *de facto* Governor, came down from Monterey with his northern hordes and Carlos, the Pretender, fled to the wilds of San Diego. Later on he was captured, and a prisoner was taken back to his rancho and to his wife at San Buenaventura, where he lived happily ever afterwards. Los Angeles mourned a lost Governor and a lost capital, but she, too, was happier for the loss of both if she only could have realized it.

The next inaugural services held on the Plaza were those of Manuel Micheltorena, the last of the Mexican-born Governors of

California. He took the oath of office New Year's eve, 1842, in Sanchez Hall, which until quite recently stood on the eastern side of the square. An inauguration ball, that lasted a week, followed. The Plaza fronts were again brilliantly illuminated and cannon boomed forth a glad welcome to the new Governor—cannon that but two years later sounded the trump of his doom at the battle of Cahuenga.

One of the most imposing of the church festivals in which the Plaza figured in the olden time was the festival of Corpus Christi. Corpus Christi is celebrated forty days after Easter; and is intended to commemorate the ascension of the Body of Christ into Heaven. Every year, before the festival, the Plaza was swept and cleansed of rubbish, and enramadas, or booths, of boughs constructed in front of the principal houses; and altars erected. The celebration of this festival by processions on the Plaza was continued after the American occupation—indeed, down to within the past 25 years. From the Weekly Star of June 5, 1858, I extract the following description of the celebration of that year:

“Immediately after Pontifical Vespers, which were held in the church at 4 p. m., a solemn procession was formed which made the circuit of the Plaza, stopping at the various altars which with great cost, elegance and taste had been erected in front of the houses where the sacred offices of the church were solemnly performed. The order of the procession was as follows: Music—Young Ladies of the Sisters' School bearing the banner of the school, followed by the children of the school to the number of 120 in two ranks. They were elegantly dressed in white, wearing white veils and carrying baskets filled with flowers which during the procession were scattered before the Bishop and the clergy. Next came the boys of the church choir. Then twelve men bearing candles; these represented the twelve apostles. Then came Father Raho and Bishop Amat, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, supported on each side by the clergy, marching under a gorgeous canopy carried by four prominent citizens. These were followed by a long procession of men, women and children marching two and two. The procession was escorted by the California Lancers, Captain Juan Sepulveda commanding, and the Southern Rifles, Captain W. W. Twist in command.

“Very elaborate and costly preparations had been made by the citizens resident on the Plaza for the reception of the Holy Eucharist; among the most prominent of which we noticed the residence of Don Jesus Dominguez, Don Ignacio Del Valle, Don Vin-

cente Lugo and Don Augustin Olvera. These altars were elegantly designed and tastefully decorated, being ornamented with laces, silks, satins and diamonds. In front of each the procession stopped whilst sacred offices appropriate to the occasion were performed.

"Having made the circuit of the Plaza, the procession returned to the church, where the services were concluded. After which the immense assemblage dispersed, and the military escorted the young ladies of the Sisters' School on their return home."

Patroness Day or the fiesta of Our Lady of the Angels was another occasion in which the Plaza played a most important part. It is celebrated August 15th. The Mother of Christ, according to the Catholic doctrine, did not die but was taken up into Heaven, where she is continually adored by all the heavenly throng of angels and archangels as their queen. The following description of the celebration of that festival I take from the *Star* of August 22, 1857:

"At the conclusion of mass the pupils of the female school headed by their instructresses, the Sisters of Charity, come out of the church in procession bearing the image Our Lady under a canopy. They were joined by the Lancers and passing around the public square re-entered the church. The appearance of the procession as it left the church and during its march was imposing. The canopy covering the representation of the angelic queen, tastefully ornamented, was borne by girls dressed in white. The girls of the school with their heads uncovered and in uniform white dresses, followed; then came the lancers, the rear of the company being brought up by a mounted division armed with lances. There was an evening procession on the Plaza. A bull-fight took place in the upper part of town in the afternoon, which was attended by a dense crowd. One hombre attempting to perform some exploits on foot which are usual at bull-fights in Lima and Mexico, was caught and tossed high in air a number of times by an infuriated bull and left for dead. A number of horses were badly gored and some killed outright. This branch of amusement was kept up for three days to the evident delight of the boys and great suffering and ruin of many a noble steed."

In the olden times, before gringo influence had wrought changes in social customs, when the Christmas festivities broke the monotony of pueblo life and the "Pastores"—(the shepherds)—a fragment of the passion plays of the Middle Ages, that had survived the lapse of time and crossed the wide expanse of sea and land between Europe and the western shores of the sunset sea—were played by amateur actors, often has the old Plaza resounded with shouts of mirth



at the undoing of the arch fiend, Satan, by the archangel, Michael. But after the change of rulers, in the days of gold Satan had his innings and the Plaza was given over to lawlessness, and vice ran riot on its borders. The Calle de Los Negros was as black in character as in name. For its length and opportunities it was the wickedest street on earth. Saloons, dance houses and gambling hells lined its walks and the high tide of its iniquities swept over the Plaza.

In 1854 it is said that Los Angeles averaged a homicide for each day of that year. The Plaza borders and the Calle de Los Negros were the principal battle fields where most of the victims bit the dust.

The criminal element became bold and defiant; robbers and murderers terrorized the community. Then the law-abiding citizens arose in their might and in the shape of vigilance committees and military organization put an end to the saturnalia of crime, and to many of the criminals as well. The gallows tree on Fort Hill bore gruesome fruit and the beams over corral gates were sometimes festooned with the hangman's noose. In less than a year twenty-two criminals, bandits, murderers and thieves, were hung in accordance with the laws or without law whichever was most convenient or most expeditious; and more than twice that number expatriated themselves for the country's good, and their own. After its purification by hemp, the Old Plaza became a thing of utility, and was made the distributing point for a water system. In 1857, the City Council granted to Judge William G. Dryden the right to convey the water from his springs, located on the low ground southeast of where the River Station now is, "over, under and through the streets, lanes, alleys and roads of the city, and distribute it for domestic purposes."

Dryden raised the water by means of a pump propelled by a current wheel placed in the Zanja Madre into a reservoir on the Plaza, from whence it was distributed by pipes to the houses in the neighborhood. When Messrs. Griffin, Beaudry and their associates obtained the thirty years' lease of the city water works, one of the conditions of that lease was the building within a year at a cost not to exceed \$1000 of an ornamental spring fountain on the Plaza. Another condition was the payment by the company to the city of \$1500 a year for the rent of the water works.

Juan Bernard and Patrick McFadden, who had acquired possession of the Dryden franchise and water works, disposed of their system and the old brick reservoir on the Plaza came into the

possession of the City Water Company, the successors of Griffin, Beaudry, et al.

A year passed and no fountain played on the Plaza, another year waned and passed away and still the Plaza was fountainless. A third year was passing and still the unsightly debris of the old reservoir disfigured the center of the square. At a meeting of the Council, Dec. 2, 1870, the late Judge Brunson, attorney of the City Water Company, submitted the following propositions as a settlement of what he styled "the much vexed question of the reservoir and Plaza improvements:"

The Water Company will remove the reservoir from the Plaza and deed all its rights and interests in and to the Plaza to the city of Los Angeles; will build a good and substantial fence around said Plaza; will lay it off in ornamental walks and grounds; will erect on it an ornamental fountain at a cost not to exceed \$1,000 and will surrender to the city all city water scrip (about \$3,000) now held by the company; provided said city will for the considerations named above reduce the rent (\$1,500 a year) now paid by the company to said city under a certain contract made July 22, 1868, to the sum of \$300 per annum. Some of the Councilmen demurred to giving up \$1,200 a year "for very little return."

Then Judge Brunson executed one of those brilliant legal "coup de etats" for which he was famous. He threatened to bring suit against the city to defend the Water Company's rights. McFadden, one of the former owners of the reservoir, stated to the Council that the Water Company had no right to the Plaza except the right to use it as a reservoir site, and since the company had ceased to use the reservoir the Plaza reverted to the city. But the Council, frightened at the prospect of a law suit and fearful of losing the Plaza, hastened to compromise on the basis of \$400 a year rental instead of the \$1,500 specified in the original contract.

The fence was built, the walks were laid, and the ornamental fountain, too, was erected by the company, and for nearly thirty years it has spurted the crystal river water into the moss-covered basin where the gold fish play.

During the time of Spanish and Mexican domination in California, the Plaza was a treeless common; its surface pawed into ridges or trodden into dust by the hoofs of the numerous mustangs tethered on it or ridden over it. It had, however, its annual spring cleaning and decoration for the festival of Corpus Christi.

For a decade or more after the American occupation its appearance was unchanged. The first attempt at its improvement was

made by the city authorities in 1859. It was enclosed by a picket fence, walks were laid off and some shrubbery planted. But in those days the city exchequer was in a chronic state of collapse and the improvements made were not kept up. The tethered mustangs gnawed the pickets and wandering goats nibbled the shrubbery. The Plaza gradually lapsed into its former state of dilapidation. In 1870 the City Water Company took it in hand and made the improvements named above. Its form was changed from a square to a circle.

In the four score years that have passed since the old Plaza was evolved from a chaos of ejidos and house lots, the flags of kingdoms, empires and republics have floated over it. In the beginning of its history the imperial banner of Spain waved on its borders. It was supplanted by the tri-color of the Mexican empire. Next was raised the cactus-perched eagle flag of the Mexican republic; on its downfall up rose the Stars and Stripes; and now above the ruined homes of the old Dons floats in the breeze the dragon flag of China.

Three distinct forms of civilization and several forms of savages as well have met on its borders. The pastoral Latin with his easy-going manners and customs and mode of life long since gave way to the aggressive Saxon; and the Saxon in turn has been pushed aside by the Mongol. There have been race wars on the Plaza borders. Many of our older citizens will recall the incipient revolution of 1856, when a number of the Mexican population rose in protest against a grievous wrong done one of their people and, armed, they assembled on the Plaza with cries of down with the Americans, and "Viva Mexico!" The uprising ended with the exchange of a number of shots between the combatants, the wounding of the City Marshal and the death of a horse. But the Mongolian massacre of 1871 was a more sanguinary affair. One American was shot to death and eighteen Chinamen were either shot or hanged on that wild night of mob rule.

The Plaza offers many an object lesson in the cosmopolitan characteristics of our population. There the civilizations and religions of the Occident and the Orient meet but do not mingle. Each maintains its own customs and beliefs and scorns those of the other. From the eastern border of the old Plaza a heathen temple devoted to the worship of the Chinese god, Joss, confronts one, on the western side of the square a Christian church dedicated to the worship of the Christian God. The little brown man of the Orient staggers along the streets of the public square weighed down



by the burdens he carries balanced from the end of a bamboo pole brought from his native land—burdens carried today as his ancestors bore them in ages long past; while the white man's burdens, (or at least a part of them), and himself, too, are borne along by electricity and steam—motive powers which the man of the Occident has harnessed down to do his bidding. The flash of the one and the roar of the other as they "swish" their burdens past the borders of the old Plaza dissipate the romantic fantasies of its by-gone days and leave to the memory of the passerby instead only a hasty glimpse of a common meeting place of two civilizations—the one living, the other dying.

## EARLY GOVERNORS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA

BY H. D. BARROWS.

It would seem desirable that the Historical Society of Southern California should have a consecutive list of the Governors of California, with dates of their incumbency, together with some account in briefest outline of the personality of each and of the more important events of their several administrations. Such a list would be useful in many ways. It would enable our members to readily and conveniently locate each one historically by dates, and by the salient characteristics of each administration respectively. To supply this desideratum is the object of this paper. The completed list will cover three regimes, namely (1) that of Spain, extending from the settlement of Alta California in 1796 to 1822; (2) that of Mexico from 1822 to 1846; and (3) that of the United States, which commenced in 1846 and extends to the present time. I may supplement this by giving, later, brief biographical sketches of each Governor in separate papers.

I have already read before the society sketches of two notable Governors, namely, of the first Governor, de Portola, and of the founder of this city, Governor Felipe de Neve.

### SPANISH GOVERNORS.

The first Spanish Governor, under whom Alta California was first settled by civilized people, in 1769, and who at that time was also Governor of old or Baja California, was Gaspar de Portola, a captain of the Spanish army, whose term as Governor of the new territory extended from 1769 to July 9, 1770, when he turned over the government to Pedro Fages as military commandante.

Two missions were founded during the term of Governor de Portola, viz: that of San Diego, July 16, 1769, and that of San Carlos de Monterey, July 14, 1771; also two Presidios or military posts, one at San Diego, in 1769, and the other at Monterey in 1770.

Governor de Portola headed an exploring expedition by land from San Diego to the bay of San Francisco, soon after his arrival in the new territory.

Friar Junipero Serra was at the head of the missionary establishments during the administration of Governor de Portola and of

two or three of the Governors who succeeded him.

The successor of de Portola as Civil Governor was Felipe de Barri, whose jurisdiction extended over both the Californias, though he never resided in the new province. His term expired in 1775. The missions founded during his administration were: San Antonio de Padua, July 14, 1771; San Gabriel, Arcangel, Sept. 8, 1771; San Luis Obispo, Sept. 1, 1772. Personally, Governor de Barri exerted but little influence on the affairs of Alta California.

The next Governor was Felipe de Neve, the founder of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, whose term extended from March 4, 1775, to Sept. 10, 1782, or for about seven and a half years. Governor de Neve was, at the time of his appointment, a major of Spanish cavalry, being thereafter promoted successively to the offices of colonel, brigadier general, inspector general, and commandante general of Provincias Internas. He was one of California's ablest Governors, and a constructive statesman who would have commanded respect in any country.

He inaugurated in California the policy of founding civic as distinguished from religious institutions, in the form of pueblos wherein the people, instead of clericals, should govern. His "Reglamento" or system for the government of California remained in force from his time till the coming of the Americans, and in fact, in some qualified form, to this day.

The two pueblos or secular towns founded by him, and the dates thereof were: San Jose, Nov. 29, 1777; Los Angeles, Sept. 4, 1781; besides, under the energetic policy of Father Junipero, the following missions were established during his term: Dolores (at San Francisco), Oct. 9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, Nov. 1, 1776; Santa Clara, July 18, 1777; San Gabriel, Archangel, Sept. 8, 1778; San Buenaventura, March 3, 1782, together with these two presidios or military posts: San Francisco, 1776; Santa Barbara, 1780.

In fact, the founding of these two secular pueblos was the commencement of the foundation of a civil state. The utter failure of the missionaries, despite their strenuous labors, to make self-governing citizens of the California Indians, compelled the government in after years to follow up the good beginning made by the father of Los Angeles, Governor de Neve, and thoroughly secularize the entire system of local government of the territory.

Don Pedro Fages, a Spanish lieutenant of Catalan volunteers, who had served in various official capacities in Alta California, succeeded de Neve as Governor, his term extending from Sept. 10, 1782, to April 16, 1790, or nearly eight years. Fages, like de



Neve, was an able officer, and a man of great decision and force of character. During his official term the Santa Barbara mission was established Dec. 4, 1786, and La Purisima, Dec. 8, 1787.

On the death of the president of the missions, Junipero Serra, Aug. 28, 1784, Father Tomas Estenega became the president.

JOSE ANTONIO ROMEU

was the next civil Governor of California, his term commencing April 16, 1791, and terminating at his death, April 9, 1792. During his administration a mission was founded Sept. 25, 1791, at Santa Cruz, and another at La Soledad, Oct. 9, 1791.

Romeu's occupancy of the Governorship was brief, and his influence, like that of Governor de Barri, on the affairs of the province, was, compared with that of others, unimportant.

On the death of Governor Romeu, the Lieutenant Governor of the Californias, Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga, then residing at Loreto, Baja California, became Governor ad interim, and, by order of the Viceroy he came to Monterey in July 1793. He performed the duties of Governor till the arrival at Monterey of his successor, Governor Borica, in October, 1794, when he returned to Loreto, and to his old duties of Lieutenant Governor.

But on the resignation of Borica in 1800 on account of ill health, de Arrillaga again became Governor ad interim of the Californias; and in 1804 he was appointed military and political Governor of Alta California, which office he continued to fill till his death, which occurred at La Soledad mission, July 24, 1814.

Taking into account the time Governor de Arrillaga served as Governor, and as acting or ad interim Governor by virtue of his official position as Lieutenant Governor, his services extended over a longer period than that of any other incumbent. And, according to all accounts, he was in every respect a model Governor. During his term Santa Ynez mission was founded, Sept. 17, 1804.

The seventh Spanish Governor of California was Diego Borica, whose official term began in October, 1794, and closed January 16, 1800. His administration was memorable in many respects. As Bancroft truly says: "He was one of the ablest and best rulers the country ever had, always striving for progress in different directions, avoiding controversy, and personally interesting himself in the welfare of all classes," etc.

The following missions were established whilst he was Governor, viz: San Jose, June 11, 1797; San Juan Bautista, June 24, 1797; San Miguel, July 25, 1797; San Fernando, Sept. 8, 1797; San Luis Rey, June 13, 1798.

All the foregoing officials were, I believe, natives of Spain. But the next Governor—successor of de Arrillaga—under the Spanish regime in California, Jose Dario Arguello, was a native of Queretaro, Mexico. On the death of Governor de Arrillaga in July, 1814, Arguello, being the ranking officer in California, became acting Governor, serving in that capacity till October, 1815, when, having been appointed Governor of Baja California, he gave way to his successor, Pablo Vicente de Sola, the tenth and last Governor of Alta California under the rule of Spain. De Sola was a native of Spain. His term of office as Governor of California extended from August, 1815, to November, 1822, or till the establishment of Mexican independence; and he remained Governor till the next year (1823). The missions founded during this period were: San Rafael, Dec. 14, 1817; San Francisco Solano, Aug. 25, 1823.

I append a tabular list of Spanish Governors:

1. Gaspar de Portola .....1769 to 1771
2. Felipe de Barri .....1771 to 1775
3. Felipe de Neve .....1775 to 1782
4. Pedro Fages .....1782 to 1791
5. Jose Antonio Romeu .....1791 to 1782
6. Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga (ad int.)....1792 to 1794
7. Diego de Borica .....1794 to 1800
8. Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga .....1800 to 1814
9. Jose Dario Arguello (ad int.).....1814 to 1815
10. Pablo Vicente de Sola .....1815 to 1822

## BATTLE OF DOMINGUEZ RANCH

BY J. M. GUINN.

Of the notable events occurring during the conquest of California there are few others of which there are so contradictory accounts as that known as the battle of Dominguez Ranch.

Captain William Mervine, who commanded the American forces in the fight, made no official report, or if he did it was not published. Historians in their accounts of the battle have collected their data from hearsay and not from written reports of officers engaged in it. In regard to the number engaged and the number killed and wounded even Bancroft, usually the most reliable of California historians, has no accurate report. The reports of the number engaged on the American side varies with different authors from 250 to 400, and the number killed from four to fifteen. It has been my good fortune, through the kindness of Dr. J. E. Cowles of this city, to obtain for the Historical Society a log book of the U. S. frigate Savannah kept by his uncle, Robert C. Duvall, who was an officer on that vessel. Lieutenant Duvall had command of a company of Colt's riflemen in the battle. After his return to the ship he wrote a full, clear and accurate report of the march, battle and retreat. I transcribe the greater portion of his account. It is undoubtedly the best report of that affair in existence.

It will be recollected that Lieutenant Gillespie had been left by Commodore Stockton with a force of fifty men to garrison Los Angeles. An insurrection headed by Flores and Varela broke out. After a siege of five or six days Gillespie and his men evacuated the city and retreated to San Pedro. Lieut. Gillespie, during the siege, sent a messenger to Stockton at San Francisco for reinforcements. Juan Flaco, the courier, reached San Francisco after a ride of 600 miles in five days—one of the most wonderful rides in history. Commodore Stockton received the dispatches or rather the message of Gillespie's courier on the 30th of September. Early on the morning of October 1st the Savannah, Capt. William Mervine, was ordered to get under way for San Pedro with a force to relieve Lieut. Gillespie. "At 9:30 a. m.," says Lieut. Duvall, "we commenced working out of the harbor of San Francisco on the ebb tide. The ship anchored at Sausalito, where on account of a dense



fog it remained until the 4th, when it put to sea. On the 7th the ship entered the harbor of San Pedro. At 6:30 p. m., as we were standing in for anchorage, we made out the American merchant ship *Vandalia*, having on her decks a body of men. On passing she saluted with two guns which was repeated with three cheers, which we returned. Brevet Captain Archibald Gillespie came on board and reported that he had evacuated the Pueblo de Los Angeles on account of the overpowering force of the enemy, and had retired with his men on board the *Vandalia*, after having spiked his guns, one of which he threw into the water. He also reported that the whole of California below the pueblo had risen in arms against our authorities, headed by Flores, a Mexican captain on furlough in this country, who had but a few days ago given his parole of honor not to take up arms against the United States. We made preparations to land a force to march to the pueblo at daylight."

Oct. 8 at 6 a. m. all the boats left the ship for the purpose of landing the forces, numbering in all 299 men, including the volunteers under command of Capt. Gillespie. At 6:30 all were landed without opposition, the enemy in small detachments retreating toward the pueblo. From their movements we apprehended that their large force was near. Capt. Mervine sent on board ship for a reinforcement of eighty men under command of Lieut. R. B. Hitchcock. At 8 a. m. the several companies, all under command of Captain William Mervine, took up the line of march for the purpose of retaking the pueblo. The enemy retreated as our forces advanced. (On landing Wm. A. Smith, first cabin boy, was killed by the accidental discharge of a Colt's pistol). The reinforcements under the command of Lieut. R. B. Hitchcock returned on board ship. For the first four miles our march was through hills and ravines which the enemy might have taken advantage of, but preferred to occupy as spectators only, until our approach. A few shots from our flankers (who were the volunteer riflemen) would start them off; they returning the compliment before going. The remainder of our march was performed over a continuous plain overgrown with wild mustard, rising in places to six or eight feet in height. The ground was excessively dry, the clouds of dust were suffocating and there was not a breath of wind in motion. There was no water on our line of march for ten or twelve miles and we suffered greatly from thirst.

"At 2:30 p. m. we reached our camping ground. The enemy appeared in considerable numbers. Their numbers continued to increase until towards sun down, when they formed on a hill near

us, gradually inclining towards our camp. They were admirably formed for a cavalry charge. We drew up our forces to meet them, but finding they were disposed to remain stationary the marines under command of Capt. Marston, the Colt's riflemen under command of Lieut. I. B. Carter and myself, and the volunteers under command of Capt. A. Gillespie, were ordered to charge on them, which we did. They stood their ground until our shots commenced "telling" on them, when they took to flight in every direction. They continued to annoy us by firing into our camp through the night. About 2 a. m. they brought a piece of artillery and fired into our camp, the shot striking the ground near us. The marines, riflemen and volunteers were sent in pursuit of the gun, but could see or hear nothing of it.

"We left our camp the next morning at 6 a. m. Our plan of march was in columns by platoon. We had not proceeded far before the enemy appeared before us, drawn up on each side of the road, mounted on fine horses each man armed with a lance and carbine. They also had a field piece (a four-pounder) to which were hitched eight or ten horses, placed on the road ahead of us.

"Capt. Mervine, thinking that it was the enemy's intention to throw us into confusion by using their gun on us loaded with round shot and copper grape shot, and then charge us with their cavalry, ordered us to form a square—which was the order of march throughout the battle. When within about four hundred yards of them the enemy opened fire on us with their artillery. We made frequent charges, driving them before us, and at one time causing them to leave some of their cannon balls and cartridges; but owing to the rapidity with which they could carry off the gun, using their lassos on every part, enabled them to choose their own distance, entirely out of all range of our muskets. Their horsemen kept out of danger, apparently content to let the gun do the fighting. They kept up a constant fire with their carbines but these did no harm. The enemy numbered between 175 and 200 strong.

"Finding it impossible to capture the gun, the retreat was sounded. The captain consulted with his officers on the best steps to be taken. It was decided unanimously to return on board ship. To continue the march would sacrifice a number of lives to no purpose, for, admitting we could have reached the pueblo all communications would be cut off with the ship and we would further be constantly annoyed by their artillery without the least chance of capturing it. It was reported that the enemy were between five and six hundred strong at the city and it was thought he had moreartil-

lery. On retreating they got the gun planted on a hill ahead of us. The captain made us an address saying to the troops that it was his intention to march straight ahead in the same orderly manner in which we had advanced and that sooner than he would surrender to such an enemy he would sacrifice himself and every other man in his command. The enemy fired into us four times on the retreat, the fourth shot falling short, the report of the gun indicating a small quantity of powder, after which they remained stationary and manifested no further disposition to molest us. We proceeded quietly on our march to the landing, where we found a body of men under command of Lieut. Hitchcock with two nine-pounder cannon got from the *Vandalia* to render us assistance in case we should need it.

"We presented truly a pitiable condition, many being barely able to drag one foot after the other from excessive fatigue, having gone through the exertions and excitement in battle and afterwards performing a march of eighteen or twenty miles without rest.

"This is the first battle I have ever been engaged in and having particular notice of those around me I can assert that no men could have acted more bravely. Even when their shipmates were falling by their sides I saw but one impulse and that was to push forward, and when the retreat was ordered I noticed a general reluctance to turn their backs to the enemy.

"The following is a list of the killed and wounded: Michael Hoey (ordinary seaman), killed; David Johnson (ordinary seaman), killed; William H. Berry (ordinary seaman), mortally wounded; Charles Sommers (musician), mortally wounded; John Tyre (seaman), severely wounded; John Anderson (seaman), severely wounded, recovery doubtful. The following named were slightly wounded: William Couland (marine), Hiram Rockvill (marine), H. Sinland (marine), Jas. Smith (marine).

"On the following morning we buried the bodies of William A. Smith, Charles Sommers, David Johnson and Michael Hoey on an island in the harbor. At 11 a. m. the captain called a council of commissioned officers regarding the proper course to adopt in the present crisis, which decided that no force should be landed and that the ship remain here until further orders from the Commodore, who is daily expected." Entry in the log for Sunday, 11th: "William H. Berry (ordinary seaman) departed this life from the effect of wounds received in battle. Sent his body for interment to Dead Man's Island—so named by us. Mustered the command at quarters, after which performed divine service."

From this account it will be seen that the number killed and



died of wounds received in battle was four; number wounded, six; and one accidentally killed before the battle. On October 22d Henry Lewis died and was buried on the island. Lewis's name does not appear in the list of the wounded. It is presumed that he died of disease. Six of the crew of the Savannah were buried on Dead Man's Island—four of whom were killed in battle. Lieut. Duvall gives the following list of the officers in the "Expedition on the march to retake the Pueblo de Los Angeles:" Captain William Mervine, commanding; Captain Ward Marston, commanding marines; Brevet Captain A. H. Gillespie, commanding volunteers; Lieut. Henry W. Queen, adjutant; Lieut. B. F. Pinckney, commanding first company; Lieut. W. Rinckindoff, commanding second company; Lieut. I. B. Carter, commanding Colt's riflemen; Midshipman R. D. Minor, acting lieutenant second company; Midshipman S. P. Griffin, acting lieutenant first company; Midshipman P. G. Walmough, acting lieutenant second company; Midshipman R. C. Duvall, acting lieutenant Colt's riflemen; Captain Clark and Captain Goodsall, commanding pikemen; Lieut. Hensley, first lieutenant volunteers; Lieut. Russeau, second lieutenant volunteers.

The piece of artillery that did such deadly execution on the Americans was the famous Old Woman's gun. It was a bronze four-pounder or pedrero (swivel gun) that for a number of years had stood on the Plaza in front of the church and was used for firing salutes on feast days and other occasions. When on the approach of Stockton's and Fremont's forces Castro abandoned his artillery and fled, an old lady, Dona Clara Cota de Reyes, declared that the gringos should not have the church's gun. So, with the assistance of her daughters, she buried it in a cane patch near her residence, which stood on the east side of Alameda street near First. When the Californians revolted against Gillespie's rule the gun was unearthed and used against him.

The Historical Society of Southern California has in its possession a brass grape shot—one of a charge that was fired into the face of Fort Hill at Gillespie's men when they were posted on the hill. This old gun was in the exhibit of trophies at the New Orleans Exposition in 1885. The label on it read: "Trophy 53, No. 63, Class 7. Used by Mexico against the United States at the battle of Dominguez Ranch, October 9, 1846; at San Gabriel and the Mesa Jan. 8 and 9, 1847. Used by the United States forces against Mexico at Mazatlan, November 11, 1847; Urios, (crew all killed or wounded), Palos Prietos, December 13, 1847, and Lower California, Feb. 15, 1848." It should be obtained from the government

and brought back to Los Angeles. Before the battle the old gun had been mounted on the forward axle of a Jersey wagon which a man by the name of Hunt had brought across the plains the year before. It was lashed to the axle by means of rawhide thongs and was drawn by riatas as described by Lieut. Duvall. The range was obtained by raising or lowering the pole of the wagon. Ignacio Aguilar acted as gunner, and having neither lanvard nor pentstock to fire it, he touched off the gun with the lighted end of a cigarette. Never before or since perhaps was a battle won with such crude artillery. Jose Antonio Carrillo was in command of the Californians. During the skirmishing of the first day he had between eighty and ninety men. During the night of the 8th Flores joined him with a force of sixty men. Next morning Flores returned to Los Angeles, taking with him twenty men. Carrillo's force in the battle numbered about 120 men.

Had Mervine known that the Californians had fired their last shot—their powder being exhausted—he could have pushed on and captured the pueblo.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

1899.

To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:  
I beg leave to submit the following report:

Number of Meetings Held..... 8  
Number of Papers Read ..... 16

JANUARY.

Inaugural Address .....President A. E. Yerex  
Some African Folk Lore.....J. D. Moody

FEBRUARY.

Ygnacio Del Valle.....H. D. Barrows  
Muy Ilustre Ayuntamiento.....J. M. Guinn

APRIL.

The Early Spanish Governors of California .....H. D. Barrows  
How the Earth Was Peopled .....A. E. Yerex

MAY.

Early Missions and Missionaries of California.....Rev. J. Adam  
The Rise and Fall of the California Missions.....F. J. Polley

JUNE.

The Pious Fund.....Rev. J. Adam  
The Battle of Dominguez Ranch.....J. M. Guinn

OCTOBER.

Don Abel Stearns..... H. D. Barrows  
Homes and Home Life in Old Los Angeles.....J. M. Guinn

NOVEMBER.

Juan Bandini..... H. D. Barrows  
Across the Colorado Desert Fifty Years Ago .....Edward Coker  
(Read by Edwin Baxter)

DECEMBER.

The Value of an Historical Society.....Walter R. Bacon  
The Story of a Plaza.....J. M. Guinn

The Society in this issue publishes a complete list of the names of the  
Pioneers; also, by request, republishes the Constitution and By-Laws of the  
Society of Pioneers. In this, as well as in all previous publications of the Society,  
it is understood the authors and not the Society are responsible for the statements  
made in their papers, and for the views and opinions expressed.

Respectfully submitted,  
J. M. GUINN, Secretary.



## CURATOR'S REPORT

Whole number of bound volumes and pamphlets in the Library, 5425.

The Society has received from Dr. J. E. Cowles of this city, the donation of a very valuable Historical Manuscript Volume. It is a Log book of the U. S. Frigate Savannah, Flagship of Commodore John D. Sloat, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Pacific Squadron. It begins when the ship was lying in the harbor of Callao, Peru, March 24, 1845, and ends March 8, 1847, with the ship's arrival in New York harbor, after a cruise of 3 years 11 months and 19 days. This Log book was kept by Midshipman and Acting Lieut. Robert C. Duvall, an uncle of Dr. J. E. Cowles. The important historical part of it pertaining to California begins with the arrival of the Savannah in the harbor of Monterey, July 2, 1846. It contains a full and accurate account of the battle of Dominguez Ranch; of the expedition from San Diego to rescue Gen. Kearny and his men after the disastrous battle of San Pasqual; and of the march of Stockton's and Kearny's forces from San Diego to Los Angeles in January 1847, which resulted in the capture of the city. In all these movements Lieut. Duvall participated and describes them from the standpoint of an eye witness.

The thanks of the Society are tendered to Dr. J. E. Cowles and to his uncle, Capt. H. C. Cowles, of Statesville, N. C., for this valuable donation.

The Rev. J. Adam, an old valued member of the Society, before his departure for Spain last summer, presented to the Society a collection of old Spanish manuscripts pertaining to the Missions and the early days of California.

The thanks of the Society are tendered to the Rev. J. Adam for his valuable donation.

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

## TREASURER'S REPORT

1899

### RECEIPTS.

January 2—Balance on hand at this date as per last report.....	\$ 75 70
Feb. 9—Received from Pioneers Society .....	40 00
Donations.....	10 00
To Dec. 31—Received dues from Members Historical Society .....	59 25
Received membership fee .....	2 00
Oct. 11—Received for publications sold (Sutter document) .....	5 00
Total Receipts .....	\$ 191 95

1899

### DISBURSEMENTS.

March 4—Paid for photographic work (Annual of 1898) .....	\$ 2 50
" 15—Paid for printing Annual.....	112 00
" 28—Sundries expenses of Secretary.....	5 40
May 18—Postal cards and printing.....	1 75
Dec. 30—Secretary's bill, postage, express etc .....	8 90
" Postage 70 cents, rubber stamp 25, two.....	95
Total Disbursements .....	\$ 131 50
Total Receipts .....	\$ 191 95
Total Disbursements .....	131 50

Balance on hand.....\$ 60 45

E. BAXTER,  
Treasurer.

January 1, 1900.

# PIONEER REGISTER

Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1899-1900.

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

WM. H. WORKMAN,  
LOUIS ROEDER,  
BEN. S. EATON,  
J. W. GILLETTE.

J. M. GUINN,  
K. D. WISE,  
M. TEED,

### OFFICERS.

WM. H. WORKMAN .....	President
K. D. WISE.....	First Vice President
M. TEED.....	Second Vice-President
LOUIS ROEDER.....	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....	Secretary

### COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

AUGUST SCHMIDT,	M. F. QUINN,	J. W. GILLETTE
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### COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

GEO. W. HAZARD,	C. N. WILSON,	JOEL B. PARKER
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### COMMITTEE ON LITERARY EXERCISE.

H. D. BARROWS,	J. W. GILLETTE,	WM. H. WORKMAN,	J. M. GUINN
	B. S. EATON,	MRS. MARY FRANKLIN.	

### COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

LOUIS ROEDER,	J. C. DOTTER,	M. KREMER,	DR. K. D. WISE,	M. F. QUINN,
	WM. F. GROSSER,		MRS. S. C. YARNELL.	

### COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

MRS. J. W. GILLETTE,	MRS. DORA BILDERBECK,	MRS. K. D. WISE,	
MRS. M. TEED,	GEO. W. HAZARD,	JOHN L. SLAUGHTER,	GEO. T. McLAIN.

# **PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY**

## **CONSTITUTION.**

[ADOPTED SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.]

### **ARTICLE I.**

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendships among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

All persons of good moral character, thirty five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership. (Note.—At the meeting of January 4, 1898, it was decided by a vote of the society that persons born in the state are not eligible to membership.)

### **ARTICLE III.**

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurers may be elected from the members outside the board of directors.

### **ARTICLE IV.**

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to-wit, the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

### **ARTICLE V.**

Members guilty of misconduct, may, upon conviction, after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the board of directors for cause; pro-



vided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

#### ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the board of directors at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendment shall be submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive a two-thirds vote of all members present and voting, the same shall be declared adopted.

#### BY-LAWS.

[ADOPTED SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.]

Section 1. All members of this society who shall have signed the constitution and by-laws, or who shall have been duly elected to membership after the adoption of the constitution and by-laws, shall be entitled to vote at all meetings of the society.

Section 2. The annual dues of each member shall be one dollar, payable in advance.

Section 3. Each person on admission to membership shall sign the constitution and by-laws with his or her name in full, together with his or her place of birth, age, residence, occupation and the day, month and year of his or her arrival within the limits of Los Angeles county.

Section 4. At the annual meeting, the president shall appoint a committee of three on membership. He shall also at the same time appoint a committee of three on finance. All applications for membership shall be referred to the Committee on Membership for examination.

Section 5. Every applicant for membership shall be recommended by two members of the society in good standing. The application shall state the applicant's full name, age, birthplace, place of residence, occupation and date of his or her arrival in the county of Los Angeles.

Section 6. Each application must be accompanied by the annual fee (one dollar) and shall lie over for one month, when a vote shall be taken by ballot. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 7. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25.

Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 8. The Finance Committee shall examine all accounts against the society, and no bill shall be paid by the treasurer unless approved by a majority of the Finance Committee.

Section 9. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, the Board of Directors shall call a meeting of the society within thirty days thereafter, when said vacancy shall be filled by election for the remainder of the unexpired term.

Section 10. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of the society is unable for the time being to pay the annual dues, as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have the power to remit the same.

Section 11. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, except the month of September, when the annual meeting shall take the place of the monthly meeting. Special meetings may be called by the president, or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meeting except that specified in the call.

Section 12. Changes and amendments of these by-laws may be made by submitting the same in writing to the Board of Directors at least one month prior to any stated meeting. Said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendments shall receive a two-thirds vote of all members present and voting, the same shall be declared adopted.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

### STEPHEN W. LA DOW.

Stephen W. La Dow died at his home on Rosedale avenue, near Los Angeles city, January 6, 1899, aged 76 years. He was a charter member of the Pioneers of Los Angeles. He first came to Los Angeles in May, 1852, but after a brief stay he left for the northern part of the state, where he engaged in mining. He returned to Los Angeles in 1863 and settled on a tract of land, which now forms part of the La Dow school district adjoining the southwestern boundary of the city, where he continued to reside up to the time of his death. The following biographical sketch is taken from the History of Los Angeles published in 1890:

#### STEPHEN W. LA DOW.

"Of all who are represented in this work, none are more deserving, none are more worthy, than he whose name stands at the head of this biographical notice. He was born in Milton, Saratoga county, New York, in 1824. His parents were Daniel and Laura (St. John) La Dow. His grandfather had twenty-three children, by two wives, and his father was a native of France. Mr. La Dow's maternal ancestors were of English origin. The subject of this sketch is the fifth of seven children. His mother was a first cousin of P. T. Barnum, her mother, Ruhanna Taylor, being a sister of Barnum's mother. Laura St. John had but one brother, Taylor St. John, a well known clergyman in New York. Mr. La Dow was married in 1846 in his native state to Margaret Williams of Galway, New York. By that marriage he had two sons, Charles and John. In 1852 he left his family at the old home and came to California via Panama as a seeker of gold. He arrived in Los Angeles in May, and in July received the sad intelligence of his wife's death. His home was then broken up in the east, and his boys were taken care of by their grandmother, Mrs. McWilliams. Mr. La Dow went to the northern part of the state where he engaged in mining till 1863, when he returned and bought twenty-five acres of land near Los



Angeles and soon added thirty-five more acres. On this farm he lived until 1868, when he pre-empted 160 acres, where he lived, southwest of Los Angeles City, and erected a new residence near the La Dow schoolhouse. In 1860 he married Miss Harriet Dorman of Stanford, Maine, and they have one daughter, Hattie M., who has recently graduated at the Los Angeles high school. It is altogether proper in this connection to state that Mr. La Dow's sons by his first wife are very successful business men. Charles is an inventor and machinist, well known throughout the country. He is at Albany, N. Y., has accumulated wealth and recently beautified the old homestead in New York. John is an inventor, now located in Denver. Mr. La Dow gave one acre of land to the school district in which he lived and which was named in his honor the La Dow district, and he has been a trustee of the district twelve years and upwards. He was the first person to take water for irrigating purposes to that locality, which had a very beneficial effect on the material prosperity of the community living there."

It is ten years since the above sketch was written. Mr. La Dow was one of the best citizens of Los Angeles county and lived a quiet life on his place up to his death.

H. D. BARROWS,  
GEO. W. HAZARD,  
F. W. PESCHKE,  
Committee.

#### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. E. N. McDONALD.

Once more our Society of Pioneers is called upon to mourn the loss of one of its members, one highly honored and respected—Mr. E. N. McDonald of Wilmington.

Edward Nathaniel McDonald was born in Oswego, New York, May 9th, 1832. He was of Scotch-Irish parentage and son of Colon and Jane Winslow McDonald. He was the youngest of eleven children.

When twelve years old he went to Canada, where he remained until he was sixteen years old, when he returned to Washington county, New York, where he learned the blacksmith trade. He came to California, arriving in San Francisco October 17th, 1853, and in San Pedro the 25th of the same month. He worked at blacksmithing for Alexander & Banning until 1858, when he went into the mercantile business at San Pedro. Soon after he moved his

stock of goods to Wilmington, where he sold out and entered the employ of Banning & Company as superintendent of the building of wharves and warehouses, etc. In 1859 in company with S. H. Wilson, he went into the sheep raising business on Catalina Island and continued in that business until 1862, when, by the dry season and low prices he lost all his property. Commencing again at the foot of the ladder, he entered the employment of Banning & Co., as wagon master, and soon had general charge of their freight business and workshops, where he continued until after the civil war. In 1865 he engaged in the butcher business in Wilmington. October 19, 1865, Mr. McDonald married Miss Mary Hamilton Winslow of Washington county, New York. In 1866 he went to Arizona to fill a government contract, where he netted \$15,000 in one year. Returning to his home in Wilmington in 1867, he invested his money in land and sheep with good success, and continued in the sheep business for fourteen years. From 1886 to 1890, during the land boom, he sold much of his land at a large profit, and invested largely in Los Angeles city property. In 1876 he built the McDonald block on North Main street, Los Angeles. In 1892 he built another block across the street from the first one. During the later years of his life he was engaged in the grain business, and built several fine warehouses for storing grain. He was the principal stockholder and president of the Globe Mills, of which he was justly proud. In speaking of this mill he would say "The Globe Mill makes the best flour in California," and so it does. He spared no pains nor cost in the building material and machinery for the mill, and always used the best of wheat for the flour. He was a man of good business habits, temperate in all things. He had the confidence and respect of all with whom he had dealings. Though he was mild mannered and quiet he had strong convictions of right and wrong between man and man. He paid strict attention to his own business, and very little attention to the business of others, unless it conflicted with his. He was shrewd and straightforward in business and honest to the core. His heart was as pure and tender as a child, and his influence was ever cast on the side of justice, and especially so for the unfortunate and needy. His friends will miss him and mourn their loss, his enemies did not know him. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald had two sons, Winfred Savage, born March 1st, 1871, died June 22d, 1896; Ransom Waldon, born October 26th, 1872, died November 26th, 1886. Mr. McDonald amassed quite a large fortune, valued at about \$160,000. He died after a lingering illness, at his home in Wilmington, June 10th, 1899, leaving no descendants to

enjoy the benefit of his success business career, his wife alone surviving him. To his devoted wife we extend our deepest sympathy.

M. F. QUINN,

MATTHEW TEED,

H. D. BARROWS,

Committee.

Dated September 5th, 1899.

### FRANCIS BAKER.

To the Officers and Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County, California: Your committee appointed upon learning of the death of our respected fellow member, Francis Baker, who died in the city of Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of May, 1899, would respectfully report: That our esteemed fellow member was born in New Bedford, Mass., October 28th, 1828; his parental ancestors for several generations were natives of Massachusetts. His mother, a Green, traced her ancestry back to Dr. John Green, of Salisbury, England, who came to America in 1736, and who, in company with Roger Williams, bought Rhode Island from Miantonomi, the Indian chief, and founded the town of Warwick in that state. General Nathaniel Green of the Revolutionary war was a descendant of this same Dr. Green. Francis Baker, our comrade, at the age of 16 years, went on a whaling voyage to the Indian ocean. On his return in 1849 he shipped around Cape Horn for California, arriving in San Francisco in September of that year. He went to the mines on the Stanislaus and worked for a time. He came to Los Angeles in September of the following year. His life in Los Angeles of nearly fifty years was crowded with stirring incidents, both of a public and personal nature. He served as deputy under Sheriff Getman and shot down the desperado Reed, who killed Getman, Jan. 8, 1858. From 1868 to 1870 he was deputy under City Marshal William C. Warren, who was killed by Joe Dye Nov. 1870, and was elected City Marshal in December, 1870, to fill the vacancy in the office caused by the death of Marshal Warren. He was elected City Tax Collector the two years next following.

In 1861 Mr. Baker clerked for V. Beaudry, sutler of the two companies of dragoons stationed in Los Angeles, of which Captain (afterwards General) Davidson was commander, and Captain (afterwards General) W. S. Hancock was quartermaster. In 1871 Mr. Baker married Hannah K. Ryals, who died in May, 1887, leaving no children. Mr. Baker leaves two sisters—Mrs. Cornelia G.



Winslow, living in New Bedford, Mass., and a sister living in Plymouth, Mass. His niece, Cornelia B. Pierce, and her daughter, Lila Pierce, are the only relatives of Mr. Baker living in this city.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN OSBORNE,  
C. N. WILSON,  
J. B. PARKER,

Committee.

#### MEMORIAL SKETCH OF HYMAN RAPHAEL.

H. Raphael was born August, 1838, in Germany. In about 1868 he left for Great Britain, residing there a few years. He then came to the United States, arriving in New York, where he stayed but a short time, leaving for California by the way of the Isthmus of Panama to San Francisco, reaching there about 1870. Shortly afterwards he came to Los Angeles and associated himself in business with his brother, the firm being, at that time, Raphael & Wittelschoefer, which firm did business for a great many years on Requena and Los Angeles streets.

In 1878 he went to San Francisco, where he remained a number of years, again returning to Los Angeles in 1882, when he formed a co-partnership with his brother under the name of Raphael Bros., which was located on Main street, near First. Later on the firm of H. Raphael & Co., consisting of himself and his two sons, was started on South Spring street, between Fourth and Fifth. The present business is now at 509-511 South Main street, where he erected his present building.

He has always taken the greatest interest in trying to assist all charitable and worthy purposes and leaves many friends whom he has befriended and assisted. He had been sick for a year past, and his final taking off, which occurred April 14th, 1899, was very unexpected. He leaves a widow, two sons and one daughter, who is married.

F. W. PESCHKE,  
JOHN C. DOTTER,  
LOUIS ROEDER,

Committee.

#### LEONARD JOHN ROSE.

In the death of L. J. Rose on the 17th of May, 1899, Los Angeles and the state of California lost an enlightened, enterprising and most useful citizen, and this Society of Pioneers lost an honored member.

Mr. Rose in many respects was a remarkable man. Very few men, as all you Pioneers who survive him so well know, have done so much as he to develop the resources of this imperial section of Southern California.

It is fitting that the archives of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles county should contain at least a brief summary of his life. For a fuller account, and for an estimate of his character members are referred to the "Illustrated History of Los Angeles County," published in 1889, which also contains a fine steel portrait of Mr. Rose.

From that sketch, the data of which were taken down from his own lips, are condensed the following facts:

Mr. Rose was born in Bavaria, Germany, in 1827. He came with his parents to the United States when he was twelve years old. He spent his youth and received his education in Illinois, and later moved to Iowa. In the spring of 1858, with two hundred head of fine cattle and fifty horses, he set out, with nineteen other young men, for California by the thirty-fifth parallel route. After suffering immense hardships, including attacks by hostile Indians, in which numbers of the party were killed, the survivors reached Santa Fe. Here Mr. Rose and his family remained a couple of years. From thence they continued their journey, by what was known as the "Butterfield Stage Route," reaching Los Angeles in November, 1860.

Mr. Rose's record and great success as a vineyardist and orchardist on a large scale, and as a raiser of fine stock, is well known to the "old-timers" of this society. Early American settlers in Los Angeles gravitated naturally enough to the moist lands on which corn could be raised without irrigation. But Mr. Rose, with a clear judgment that after results amply justified, following the example of Don Benito Wilson and one or two others, went to the foothills, where abundant water could be saved or developed, before it sank into the plains, and where heavy frosts were unknown, and demonstrated on a magnificent scale the possibilities of the citrus and grape industries on those foothills lands, by an object lesson that has since been worth millions to the people of Southern California. Mr. Rose was married to a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Jones in the 50's. Mrs. Rose and a large family of children survive, as does also Mrs. Rose's venerable mother, Mrs. Jones, now a nongenarian.

Mr. Rose was not without faults, as who is? But he had good qualities of a positive kind, which all who knew him well will freely

concede; and no class will more heartily assent to this than those who for nearly forty years were his near friends and neighbors. Mr. Rose served Los Angeles county as state senator for the term commencing in 1887, and also as a member of the State Viticultural Society, and of the State Board of Agriculture. His life was an active one, as well as a useful one, both to himself and to his neighbors; and naturally they rejoiced in his successes and grieved at his misfortunes.

He was ambitious and enterprising, but California's usurious interest often—alas! too often—neutralizes the most heroic struggles of ambition, and brings to naught the most carefully planned enterprises. Usurious interest was one of the prime causes, in Mr. Rose's case, as in that of so many others, of his undoing.

Peace be to the ashes of our good friend and fellow-Pioneer, L. J. Rose!

We recommend that the respectful and sincere condolences of this Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles county be extended to the bereaved family of our deceased associate, and that a copy of this slight memorial sketch be transmitted to them by the secretary.

H. D. BARROWS,

B. S. EATON,

Committee.

Los Angeles, August 1, 1899.

Unanimously adopted on this date by the society.

### MRS. GEORGIA HERRICK BELL.

#### REPORT OF MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

Again is our society called upon to mourn the death of an honored pioneer and to extend its sympathetic condolences to the bereaved family of the deceased.

Mrs. Georgia Herrick Bell, wife of Major Horace Bell, at the time of her decease had been a respected resident of Los Angeles for more than thirty-four years. The following brief memorial sketch of Mrs. Bell's life is based on data furnished to your committee at their request, by her husband:

Mrs. Bell was born at Springfield, Mass., April 23, 1845. She was the daughter of Albert and Virginia (Crocker) Herrick. Both the Herrick and the Crocker families were of colonial and revolutionary stock, the former of New York and New England, and the latter of Virginia.

Major and Mrs. Bell were married Dec. 14, 1862, in New York city, whither the former, after the battle of Antietam, had been sta-



tioned to recruit sharpshooters. Afterwards her husband served under General Banks in Louisiana, where in April she joined him and where they both remained until September, 1865. From there they went to Texas, and in the spring of 1866 they started overland for California, reaching El Monte, Los Angeles county, on the 31st day of July, 1866. Their trip across the plains from Texas to California the time referred to was fraught with great hardship and still greater danger. In the memoranda furnished us by her husband (accompanying this report) numerous interesting and exciting episodes are recounted, which occurred on this trip, and also in their army life during the civil war.

Mrs. Bell was of a kindly and dignified disposition, and she was universally loved and respected by all who knew her. She was domestic in her habits and manner of life, and thoroughly devoted to her family. She reared eleven children—five boys and six girls—the youngest of whom was sixteen years old at the time of her death.

On the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Bell in Los Angeles they settled where the family homestead still stands, corner of Figueroa and Pico streets. Their residence was the first built south of Eighth street and west of what is now Grand avenue. Georgia Bell street was given that name years ago by the City Council in honor of Mrs. Bell.

Her husband, Major Bell, was a nephew of Capt. Alexander Bell, one of Los Angeles's early Pioneers, who settled here in the early forties and who, in 1856, was a Fremont presidential elector.

M. F. QUINN,  
H. D. BARROWS,  
B. S. EATON,

Committee.

Los Angeles, Sept. 5, 1899.

### MRS. CORDELIA MALLARD.

(FROM THE WESTERN GRAPHIC.)

The work of the grim reaper is now frequently felt among the pioneer families of Los Angeles, the latest to be taken being Mrs. Cordelia Mallard, widow of the late Judge Joseph S. Mallard, who died at her home on West Ninth street, on Sunday morning last, aged 76, surrounded by all her sons and daughters and many of her grandchildren.

Mrs. Mallard came with her husband, and a large party, across the plains in 1849, and after a pilgrimage of eight months, fraught with many dangers and other vicissitudes, arrived at San Bernardino

on January 1, 1850. Soon afterward most of the party came to Los Angeles and here Mrs. Mallard had lived for nearly fifty years, more than thirty of which were spent at her embowered home on West Ninth street, where she breathed her last.

For many years Mrs. Mallard was foremost in charities and church work, at a time when Jew and Catholic and Protestant all labored together and when there were no pronounced church or social coteries, and when all the inhabitants of Los Angeles pulled together in a common cause. For more than a quarter of a century, though, this good woman had left to others those active social and religious cares that had been so fondly fostered by her hand and purse, although she had never lost her interest in the growth and magnificence of our fair city, and bestowed her entire attention on her family which had increased to a fourth generation since the deceased looked from the mouth of the Cajon Pass upon the flower-decked mesas of the upper Santa Ana that auspicious New Year's morning of nearly fifty years ago. She was the embodiment of magnificent womanhood then, being admittedly one of the most beautiful and ruddy looking women that had ever come into the state, although the same could be said of the three sisters that accompanied her, one of whom now survives her—Miss Phoebe Cox, who lives with her brother S. B. Cox, at Hollywood.

Her mother also accompanied her, a woman of superior stock and attainments, who died in this city a few years ago at the advanced age of 89. Her other sisters were the wives of Hon. John Nichols, the third American mayor of Los Angeles, and Hon. Jonathan R. Scott, an attorney of great ability and mind. Like Mrs. Mallard, these two sisters had raised large families of children, whose names are familiar to even all the newer residents of this section of the country.

The father of Mrs. Mallard was a staff officer of General William Henry Harrison, and whose deeds of valor are on record in Washington and Kentucky, his native state.

At the bedside of Mrs. Mallard, when she peacefully and happily passed over into that "undiscovered country," were her two sons, Walter Mallard, deputy city assessor, and Clarence, a deputy in the office of County Auditor Nichols, his cousin. There were also Mary, wife of Colonel I. R. Dunkelberger; Augusta, wife of Major B. C. Truman; Isabella, widow of James Fulton, late paymaster general U. S. N., and an unmarried daughter, Miss Josephine, who was in constant attendance on her invalid mother for the past three years.

Mrs. Mallard died as she had always lived—with an unerring

faith in an eternal life beyond the grave, and with an unshaken belief that He who directs the birds through an immeasurable void in search of distant food and who marks the constellations in that unfathomable vault where forever burn the steady lamps of heaven, is never unmindful of those who have been created in His image, however inscrutable may be His pilotship and care. She never doubted for a moment the divinity of our Savior and that there was ineffable beatitude beyond the tumults and strifes of the tempestuous world.

“O, Death of Death! Through whom alone  
All perfect gifts descend,  
Give us that steadfast faith in Thee  
Which brings a peaceful end.”

### JOSE MASCAREL.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read before Los Angeles Pioneers, Nov. 7, 1899.)

Jose Antonio Mascarel, one of the first French pioneers of Los Angeles, who died October 6, 1899, was born in Marseilles, France, April 1, 1816. He had lived in Los Angeles nearly 55 years, under Mexican and United States rule, and at the time of his death, he was in the 84th year of his age. He arrived at San Pedro harbor, first in May, 1844, and after trading up and down the coast, he settled in Los Angeles the next year. With the exception of our associate member, Elijah Moulton, who arrived here in 1845, he was before his death, the oldest foreigner in Los Angeles, if not in California.

When eleven years old, Mr. Mascarel went to sea in the merchant service, and on attaining his majority, in 1837, he entered the French navy, in which service he continued four years.

In about the year 1840, he sailed from Gibraltar for Valparaiso. In passing Cape Horn he had both feet frozen, from which he was ill when he arrived at Valparaiso. After recovering his health Captain Mascarel engaged in coasting trade off the western coast of South America, he and another party having purchased a vessel, a Chilean schooner, “La Joven Fanita.”

A brother of Don Louis Vignes the Pioneer, and father of Fernando Vignes (who is still a resident of this city), Pedro Vignes, chartered this vessel, with Mr. Mascarel, as master, to come to San Pedro, California, bringing him (Vignes), together with several other persons. On arrival at Mazatlan, Jose y Limantour bought the vessel with the agreement that the voyage, with Mascarel as Captain, should be continued to California. This Limantour, who



was a Frenchman, who had extensive dealings with Mexicans and the Mexican government, was the same person who afterward laid claim to a considerable portion of the present site of San Francisco, under an alleged grant from the government of Mexico. The grant was, after a vigorous contest in the United States courts, finally rejected. A son of this Limantour, who was born in Mexico, but who was educated in Europe, is now Minister of Finance of the Mexican republic under the administration of President Porfirio Diaz.

Captain Mascarel arrived with his vessel and the owner and the other passengers at San Pedro in May, 1844. Don Juan Forster, brother-in-law of Gov. Pio Pico, and father of Marcos Foster, of San Juan Capistrano, and of "Juanon" F. Forster of this city, was, at that time, customs officer at San Pedro.

From there the vessel proceeded to Santa Barbara, where they remained two or three weeks; and from thence to Monterey, where Limantour, who owned both the vessels and the cargo, sold the cargo to Governor Micheltorena for some \$50,000.

From there they went on to the Presidio of San Francisco, anchoring at the small settlement of "Yerba Buena"—the latter not being known then as San Francisco. Here they made their rendezvous for about six months, making sundry trips to the various arms of San Francisco and San Pablo bays.

At Sonoma and Petaluma, Limantour obtained in payment of debt due him from Gen. Vallejo two cargoes of wheat, amounting to some 11,000 fanegas (each about 135 lbs), which he sold to a Russian man-of-war, then lying at Sausalito., Mr. Mascarel delivered the wheat and Limantour, who remained meanwhile at Yerba Buena, received drafts on the Russian government for 50,000 pesos duros Espanolas, which he afterwards collected in the city of Mexico. At that time there were but two houses at Yerba Buena, viz: the Custom House and another owned by English traders. After the conclusion of these transactions, Mr. Mascarel and the owner of the vessel, Limantour, sailed for San Pedro, where they arrived in the month of January, 1845. Before sailing from San Pedro south, Limantour collected moneys due him from the estate of Tiburcio Tapia, through the administrator, Juan Baunchet, and then after arriving at San Diego, a quantity of tallow was received on board with which and other cargo that had been gathered up, the vessel proceeded to Mazatlan. Here Limantour sold his brandy (aguardiente) and tallow, etc., and then went to the City of Mexico, and Mr. Mascarel returned later to California.

Mr. Mascarel then settled in Los Angeles, which was his home

from that time till his death, or for more than half a century. Mr. Mascarel saw the small isolated Mexican pueblo (or ciudad) of Los Angeles grow to a modern American or cosmopolitan city of 120,000 inhabitants, whose enterprise and activity, coupled with its wondrous natural advantages, have made it equal to any city of its size in the world.

While Mr. Mascarel was naturally of a retiring disposition, inclining him to shun publicity, he was in many respects a remarkable man. He had clear-cut and eminently practical views, strong convictions and a sound judgment in business matters, which enabled him to accumulate a handsome fortune, though he gave away for charitable and other purposes, considerable sums during his lifetime. His charities, which in his later years amounted to several hundred dollars a month, were, as a rule, unknown to outsiders, i. e., to any one except himself and the beneficiaries.

He served the city faithfully and honestly, both as Mayor and Councilman. When at one period he was a member of the finance committee of the City Council, a sewer was laid in Commercial street that cost in coin about \$7,000. As a member of that committee he did his best to have that claim paid by as small a discount on the city's paper as possible—not to exceed ten or at most fifteen per cent. But without his knowledge, and to his astonishment, other members actually negotiated a sale of the city's scrip at the unconscionable discount of from 65 to 70 per cent, so that the cost to the city of this short sewer, instead of \$7,000 was \$21,000 or \$22,000.

Mr. Mascarel, as an official, sought to manage the affairs of the city, with the same carefulness and honesty that actuated him in the management of his own private business. Mr. Mascarel spoke French and Spanish, but like so many natives of France who came to California, he was never able to quite master the English language. When General Irwin McDowell was commander of the army on this coast, after the close of the civil war, he made Los Angeles a visit, and our people were anxious to have him receive due honors by the Mayor, which office was at the time filled by Mr. Mascarel; and they feared his unfamiliarity with the English language might cause embarrassment. But as it happened, General McDowell spoke French fluently, and so the official courtesies between him and the Mayor passed off felicitously, greatly to the gratification of our people.

In the olden time, and even for a long period after the change of government, almost everybody here knew more or less Spanish,

and it was possible to transact business with an official who might be unacquainted with English if he only knew Spanish. Mr. Aguilar, e. g. who could not speak English, made a good and acceptable Mayor because of the general familiarity of citizens of all nationalities then residing here, with the Spanish tongue.

I have myself been accustomed for years to transact business and to communicate freely with Frenchmen through that medium, although they did not understand English and I did not understand French.

Mr. Mascarel was physically of stalwart proportions, being over six feet in height and weighing over 200 pounds. He was of a kindly disposition and though scarcely known by the newcomers he will be, in his decease, sincerely mourned by all the Pioneers of Los Angeles who knew him, whatever may have been their nationality, and especially will he be mourned by the native Californians, amongst whom he lived so many years. He was buried with the rites of the Roman Catholic church, from the old church on the Plaza, where a large concourse assisted at the obsequies.

Mr. Moulton tells me that among the passengers who came up from Mazatlan to San Pedro in 1844 with Mr. Mascarel were several Frenchmen, whom old Don Louis Vignes had sent for to France, to come out here and work for him at various trades. Several of these settled here permanently, whom some of you will remember; they were: P. Domec, who was years ago an extensive lime maker at "El Escorpion" rancho; Antonio Labory, who had a vineyard south of the "Aliso" vineyard; two Manon brothers; and Don Pedro Vignes, who soon after went back to France. Mr. Mascarel, on his return from Mazatlan in May, '45, went to work as cooper for Don Louis Vignes; and later, with one of the Manon brothers, started a bakery. All these earliest French settlers have now passed away.

### JAMES CRAIG.

James Craig, a pioneer of Lamanda Park, was born in Armagh, Ireland, in 1841. He was educated for a civil engineer in which profession he attained distinction. He was employed in the construction of important works in Great Britain and afterwards in India. He served as a government engineer in Morocco. Exposure in these tropical countries injured his health. He came to California in 1868 for the purpose of recuperating his health. He purchased land in what is now Lamanda Park, at one time owning about four thousand acres, extending from near where Marengo avenue now is up to the mountains. He sold the greater portion



of this, but retained his home place, known as the "Hermitage." He engaged in ranching and fruit growing, in which occupations he was quite successful.

He married a daughter of the late Judge Volney E. Howard. Seven children have been born to them. He had, for some time, been interested in developing water in the foothills. He came to his death December 30, 1899, by falling down the shaft of a tunnel which he was engaged in drifting into the side of the mountain in Eaton canon. He was a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers of Great Britain. He joined the Society of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County at its organization.

#### PALMER MILTON SCOTT.

Palmer Milton Scott was born in Kentucky, May 30, 1822. He was the fifth son of Anna and the Rev. John Scott, a minister of the Christian church. His parents, while he was quite young, removed to Indiana, and from there to Springfield, Illinois, where he grew to manhood. Being of an adventurous disposition the news of the discovery of gold in California induced him to make a trip to the Golden State. He came by way of Panama, reaching San Francisco early in 1851. From there he proceeded to the mines. Not succeeding equal to his expectations in the mines he returned to Illinois. From there he moved to Des Moines, Iowa. He took an active part in building up that city and was interested in its municipal affairs. He served several terms as a member of the Council of that city. He assisted actively in the building of the first Christian church in Des Moines, donating the lot on which it was built. When Pike's Peak gold excitement broke out he was one of the first to join in that "gold rush." On his return he decided to try his fortune once more in California.

Through his influence, in April, 1862, a company of about twenty-five families banded together to make the trip across the plains. It was a long and tedious trip and to him a very painful one. At Salt Lake his wife and two children died. After six months of weary travel he reached his favorite city of Sacramento with the remainder of his little family. Here he located for a time. From Sacramento he removed to San Luis Obispo county and in 1871 he came to Los Angeles. He located on what is known as the P. M. Scott tract, a portion of which he subdivided during the "boom." He aided in building a schoolhouse on this tract and also a church. He took an active interest in municipal affairs and was one of the fifteen freeholders who framed the present city charter. He died January 3, 1900. He leaves three children by his first wife and a widow to mourn his loss.

# MEMBERSHIP ROLL

OF THE

## PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME	AGE	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
*Abernethy, Wm. B.	59	Mo.	Merchant	April '72	617 W. 9th	1853
Abernethy, Laura G.	48	Iowa	.....	April '72	617 W. 9th	1866
*Ayers, James J.	67	Scot.	Editor	Aug 18, '72	Azusa	1849
Anderson, L. M.	35	Pa.	Collector	July, 4, '73	Los Angeles	1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	69	Ky.	Housewife	Jan 1, '53	641 S. Grand Av.	1852
Austin, Henry C.	62	Mass.	Attorney	Aug 30, '69	3118 Figueroa	1869
Anderson, John C.	54	Ohio	Builder	May 29, '73	Monrovia	1873
Bath, Albert L.	70	N. Sco.	Retired	1871	508 W. 5th	1851
*Baker, Francis	70	Mass.	Speculator	Sept 17, '51	1333 Wright	1849
Barclay, John H.	56	Can.	Carpenter	Aug '71	Fernando	1869
Barrows, Henry D.	74	Conn.	Retired	Dec 12, '54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A.	69	Conn.	Retired	May '68	236 Jefferson	1868
Bayer, Joseph	53	Germ.	Oil Producer	July 4, '70	746 Broadway	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	57	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan 14, '61	227 N. Hill	1861
Bent, Henry K. W.	68	Mass.	Retired	Oct '98	Claremont	1858
Bixby, Jotham	68	Maine	Capitalist	June '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	61	Vt.	Attorney	May '72	226 S. Hill	1860
Bouton, Edward	65	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug '68	769 Castelar	1868
Brode, Charles	56	Germ.	Merchant	Jan 19, '69	1229 S. Olive	.....
Brossmer, Sig.	54	Germ.	Builder	Nov 28, '68	129 Wilmington	1867
Bush, Charles H.	64	Penn.	Jeweler	March '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	68	N. Y.	Agent	Nov 18, '53	152 Wright	1853
Butterfield, S. H.	51	Penn.	Farmer	Aug '69	Burbank	1868
Bell, Horace	68	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct '52	1337 Figueroa	1850
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	63	Eng.	Housewife	July '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Biles, Albert	63	Eng.	Contractor	July '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	55	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn	1865
Blanchard, James H.	53	Mich.	Attorney	April '72	919 W. Second	1872
Baldwin, Jeremiah	70	Ire.	Retired	April '74	721 Darwin	1859
Barclay, Henry A.	50	Pa.	Attorney	Aug 1, '74	1321 S. Main	1874
Binford, Joseph C	39	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	Los Angeles	1874
Barrows, Cornelia S.	63	Conn.	Housewife	May '68	W. Jefferson	1868
Caswell, Wm. M.	42	Cal.	Cashier	Aug 3, '67	1093 E. Wash	1857
Cerelli, Sebastian	55	Italy	Restauranter	Nov 24, '74	811 San Fern'do	1874
Conkelman, Bernard	67	Germ.	Retired	Jan 3, '67	310 S. Los An'les	1864
Cohn, Kaspere	60	Germ.	Merchant	Dec '59	1211 S. Hill	1859
Coronel, Mrs. M. W. de	47	Texas	Housewife	Feb, '59	701 Central Av	1857
Crimmins, John	46	Ire.	Mast. Plumber	March '69	127 W. 25th	1869
Crawford, J. S.	62	N. Y.	Dentist	1866	Downey Block	1858

\* Dead.

NAME	AGE	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
*Craig, James	58	Ire.	Civil Engineer	April '69	Lamanda	1868
Currier, A. T.	59	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Carter, N. C.	58	Mass.	Farmer	Nov '71	Sierra Madre	1871
Clark, Frank B.	55	Conn.	Farmer	Feb 23, '69	Hyde Park	1869
Conner, Mrs. Kate	60	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand	.....
Chapman, A. B.	69	Ala.	Attorney	April '57	San Gabriel	1855
Cummings, Geo.	65	Aus.	Stockman	March '53	First street	1853
Cunningham, Robt. G.	60	Ind.	Dentist	Nov 15, '73	1301 W. Second	1873
Clarke, N. J.	77	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	1849
Dalton, W. T.	54	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central av	1851
Davis, A. E.	59	N. Y.	Supervisor	Nov '65	2904 Vermont	1857
Davis, John	59	N. Y.	Carpenter	April '72	University	1872
Dooner, P. W.	55	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broad'y	1872
Dohs, Fred	53	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept '69	614 E. First	1858
Dodson, Wm. R.	58	Ark.	Hotel-keeper	Sept '68	El Monte	1868
Dotter, John C.	62	Germ.	Merchant	June 20, '59	608 Temple	1859
Desmond, D.	65	Ire.	Merchant	Sept 2, '69	937 S. Hill	1868
Desmond, C. C.	38	Mass.	Merchant	Sept '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dunkelberger, I. R.	67	Pa.	Retired	Jan '66	1218 W. 9th	1866
Dunlap, J. D.	74	N. H.	Miner	Nov '59	Silverado	1850
Dryden, Wm.	63	N. Y.	Farmer	May '68	Los Angeles	1861
Durfee, Jas. D.	59	Ill.	Farmer	Sept 15, '58	El Monte	1855
Davis, Emily W.	48	Ill.	Housewife	'65	2904 Vermont	1856
Eaton, Berj. S.	75	Conn.	Hyd. engineer	'51	433 Sherman	1850
Eaton, Fred	44	Cal.	Mayor	'55	460 West Lake	1855
Ebinger, Louis	55	Germ.	Merchant	Oct 9, '71	755 Maple	1866
Elliott, J. M.	54	S. C.	Banker	Nov '70	Alhambra	1870
Ensign, Elisabeth L.	54	Mo.	Housewife	Nov 15, '60	1525 Rockwood	...
Evarts, Myron E.	69	N. Y.	Painter	Oct 26, '58	Los Angeles	1852
Edleman, A. W.	67	Pol.	Rabbi	June '62	1343 Flower	1859
*Foster, Stephen C.	78	Maine	Retired	March 23, '47	221 E. Second	1846
Fleishman, Henry J.	37	Cal.	Cashier	July 5, '62	221 W. Fourth	1862
Foy, Samuel C.	69	D. C.	Merchant	March '54	651 S. Figueroa	1852
Ferguson, Wm.	63	Ark.	Retired	April '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	55	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug '72	1103 Ingraham	1865
French, Loring W.	58	Ind.	Dentist	Oct '68	837 Alvarado	1863
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	52	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan 1, '53	253 Avenue 32	1852
Fickett, Charles R.	62	Miss.	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	1860
Fisher, L. T.	68	Ky.	Publisher	Mar 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Fleishman, Henry F.	52	S. C.	Caterer	Oct '68	1288 Main	1868
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	55	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	651 S. Figueroa	1850
Garey, Thomas A.	69	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct 14, '52	2822 Maple av	1852
Garvey, Richard	60	Ire.	Farmer	Dec '58	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T.	46	N. Y.	Gov. State	Aug '74	1146 W. 28th	1874
Gillette, J. W.	62	N. Y.	Inspector	May '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	45	Ill.	Housewife	Aug '68	322 Temple	1861
Gould, Will D.	54	Vt.	Attorney	Feb 28, '72	Beaudry av	1872

\* Dead.



## MEMBERSHIP ROLL

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NAME	AGE	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Glassell, Andrew	69	Va.	Attorney	Dec '65	252 Buena Vista	1853
Gollmer, Charles	49	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower	1868
Gibson, Frank A.	48	Iowa	Banker	Dec 1, '72	520 Court	1866
Griffith, J. M.	70	Md.	Retired	April '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	59	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May '72	W. Ninth	1872
Green, Floyd E.	..	Ill.	Manufacturer	May '72	W. Ninth	1872
Guinn, James M.	64	Ohio	Retired	Oct 18, '69	115 S. Grand av	1864
Goldsworthy, John	59	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar 20, '69	790 E. 16th	1852
*Griffin, John S.	82	Va.	Physician	Jan 7, '47	1109 Downey av	1846
Gilbert, Harlow	59	N. Y.	Fruit grower	Nov 1, 69	Bell Station	1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	59	Germ.	Farmer	Jan '54	Glendale	1854
Grosser, Wm. F.	64	Germ.	Merchant	Jan '74	1825 E. First	1873
Garrett, Robert L.	56	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov 5, '62	701 N. Grand av	1862
Grebe, Christian	54	Germ.	Restauranter	Jan 2, '74	811 San Fernan.	1868
Haines, Rufus R.	73	Maine	Telegrapher	June '71	218 W. 27th	1857
Harris, Emil	60	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. 8th	1857
Hargitt, C.	77	Eng.	Carpenter	July '72	747 Yale	1871
Harper, C. F.	67	N. C.	Merchant	May '68	Laurel	1863
Harris, Leopold	64	Prus.	Merchant	Feb 4, '54	935 S. Hill	1853
Hazard, Geo. W.	57	Ill.	Clerk	Dec 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado	1854
Hazard, Henry T.	55	Ill.	Attorney	Dec 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	55	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Heinzeman, C. F.	58	Germ.	Druggist	June 6, '68	620 S. Grand av	1868
Horgan, T.	65	Ire.	Plasterer	Sept. 18, '70	320 Jackson	1858
Hunter, Jane E.	55	N. Y.	.....	Jan '66	327 S. Broadway	.....
*Hiller, Horace	53	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct '69	147 W. 23rd	1869
Huber, C. E.	54	Ky.	Agent	July '59	836 S. Broadway	1859
Hamilton, A. N.	55	Mich.	Miner	Jan 24, '72	611 Temple	1872
Holbrook, J. F.	53	Ind.	Manuf'r	May 20, '73	155 Vine	1873
Heimann, Gustave	46	Aust.	Banker	July '71	727 California	1871
Hutton, Aurelius W.	51	Ala.	Attorney	Aug 5, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	50	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct '69	147 W. 23rd	1869
Herwig, Henry J.	65	Prus.	Farmer	Dec 25, '53	729 Wall	1853
Hough, A. M.	69	N. Y.	Minister	Nov '68	1049 Orange	1868
Hubbell, Stephen C.	59	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant av	1869
Illich, Jerry	47	Aust.	Restauranter	Dec '74	1018 Hill	1870
Jacoby, Nathan	70	Prus.	Merchant	July '61	739 Hope	1861
Jacoby, Morris	50	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	70	Ohio	Miner	April '68	101 N. B. Hill av	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	60	Ohio	Dep. Sheriff	Mar 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Johnson, Charles R.	70	Mass.	Accountant	'51	Los Angeles	1847
Judson, A. H.	60	N. Y.	Attorney	May '70	Pasadena av	1870
Jordon, Joseph	61	Aust.	Retired	June '65	Los Angeles	1855
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	50	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles	1874
Jenkins, Wm. W.	64	Ohio	Miner	Mar 10, '51	Newhall	1851
Junkin, Joseph W.	72	Maine	Carpenter	'58	619 E. Wash.	1858

\* Dead.

NAME	AGE	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AB. IN STATE
Keyes, Charles G.	52	Vt.	Clerk	Nov 25, '68	209 N. Workman	1852
Kremer, M.	76	France	Ins. agent	March '52	754 Hope	1850
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	61	N. Y.	.....	Sept '54	754 Hope	1853
Kuhrts, Jacob	67	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '58	107 W. First	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	57	Germ.	Physician	Feb 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. F.	67	N. Y.	Retired	April '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Kutz, Samuel	52	Pa.	Dep. Co. Clerk	Oct 29, '74	317 S. Soto	1874
Lambourn, Fred	62	Eng.	Grocer	Dec '59	804 Judson	1859
Lankershim, J. B.	49	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	1854
*La Dow, S. W.	75	N. Y.	Farmer	May '52	Los Angeles	1852
Lazard, Solomon	74	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	1851
Loeb, Leon	54	France	Merchant	Feb '66	1521 S. Hope	1866
Leck, Henry Vander	40	Cal.	Merchant	Dec 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembcke, Charles M.	70	Germ.	Pickle wks	Mar 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Lecouvreux, Frank	70	Germ.	Surveyor	Mar 6, '55	651 S. Main	1851
Levy, Michael	65	France	Merchant	Oct '68	622 Kip	1851
Lyon, Lewis H.	37	Me.	Book-keeper	Oct. '68	542 Ruth av	1868
Lechler, George W.	67	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov '58	Newhall	1858
Lenz, Edmund	52	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope	....
Macy, Oscar	70	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	76	N. Y.	Search. Rec.	Nov '64	Los Angeles	1854
Mercadante, N.	51	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	43	Ohio	Merchant	Sept '59	1706 Manitou av	1859
Messer, K.	75	Germ.	Retired	Feb. '54	226 Jackson	1851
Meyer, Samuel	69	Germ.	Merchant	April '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
Melzer, Louis	52	Bohe.	Stationer	April 1, '70	900 Pearl	1868
Mitchell, Newell H.	56	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
Moore, Isaac N.	62	Ill.	Retired	Nov '69	130 Hancock	1869
Mullally, Joseph	80	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
McLain, Geo. P.	52	Va.	Merchant	Jan 2, '68	446 N. Grand av	1867
McLean, Wm.	57	Scot.	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
*McDonald, E. N.	67	N. Y.	Capitalist	Oct 23, '53	Wilmington	1853
McMullin, W. G.	51	Can.	Dep. Sheriff	Jan '70	Station D	1867
Moulton, Elijah	79	Can.	Retired	May 12, '45	Los Angeles	1845
McComas, Jos. E.	65	Va.	Retired	Oct '72	Pomona	1853
Mott, Thomas D.	69	N. Y.	Retired	'52	645 S. Main	1849
Mellus, Jas. J.	49	Mass.	Ins.	'53	157 W. Adams	1853
Miller, William	66	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov 22, '60	Santa Monica	....
Norton, Isaac	55	Pol.	Sec. Loan As.	Nov, '69	1364 Figueroa	1869
Newmark, Harris	65	Germ.	Merchant	Oct 22, '53	1051 Grand Av.	1853
Newmark, M. J.	61	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept, '54	1047 Grand Av.	1853
Newell, J. G.	70	Can.	Laborer	July 14, '58	2417 W 9th	1850
Nichols, Thomas E.	41	Cal.	Co. Auditor	'58	221 W 31st	1858
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	53	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W 9th	1852
Nadeau, Geo. A.	49	Can.	Farmer	'68	Florence	.....
Newmark, Mrs. H.	58	N. Y.	.....	Sept 16, '54	1051 S. Grand	1854
Orme, Henry S.	61	Ga.	Physician	July 4, '66	175 S Spring	1868

\* Dead.

## MEMBERSHIP ROLL

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NAME	AGE	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Osborne, John	62	Eng.	Retired	Nov 14, '68	322 W 30th	1854
Osborn, Wm. M.	65	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. 12th	1855
O'Melveny, Edw. S	41	Ill.	Pr Tran Co	Nov, '69	Melrose Av	1869
O'Melveny, Henry W.	39	Ill.	Attorney	Nov, '69	Baker Brock	1869
Owens, Edward H.	53	Ala.	C'k U. S. Court	Oct, '70	Garvanza	1870
Parker, Joel B.	59	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E 12th	1870
Peschke, William	80	Germ.	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Mac	1852
Pike, Geo. H.	64	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	1858
Peck, Geo. H.	80	Vt.	Farmer	Dec, '68	El Monte	1849
Ponet, Victor	63	Belg.	Capitalist	Oct, '69	Alvarado	1867
Pridham, Wm.	63	N. Y.	Supt. W F Co	Aug 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Prager, Samuel	67	Prus.	Notary	Feb, '54	Los Angeles	1854
Proctor, A. A.	68	N. Y.	Blacksmith	Dec 22, '72	1501 Maple Av	1872
Pilkington, W. M.	59	Eng.	Gardner	'73	218 N Cummings	1873
Quinn, Richard	69	Ire.	Farmer	Jan, '61	El Monte	1861
Quinn Michael F.	63	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1859
Raab, David M.	57	Germ.	Dairyman	May 12, '69	South Pasadena	1866
Raynes, Frank	49	Eng.	Lumberman	Aug, '71	Pomona	1871
Reichard, Daniel	59	Ohio	Livery	July, '68	459 Beaudry	1868
Riley, James M.	59	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec, '66	1105 S. Olive	1857
Richardson, E. W.	49	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept, '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	84	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	67	Germ.	Retired	Nov 28, '56	319 Boyd	1856
Rowan, Thomas E.	56	N. Y.	Broker	March, '60	Bryson Block	1854
Robinson, W. W.	65	No Sco	Clerk	Sept, '68	115 S. Olive	1851
Roberts, Henry C.	66	Pa.	Fruit Grower	'54	Azusa	1850
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	66	Germ.	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	62	Eng.	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Reavis, Walter S.	58	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Bou	1859
*Raphael, Hyman	60	Germ.	Merchant	Sept, '71	451 W. Lake	1871
*Rose, Leonard J.	72	Germ.	Farmer	'60	406 Grand Ave	1860
Rogers, Alex. H.	70	Md.	Retired	Aug '73	1152 Wall	1852
Ready, Russell W.	48	Mo.	Attorney	Dec 18, '73	San Pedro st	1873
Ross, Erskine M.	54	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	1868
Russell Wm. H.	59	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	1866
Sabichi, Frank	57	Cal.	Attorney	'42	2437 Figueroa	1842
Schmidt, Gottfried	59	Den.	Farmer	Aug, '64	Los Angeles	1864
Schmidt, August	60	Germ.	Retired	May, '69	710 S Olive	1869
Schaffer, John	69	Hol.	Retired	March, '72	Los Angeles	1849
Shorb, A. S.	62	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Schieck, Daniel	79	Germ.	Retired	Oct 24, '55	224 Franklin	1852
Soward, Charles	56	Ky.	Teacher	Oct, '73	El Monte	1868
Stoll, Simon	54	Ky.	Merchant	Aug, '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	70	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W 30th	1850
Stephens, Daniel G.	66	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Station 7	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	..	Maine	.....	'69	Station 7	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	67	N. Y.	Sec Oil Co	Nov, '71	219 N. Olive	1856

\* Dead.



NAME	AGE	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Strong, Robert	63	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	48	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
*Scott, Palmer M.	75	Ill.	Real Estate	Sept, '72	222 Morton Ave	1850
Slaughter, John L.	64	La.	Retired	Jan 10, '61	614 N Bun. Hill	1856
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.	68	Ohio	Housewife	Dec 21, '59	589 Mission R'd	1859
Stoll, H. W.	60	Germ.	Manufacturer	Oct 1, '67	844 S Hill	1867
Sumner, C. A.	53	Eng.	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Smith, Mrs. Sarah J.	42	Ill.	Housewife	Sept, '72	Temple st	1860
Starr, Joseph L.	55	Tex.	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Schmidt, Frederick	50	Germ.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Shelton, John	53	Tex.	Farmer	Sept. 28, '54	Azusa	1854
Salisbury, J. C.	65	N. Y.	Retired	May '74	1311 S Hill	1874
Toberman, J. R.	63	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S Figueroa	1859
Teed, Mathew	70	Eng.	Carpenter	Jan, '63	513 California	1854
Thom, Cameron E.	74	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E 3rd	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	60	Mich.	Housewife	Dec 25, '54	459 S. Hill	1854
Thomas, John M.	63	Ind.	Farmer	Dec 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Thurman, S. D.	56	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept 15, '52	El Monte	1852
Town, R. M.	55	Ill.	Farmer	Nov 1, '69	Toluca	1869
Truman, Ben C.	64	R. I.	Author	Feb 1, '72	23rd st	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	60	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N Griffin	1858
Ulyard, Augustus	83	Pa.	Baker	Dec 31, '52	819 Flower	1852
Ulyard, Mrs. Mary	69	Eng.	Housewife	Dec 31, '52	819 Flower	1852
Udell, Joseph C.	79	Vt.	Attorney	'60	St George Hotel	1850
Vignolo, Ambrozio	71	Italy	Merchant	Sept 26, '72	535 S Main	1850
Venable, Joseph W.	69	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Vogt, Henry	72	Germ.	Builder	Jan 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Workman, Wm. H.	60	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	375 Boyle Ave	1854
Workman, E. H.	62	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle Ave	1854
*Wiley, Henry C.	68	Pa.	Speculator	July 3, '52	309 S Hill	1852
Wise, Kenneth D.	65	Ind.	Physician	Sept, '72	1351 S Grand Av	1872
Williamson, Geo. W.	41	Ill.	Capitalist	'71	Los Angeles	1871
Weyse, Rudolph G.	39	Cal.	Bookkeeper	Jan 29, '60	Thompson st	1860
Weyse, Mrs. A. W. B.	37	Cal.	Housewife	July 16, '62	Santa Monica	1862
Wright, Charles M.	63	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	1859
White, Charles H.	46	Mass.	S P Co	Nov, '72	1137 Ingraham	1852
Weid, Ivar A.	59	Den.	Landlord	'72	741 S Main	1864
Wilson, C. N.	69	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Wilson, John T.	39	Pa.	Farmer	Jan 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Ward, James F.	63	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan '72	1121 S Grand	.....
Workman, Alfred	56	Eng.	Broker	Nov 28, '68	212 Boyle Av	.....
White, Caleb E.	67	Mass.	Horticulturist	Dec 24, '68	Pomona	1849
Weil, Jacob	70	Germ.	Retired	'54	Pasadena	1853
Wiggins, Thomas J.	64	Mo.	Farmer	Sept, '54	El Monte	1854
Wood, Fred W.	46	Wis.	C. Engineer	Mar 24, '74	Los Angeles	1874
Woodhead, Chas. B.	54	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	1873
Yarnell, Jesse	62	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W 1st	1862
Young, John D.	57	Mo.	Farmer	Oct '53	2607 Figueroa	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	52	Wis.	Housewife	April '77	1808 W 1st	1856

\* Dead.









Date Due

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